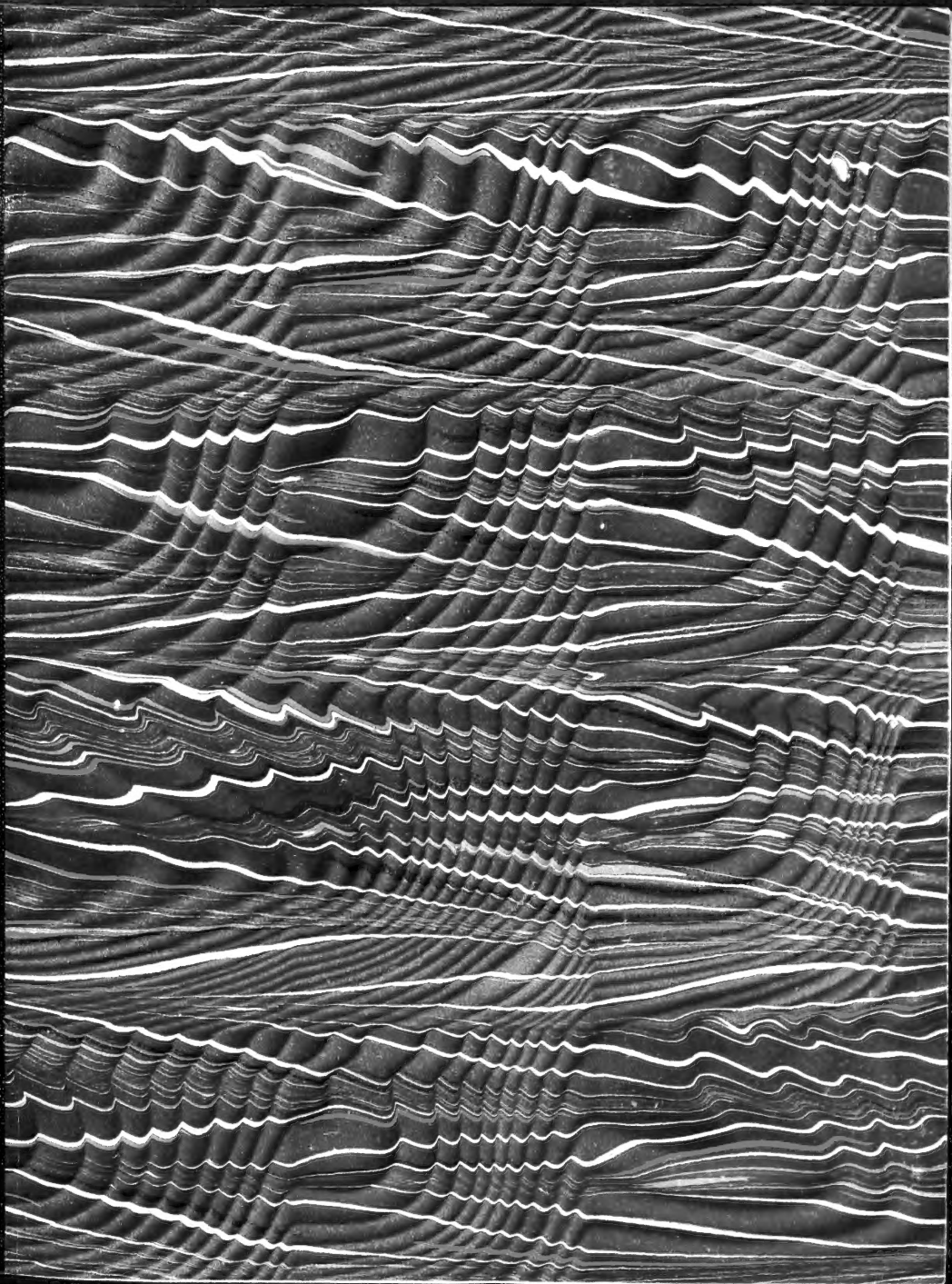


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WILLIAM BREWSTER



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The important systematic notes are copied into  
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." I copied the notes  
checked. Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

*William Brewster*  
=

William Brewster

1891

March 25

Started at 8.20 this morning with F. Bollen and drove to the Bryant farm in Lexington. The past six days have been cloudy and dismal with snow, sleet, and rain falling much of the time, but this morning the sun rose clear and there was a light breeze from the N.W. which by 9 a.m. had increased to a typical March wind, roaring through the leafless woods, ruffling the most sheltered forest pools and ~~beating~~ the tall, withered meadow grass savagely to and fro. The greater part of the day, however, was just warm enough to be delightful, especially in openings in the woods and on sheltered hillsides. The air was bracing but at no time raw and there was a smell of earth mould and wet leaves. In short spring was in the air.

The roads were dry and hard in most places and the grass <sup>tinged with</sup> green on sunny exposures while about spring holes it was vivid green. There is little snow or ice left except under wagwags in the woods and on the north side of high banks. The ground is still very wet and sodden and there is hard frost under the leaves everywhere in the woods.

We heard a Bluebird or two before reaching Manly and ~~two~~ Song Sparrows, one opposite the Adams place <sup>being</sup> an exceptionally fine bird. As the horse was walking slowly up the steep pitch past the lower mill pond there was a sudden whirring of wings behind us on the right and a burst of twitter Quail hurtled over our heads like a shower of cannon balls. They crossed the ravine just below the house and disappeared over the

1891

March 25  
(No. 2)

knolls beyond flying very fast and nearly 100 feet above the earth where above the bed of Beane Brook. That disturbed them I do not know; certainly not our carriage for they rose among the pines at least 100 yds. from the road.

The willows were wonderfully beautiful as we entered their eastern end, the sunlight bringing out their old gold tints and lying lowly on the long, straight neck of road that stretched away across the great, half flooded meadow. There were hosts of Song Sparrows here. Indeed we must have heard nearly a dozen and others were continually flitting across the road or rustling through the dry grass on its borders. Two Rusty Black Birds rose from the flooded meadow and alighted in the top of a maple uttering their tinkling melody. In the woods at the western end six or eight Crows were sitting in pairs in the tops of the tall oaks. A Red-wing, the only one seen during the day, was singing in the top of a hickory under which we drove without disturbing him.

We drove past the Bryant farm to the Hosdon Parker place and then returned. Just before reaching the Bryant farm we started a muskrat from the road where, on the edge of a pond of rain water, he was sitting in the sun. He floundered and slipped over and through the shallow water in mad haste and finally disappeared in a half submerged stone wall.

After putting up the horse we started out on



1891

March 23

(No. 3)

foot following the old lane down to the edge of the great birch cover which we at once entered.

A Bluebird was singing and a Red shouldered Hawk, which we had previously seen soaring high over the meadows, screaming and dashing about the oak woods on the hill to the westward.

On reaching the brook we followed its banks for some distance as they afforded an easy and attractive path the bushes having been cut away for a yard or two on each side. We soon picked up a Spotted Turtle the entire fleshy parts of which excepting the

tail had been scooped out without the slightest injury to the shell inside which absolutely nothing remained but a coating of damp, black earth.

The tail, including the arms, was untouched and was so fresh as to indicate that the animal had been killed this morning. What bird or mammal could have done this? A Beaver or a Weasel?

The ground where the shell lay was too hard to show tracks & we could find no clue to the mystery.

A few yards further on I discovered a Soldier Turtle half concealed in the mud on the bottom of the brook. It was alive and in good condition but sluggish after its long hibernation. No others of this species were seen but the Spotted Turtles proved to be out in force for we saw upwards of twenty in going a few hundred yards. They were usually swimming themselves on the mud a foot or two from the water into which they plunged as we approached and going to the

1891

March 25 bottom at once either burrowed into the mud or lay perfectly still. Their spotted shells often matching the pebble strewed bottom sufficiently well to make them rather inconspicuous.

In the soft mud along this brook we saw a track which puzzled me. The hind feet were as large as those of a large Cat and similar in shape with long claws. The fore feet were much smaller. The hind feet usually struck the ground well together, the fore feet nearly together and ten or twelve inches in advance but in places this order was not followed. The creature evidently moved by irregular jumps of from two to four feet. It certainly was not a Cat and I could only think of an Otter. If an Otter it must have been a small one. No other track was registered along this brook save the very old one of a muskrat.

We next struck back through a matted growth of young birches and poplars coming out near the rope walk without having seen a bird of any kind. Near the rope walk there was a single Song Sparrow skulking in bushes on the edge of the wood field. Turning back into the birches, after leaving the meadow where I shot the Short-eared Owl last December, we came on a pile of Partridge dung that would have filled a pint measure. It was rather old and somewhat mouldy but as we were looking at it we heard the unmistakable chattering of a Partridge and the next instant the bird, a fine old cock, started within ten yards of us

1891

March 25

(no 5)

~~not~~ and stalked slowly away rustling <sup>noisily</sup> among the dry leaves, and bore his approaching without taking wing.

Crossing back to the brook we landed in the sun on its banks and then climbed the slope that leads to the oak & pine clad hills to the west. Some or eight juncos, disturbed by our approach from a grassy place where they had been feeding flitted along an old wall and gaining the woods scattered and disappeared in a twinkling. As we were following them the song of a Brown Creeper suddenly rang out loud and clear within a few yards of us. What a wild, sweet strain it is! I have never heard it under more attractive circumstances for this bird sang on the edge of a belt of pitch pines <sup>woods</sup>, seemingly a secluded hollow in the woods where the sun lay warm and the March wind roared high overhead. We soon saw him and another climbing the trunks of the trees in singular lines, ~~not~~ zig-zagging as the books say. He lingered long in hopes of some singing but heard only an occasional creeper note.

On the top of the hill ~~we found our Red Shouldered~~ <sup>the Red-shouldered Hawks were holding high carnival</sup> ~~Hawk~~. They soared over the trees and occasionally dashed down on or through their tops, screaming a good deal and showing marked restlessness and ~~disturbance~~ but although we searched all the pines closely with our glasses we found no really promising nest. One built well out on the horizontal branch

1891

March 28  
No 6

No 6

March 25 of a white pine looked new and symmetrical  
No 6 from the ground but on climbing above it  
B. reported it heaped up with dry leaves.

In these woods we had a Downy Woodpecker,  
a garter snake, and several butterflies, including  
two Panassa Antiope, and one Prota communis. There was another species, also.

nearly as large with narrower wings and of a lighter brown color <sup>(G. affinis communis)</sup> in the borders also, the ditches we had previously seen a much smaller kind with <sup>(a very small G. affinis communis)</sup> mottled wings but rich reddish brown coloring beneath. Perhaps a dozen of the three kinds were seen during the day.

On the slope of this hill, near where the Cooper  
sang a large, rather gaunt looking Woodchuck  
suddenly appeared and after flattening his  
body in a hollow scurried off thirty yards or  
more to the entrance of his hole where he  
sat perfectly still, but neither erect nor in  
the usually usual formless attitude, but nearly  
as a Rabbit or Squirrel would have sat, the  
back strongly arched, the head erect raised,  
the anatomy of the hip strongly marked.

In a deep hollow on the top of the ridge where a group of old white pines interlaced their bough foliage and protected several snow banks from the wasting March sun we started a large Owl which I took to be a Barred Owl although it looked unusually light-colored or yellowish perhaps because the sun light struck on and through its great wings. It flew from a pine nearly over my



March 28 head and flapped slowly and irresolutely off  
(no 7) through the dense branches apparently alighting  
just as it passed out of our sight but  
we could not find it again although we  
looked for it long and carefully. A pair  
of Chickadees were flitting among some birches  
in this hollow. I called the male down within  
five feet of my head but he would not come  
near. Only one other Chickadee was seen  
during the day. The winter flocks seem to  
have broken up within the past two weeks.

As the hen was low in the west we climbed  
the hill behind the dove Pin and crossed the  
main road to the orchard on the south  
where we looked carefully for Sand Oats.  
Traces of their recent presence abounded. There  
were pellets under several liberty holes and  
in one place a grinning array of skulls  
teeth and bones of mice. In one of the holes  
were several tail feathers of the Flicker and  
in another a Mouse (*Arvicol*) minus the  
head and in decidedly gummy condition.  
In this orchard a Flicker, which I omitted  
to note in proper sequence, was singing  
this morning at regular intervals. Its  
prolonged, laughing notes are perhaps  
more truly characteristic of early spring  
in Massachusetts than are those of  
any other <sup>one</sup> of our birds.

Strange to say not a single frog or  
hyla was heard or seen during the entire

1891

March 25  
(No 8)

day although the season seems just far enough advanced for them to be in full blast. Surely they should be out as early as turtles and snakes! [Have heard *Rana hyemalis* to day at Roxbury.]

Our drive home was a fitting close to the long, restful, delightful day. As we entered the Willows the sun was setting and its level beams threw a strong light on the tops of the trees, the road itself being in shadow. A great flock of Crows (Booths counted forty five) straggled off in a long, sweeping line northward apparently starting on a migratory flight but perhaps on the way to a roost. A musk Rat kept abreast of us for a little way clearing a deep furrow in the musky surface of the ditch on the right of the road and finallyumping his back and diving so smoothly as to leave scarcely a ring on the spot where he disappeared. Near the Payson place more Crows, a small flock, starting on a flight but heading first west and then nearly north-west.

The wind blew cold and strong and the light was fading fast when we reached home at about six o'clock.

1891 Mass

March 30 Watston & Belmont. Starting at 8.30 A. M. I drove around Mt. Auburn and Fresh Pond. The morning was delightful, cloudless, perfectly still, the air a little frosty but the sunshine warm. There is no snow in the fields and the grass is getting green on the lawns. The roads are everywhere as dry and dusty as in midsummer.

Several Song Sparrows were singing among cypresses in the southern end of Mt. Auburn and I heard others at various places in brush heaps and along bushy green stone walls. Robins were generally distributed in the orchards but nowhere numerous. Saw three Bluebirds, all males. The country through which I passed was alive with noisy, quarreling English Sparrows peeping into holes of apple trees evidently looking for nesting places. I heard a Chapin singing in the beech and oak woods on Fresh Pond opposite the hotel.

Five or six houses have been built on the hill behind the Funch place on the Coolidge farm during the last year and this old haunt of mine is ruined forever although the cedar belt on the south slope remains intact. On the other side of the road the woods behind the Calverton Cemetery has been more than half cut down this winter. Last year they removed the greater part of the orchard between these woods and the road and cleared nearly the whole of the ground occupied by the fine old Arundel woods.

1891 Mass.

March 30 Waltham. Fayon called late this afternoon to ask me to accompany him to the Warren run to hear a Woodcock sing. Torrey had heard one on the 17<sup>th</sup> at Melrose, Boths another at Lexington two or three nights ago; so we felt nearly sure of success.

I got ready at once and we took the 5 P.M. train leaving the cars at Clematis Brook. The afternoon was clear with a piercing but not very strong east wind. Few birds singing, a Song Sparrow or two and one Red wing being all that we heard on our way to the woods.

As we climbed the hillside near the Home house Fayon showed me an interesting cluster of red pines, two large trees 35 or 40 ft. high and several small seedlings. Passing the Asplenium birdhouse we descended into the valley beyond where suddenly the tinkling choruses of a horde of *Hylas* burst on my ears. It was sweet music at the long hard winter. Fayon heard them first yesterday. He heard *Rana sylvatica* on the 28<sup>th</sup> and *A. holacina* this morning in the Fresh Pond swamps.

We ate our lunch in a hollow sheltered from the east wind, seeing a Downy Woodpecker getting his evening meal in a wild apple tree and upward of fifty crows going to roost in the white pine woods to the west. Then we crossed the hollow ascended the last knoll and listened long and anxiously for a Woodcock. Nothing audible but the *Hylas* rhythmic chant in the swamp behind and a half-hearted song from a



1891 Mass

March 25 Waltham Song Sparrow on the lower hillside above

no 3) Occasionally a Robin called in the distance.

At length we heard a Woodcock's whistle in the distance but nothing but the whistle. What did it mean? Was the bird within singing or "preparing"? We moved forward past the singing place of last year and over the top of another knoll when suddenly the vibrating peep of one bird came up with almost startling distinctness from the slope below near the Spring house by the brook. Almost immediately we heard another, still further off. The first bird rose rose and mounted skyward. We watched him during his entire flight, most of the time through our glasses. After this he peeped a long time, then rose again but it was now too dark to trace his course. The other bird sang over in the distance. The first bird was a superb performer, one of the best I ever listened to. After the second long flight he peeped for several minutes, flitted twice from one place to another, then became wholly silent.

During the flight of the Woodcock experiment three Black Ducks <sup>started</sup> ~~rose~~ from the pool at the head of the run and rose to a great height in the dusky sky, a drake among them "talking" a good deal, all their twisting and circling and finally pitching down again like so many sails. Two terns also passed near us across the valley. When it was nearly dark a Partridge rose from the edge of the pasture, making a startling noise in the black air. Then night fell and we started homeward.

1891 Mass.

March 31 Waltham Starting at 2 P.M. I drove to the Warren place where George left me and returned with the horse. The morning had been cloudless and brilliant but the sky was overcast with thin clouds when I began my tramp and there was an East wind of double-refined bitterness. The clouds became denser, the East wind more piercing as the afternoon wore on and I had a rather forlorn time. The woods seemed to be nearly lifeless and the fields & orchards scarcely more hopeful. I had not gone far up the great hill that bounds the road, however, before I was cheered and delighted by the song of a Robin, the first that I have heard. The bird was one of a flock of about a dozen which were apparently eating cedar berries.

Crossing the ridge and descending towards the river I next heard Wood Frogs croaking, quacking and squeaking in the pond by the old lane. Following up the South run to the meadow above I started a pair of Black Ducks from a pool surrounded by a belt of tamarcks and alders.

Beyond the main Warren run in the pond among the swamp oaks were more Wood Frogs and on the margin in an oozy place I found Woodcock's chalk marks.

I next visited the pine grove where the Crows went to roost last night. ~~Found~~ The signs indicate that they all congregated in one tree a large, bushy topped white pine. In some niches near this grove a pair of Partridge bore my wild the ears whistling around in

1891 Mass.

March 31 Waltham an eddy on the spot where they sprang after  
(No 2) the birds had passed out of sight. There was also a  
marked agitation of the dry leaves along the path  
of their flight doubtless caused by the powerful wing  
strokes

After visiting all the thickets and pieces of woods  
in my way I found myself on the Woodcock ground  
nearly two hours ahead of time. I waited awhile  
under the lee of a great boulder but the East wind  
soon found me out and I was forced to move on  
in order to keep warm. The tedium of waiting was  
alleviated, however, by several interesting sights or sounds.  
Thus at one time I heard Wild Geese honking and  
looking up discovered a flock of 26 of them imposing  
birds passing northward, at a great height above the  
earth. A flock of fourteen Robins also attracted  
my attention by alighting in clusters in the top of  
an oak. They were silent and they were evidently  
"winter" birds. A black and tan Shepard dog, hunting  
on his own account, perhaps for rabbits, passed  
within 30 yds. of me directly to leeward without  
discovering or apparently suspecting my presence though  
he stopped twice and sniffed the air.

Soon after sunset I took my stand where Parker  
and I posted ourselves last evening and with water,  
note-book, and pencils laid out ready to my hand  
awaited the appearance of this Woodcock. At 6.19,  
just ten minutes after the sunset gun, I heard the  
whistle of his wings as he flew from the cover into  
the pasture. He sang only twice but I made some  
very successful observations on both flights. Took the  
8 O'clock train for home via Waltham & Melrose Branch R.R.

1891

Mass

April 2

Essex - Early morning cloudy with patches of blue sky showing very now and then. Forenoon clear. Afternoon cloudy with rain in the evening. A heavy E. wind all day.

To Essex with Spelman by 7.30 train, returning by 6 P.M. train. I took his camera, I my 20 gauge gun. On reaching Essex we got a dory of stone and were soon on our way down river with "fair" tide but a strong and exceedingly raw E. wind blowing directly against us.

Several Bluebirds were singing on the outskirts of the town and Song Sparrows were very numerous in the bushes along the banks as well as in brushy hollows on the edges of the sand hills. There were a few Crows scattered about in pairs on the marshes and flats but they were all apparently local birds there being no indications of a flight at any time during the day. Herring Gulls were sprinkled along the river and a flock of about fifty, nearly all old birds, rose from a creek and mounted to an immense height where they soared in circles like Buzzards, rising higher and higher until they looked no larger than swallows, all the while drifting before the wind. At length, one by one, they would fall towards the starting point, sailing on gentle inclines with set wings.

As we were rowing in to our usual landing place at the mouth of the river I saw a Crow standing on the shore pecking at something. He was about 60 yds. away but I at once shot at him killing him instantly. On going to the spot I found that he had



1871 ~~March~~

April 2 Ipswich - been eating a small horned-crab.

(no 2) He beat down most of the sand-hills by the river's mouth without using a bird of any kind. but at length, near the further end of the long strip of beach grass bordering the beach, I started three short eared Owls. They rose within a few yards of one another and all at once taking me very much by surprise. but I brought down one of them broken-winged with a charge of no. 10 from my left hand. One of the two survivors then some distance and alighted on the further side of the sand-hills where he at once attracted the attention of several crows who began to dive down at him quickly forcing him to take wing again when he mounted to a height of at least 500 feet and soaring in circles, precisely like a Butor, drifted off before the wind out of sight. The third bird went only about 100 yds. and alighted on the side of a sand-hill where I surprised him easily enough by making a circuit and shot him as he rose within a few yards of me. Like the first bird he fell wing broken. He took both specimens and placing them side by side on a sand hill photographed them. I hoped to save them alive at first but both showed unmistakable signs of intestinal injury and I finally killed them. While performing this painful duty I heard Horned Larks piping but failed to see them although the windmills passed very near me. A Meadow Lark was singing in the distance and a

short eared  
Owl

Otocoris

1891 Mass.

April 2 Sparrow - White Pelican Landing, the first I have seen, Swallow  
(no 3) appeared for a moment on the crest of a neighboring  
bare hill.

We next climbed the great grassy hill to the  
south finding it much changed since our last  
visit. A broad driveway had been built entirely  
around it and patch pines, maples and willows  
have been planted profusely and with excellent  
taste in groves and clusters scattered irregularly  
over the sides of the hill and in the hollows.

We went far into the great bare-hills south  
of this hill passing the light house and  
eating lunch in a sheltered hollow within a  
few hundred yards of Woodbury's. Song and  
the Sparrows were singing in bushy places.  
There were some extensive thickets of native willows  
and wild rose bushes and scattered patch pines  
and cedars near our halting place, while to  
one side lay an irregular fresh water pond of  
considerable size.

After lunch we turned back following the  
beach ridge and beating all the beach grass  
for Sparrow Sparrows. None of them were seen  
either here or elsewhere but near the light house  
I started a fourth Shoreland Owl from  
a knoll covered with beach grass and brought  
him down before he had gone far. He  
proved an unusually beautiful specimen, gray  
white beneath.

During the return walk we saw a good many  
Ducks flying about over the sea off the

1891 May.  
April 2. Sparrows - tracks. The majority were Field Sps (*Melospiza fieldsp.*)  
No 7 littoralis), the males in full plumage. There  
was also a good many Black Ducks and a few Black Ducks  
White winged Coots. Coots

On the way to the boat across the sand hills  
by the river I started a Short eared Owl which measured  
fully 100 yds. off and flew out of sight. It  
was doubtless the survivor of the three seen this  
morning. On reaching the boat we started at  
once for town which we arrived at 4 P.M. Taking  
the 6 o'clock train for Boston.

Although no Sparrows were seen to-day and Abundant  
Shore Ducks only heard over the sand hills was Sparrows  
everywhere marked with the tracks of both species. Sparrows  
as there has been no rain for over a week it is  
probable that most if not all of these tracks were  
made several days ago and that the flight of  
both birds has passed.

Besides the tracks of birds the sand had recorded Tracks in  
the wanderings, during the past week, of hosts of the sand  
mice & shunks, Near the light house rats had  
rambled about freely and cats and dogs had  
followed them. In one place we found a rabbit  
(Lepus sylvaticus) tracks, the only one that I remember  
to have ever seen on the Ipswich sand dunes.  
It led out among the hills from one of the  
willow & wild rose thickets already described.  
In two places near ponds <sup>a</sup> muskrat had  
registered the unmistakable ~~mark~~ groove of his  
trailing tail between the broad, claw-tipped  
foot prints. One of these tracks wound about

1891 Mass.

April 2 Ipswich. - on a broad expanse of level dry sand  
(no 5) then climbed the slope of a high hill and  
finally lost itself in a great expanse of beach  
grass bordering the beach.

Another track, which was seen in many  
places along the margins of the fresh water  
ponds, puzzled both of us for some time. Indeed  
it is doubtful if we should have guessed its  
origin at all had we not finally come  
upon the creature itself at the end of its  
trail crawled on the side of a perfectly bare  
hill on the warm sand. Basking in the  
sunshine. It was a leopard frog! The track  
consisted of two foot prints (those of the  
hind feet) placed side by side at intervals  
of from one to three feet. The claw marks  
were conspicuous but the sand was too loose  
to take the impression of the toes, which  
felt clearly and up to the moment of  
finding the animal we had not thought  
of anything save a mammal of some  
unusual kind.

On the dry sand above tide mark I saw some  
perfectly clear foot prints of a three-toed bird  
which, had the date been August or September  
instead of March, I should have undoubtedly  
pronounced a Black-bellied Plover. As it is

I do not see how these tracks, which are  
as far as I know unimitatable, could have  
been those of any other species.

I forgot to mention that we started a pair of Black  
ducks from the fresh pond in the sand near by and one

1891 Mass.

April 5 Cambridge to Concord. A brilliant day, cloudless, with  
bracing N. W. wind cold with the breath of the snow  
banks which lie only a few miles to the westward  
(nearly a foot of snow fell in Worcester Co. on the 3rd).  
Starting at 9.30 with Almy I drove to Concord  
by way of the Byram place, Swedenborgian settlement,  
& Lincoln. The sunshin was bright and cheerful  
but the wind bitterly cold. We saw no snow until  
just before we reached Lincoln. Between Lincoln  
and Concord the northern exposures were white  
with it and it lay two inches deep in swamps  
and under pines. Wachusett white from base to summit.

The country was alive with birds. In fact I  
have not seen a heavier flight for years. Robins,  
Song Sparrows, Fox Sparrows, Tree Sparrows and  
Juncos were the most numerous represented.  
Although one species of Sparrow was often seen in  
one flock but we saw some flocks composed  
wholly of Juncos and one of Fox Sparrows—about  
thirty birds. They were mostly in old fields along  
brush-grown walls or among weeds or stubble. In  
places they rose in clouds at our approach  
flying into the nearest bushes or woods.

On the Geo. Hayes place in Concord I heard  
Fox Sparrows singing and following up the road  
came upon twenty or more in company with  
about an equal number of Tree Sparrows and  
Juncos. ~~Every few minutes~~ they were flitting  
in and out among some horse bushes and  
wild cherry saplings that bordered a stone  
wall occasionally venturing out a little way

1891 Mass.

April 5 Cambridge to Concord, into a stubble field. Every few  
(No. 2) minutes a Fox Sparrow would begin its droning  
song but before it had half finished another  
would join in, then another, and still others  
followed by Tree Sparrows until a dozen <sup>of both birds</sup> or more  
were singing at once the trilling of several juncos  
coming in in the intervals like a low accompani-  
ment. I know of nothing finer in the way of  
bird music than one of these outbursts heard,  
as I heard them to day, with the warm April  
sunshine lighting up the brown fields and the  
bracing north-west wind piping in the bare  
tree tops.

While on our way to Concord just as we were  
entering the village of Beniston we saw a  
Broad-winged Hawk soaring overhead at a  
moderate height. Its peculiar shape and  
markings made it quite unmistakable. A  
little further on a fine old male Marsh Hawk  
appeared, beating a meadow on the left of  
the road, following a ditch for some distance  
keeping much of the time below the level of  
its banks. This bird appeared fully as white as  
an adult Herring Gull.

We left Concord at 3 P.M. and returned to  
Cambridge by way of the direct road to  
Waltham past Malden Pond. Nothing of  
peculiar interest was noticed until just  
as we were passing the Payson place when  
on the opposite side of the road just  
over the wall I saw what I took at

1891 Mass.

April 5 Concord to Cambridge. - first for a Shrike, sitting  
(No 3) on the top of a brush heap. The next instant  
it jerked up its tail and then flew into an  
arbutus hedge where I at once recognized  
it as a Mockingbird. I got out of the buggy  
and followed it where it flew up into an  
elm and then crossed a field to another  
elm where I left it. It was evidently an old  
male but it was not in the mood for  
singing and kept absolute silence.

Bluebirds were seen in about the numbers in  
which they are represented during the breeding  
season. Doubtless their migration has now  
passed by. Red winged Blackbirds were in  
small flocks flying about in orchards, some  
singing as the meadows. Chickadees in pairs  
in orchards & brick runs. Crows in pairs  
and not one a dozen seen in all. A few  
Crow Blackbirds but no Rusties, No Swallows  
or Pewees. Song Sparrow chiefly heard  
but not singing fully. Their migration  
apparently at its height.

There has been little or no change in the  
bird fauna of my garden. I see one or two  
Robins daily but have heard only one sing  
on the 3<sup>rd</sup>. The clamor of the detestable House  
Sparrows is for the most part the only spring  
sound within my narrow boundaries.  
I have not heard a Song Sparrow there this  
year & no junco has visited me as yet.  
There was a Downy Woodpecker in my apple  
tree this morning, however.



1891 Mass.

April 6 Concord.. Clear with drifting masses of clouds. Wind N. W. to S. W. to N. W. Ther. 28° at sunrise.

To Concord with Bolles by 6.36 A. M. train. On the way over to Porters Bolles saw three birds in the Observatory grounds which he is nearly sure were Pine Siskins. They were bending down over larch cones extracting the seeds.

On reaching the Mass. we took my Rowton boat from the boat house where it has lain all winter and prepared to start down river. While thus engaged we heard ~~and~~ saw a pair of White-bellied Nuthatches, a pair of Downy Woodpeckers, several Song Sparrows & Redwings on Meadow Bank, Robins, and, in the distance, Fox Sparrows. The Woodpeckers were on the river bank. The ♂ drummed several times when the ♀ approached & joined him. The Nuthatches were creeping and scrambling about on a large ash near the North wall.

We paddled down river to Hunt's Pond hearing many Song Sparrows and one little party of Fox Sparrows in full song. At Hunt's Pond we landed and walked back over the fields to a hollow where we found a flock of fully fifty Red-wings, all males. On seeing us they flew into an oak and at once burst <sup>out</sup> into a ringing chorus or melody of ringing as is their habit at this season. At a little distance some of this notes resembled so strongly the hooting of Geese that we both thought at first that Geese were really calling in the distance.

We landed again at Ball's Hill where we climbed,

1891 Mass.

April 6  
No 2

Concord. The view over the flooded meadows was very attractive the great expanse of water with its bordering woods and isolated clusters of trees resembling perfectly some natural lake dotted with small wooded islands. Bolles found a large, new-looking nest in a lark pine under which were several pellets apparently of a large Owl. In a sandy field we found a large number of cylindrical, elongated masses of closely-felted mouse fur intermingled with fragments of shells and bones. At first we thought they must be Owl pellets but close examination satisfied us that they were really faeces, doubtless of Foxes. We found others composed of rabbit fur & bones in a wood path lower down river.

The spreading oak at the Ball's Hill Landing has been cut down the past winter. He counted the rings Bolles making 129 on our side, & 119 on the other. I had no idea this tree was so old for it was not large and looked young and vigorous.

Just below Ball's Hill we heard a great rustling in the dry leaves in a thicket bounded on our side by the water, on the other by a stone wall. The noise was fully as loud as a Partridge or Woodchuck would have made but it was caused by Fox Sparrows, a dozen or more of which stirred up into the bushes when they saw our boat.

As we approached the hills below Ball's Hill a pair of Red-throated Harrets began

1891 Mass.

April 6 Concord. screaming among the pines where the  
No. 3 Cooper's Hawks bred and the next moment rose  
above the trees and soared majestically upward  
circling in opposite directions and passing each  
other every half turn. They mounted to such  
a height that we actually could not see  
them at all without the aid of our glasses  
and finally vealed down on a long incline  
into the Bedford Swamp descending with  
metric speed.

Just after they disappeared as I was starting to  
kneel again we heard a Goose chirp on  
a little wooded knoll, now an island within  
20 yds. and presently saw the bird stalk  
over the crest under a small hemlock.

Our attention was next attracted by two pairs  
of Goosanders, the drakes in full plumage, which  
were floating in mid-stream. They soon rose  
and were joined by a Black Duck, all five  
birds finally alighting again in the wood-  
circled meadows near the pines on the edge  
of the Bedford Swamp. We followed, and  
under the cover of the outer belt of birches  
got within about 200 yds. of them, and watched  
them for ten or fifteen minutes through our  
glasses. The drakes were very showy looking  
almost as white as Gulls, their coral red  
bills very conspicuous. One of them repeatedly  
lay on his side and fluffed his breast  
and abdomen displaying the rich brown  
coloring of these parts. Both drakes devoted

1891 Mass.

April 6  
No 4

Concord. much of the time during which we had them under our glasses to preening and arranging their feathers but they also swam about with heads bowed and bills immersed, to the eyes apparently scanning the water beneath in search of fish. The females paddled slowly about apparently doing nothing in particular. There was no diving on the part of any of them at length we showed ourselves and the Sheldrake at once flew but the Black Duck who had gone fast asleep with head buried in dorsal feathers remained behind. His bent down and consternation when he at length awoke and discovered our boat approaching rapidly was very amusing.

We next recrossed the river, landed, and climbing the hill, walked through the pines & down into the valley behind. The surface of a broad expanse of snow which lay on the north side of some young pines was marked with the tracks of a small Raccoon. In the old apple orchard we found numerous pellets and other recent marks of Quack Ducks but we searched all the holes in vain. It is strange that I have never found an Owl in any of these holes although their foot signs are present under the trees season after season.

We landed near the big oak by the brook in a sunny hollow sheltered from the searing north wind. Two Bluebirds, a pair of Chickadees, and a flock of about 25 Goldfinches all in

1891 Mass.

April 6 Concord. - the oak at once the Goldfinches singing  
has most deliciously-midly singing most of the time  
but once or twice the real hummer song from  
an old male.

After lunch wandered over the fields, seeing a  
fine old male Marsh Hawk, then retraced our  
steps and passing the pine hill visited the  
large field to the S.W. Here we found a  
flock of fully 100 Sparrows, containing about  
fifty Juncos, thirty Fox Sparrows, the remainder  
being Sparrows. They were feeding among weeds &  
we being so close into the birches just over the  
wall the Fox Sparrows at once began to sing  
the Juncos warbling the usual low accompaniment  
to watched them a long time and when they  
returned to the field, crept up behind the wall  
and studied their feeding manner of feeding under  
unusually favorable conditions for we had  
many of them within a few yards of us.

We now back to town, across the flooded  
meadows the first part of the way, afterwards  
in the channel of the river against a swift  
current, was marked by only one episode of  
unusual interest viz the fight of a pair of  
Muskrat rats copulating. They were in water several  
feet in depth but among the stems of a cluster  
of young maples on which the female obtained a  
foothold part of the time but much of the time  
she was swimming and nearly or quite submerged  
by the weight of the male. There were three periods  
of contact each lasting several minutes. One or both  
animals uttered almost incessantly the low whining murmur.  
peculiar to this species

1891 Mass.

April 7

Watertown.. Drove around Mt. Auburn and to Watertown this morning. Song Sparrows and Tree Bluebirds on the Colledge farm; also juncos, perhaps half-a-dozen. Three Meadow Larks near Watertown poor farm. Looked for Mockingbird at Ball's place but could see or hear nothing of him.

Belmont. Buxington. At 4 P. M. started to drive to Buxington where Fayon is to show me a Kingbird Woodcock this evening. Saw almost no birds until I reached the Willows where there was a large band of Tree Sparrows. There the western and I counted 34 Crows in pairs & little clusters feeding along the edge of the marsh. This place has a strange attraction for them.

I did not see a single Robin until reaching the outskirts of Buxington where they became suddenly numerous.

After tea Fayon and I started out to hear the Woodcock. We crossed a meadow and climbed a steep, high hill on the summit of which is a pasture dotted with cedars & ground juniper. One bird was feeding when we came within hearing at 6.25. My experience on this occasion is so fully recorded in my systematic notes that I will not repeat it here.

At sunset one or two Song Sparrows and a Robin were singing. It was cold on the hill-top and we were thoroughly chilled when we left and started for the house.

1891

Mass

April 8

Wilmington-Cambridge. Faxon walked over at four o'clock this morning. Dressing hastily we started for the Woodcock hill. The sky was overcast the wind north-west and piercingly cold although not at all strong. The ditches in the swamp were covered with ice as thick as window glass. The sky was slightly hazy in the east and it was beginning to get light although when we reached the top of the hill we could not see the ground we passed over with sufficient distinctness to avoid stumbling. Most of the light seemed to be above us, in the sky, the surface of the earth being still shrouded in dense gloom. The Woodcock however, was ahead of us for as we toiled up the steep slope we heard him rise and sing. One further <sup>with him</sup> of purpose is detailed in my systematic notes.

The first bird, after the Woodcock, that we heard sing was a Song Sparrow, then a Fox Sparrow. Then followed Robins, numerous Song Sparrows, a Bluebird, a Chickadee (calling like the latter) and, in the distance, a Meadow Lark. None of them except the first Song Sparrow began until it was nearly broad daylight.

At 7 A. M. started for Cambridge with Faxon by a circuitous route via the Birsebrook road and Mattam. A good many juncos, multitudes of Song Sparrows, several Fox and Tree Sparrows and a number of Bluebirds seen along the roads that we traversed.

1891 Mass.

April 7 Concord. The most spring-like day thus far with light N. to E. and S. E. wind, cloudless sky and deliciously warm sunshine.

To Concord with Foxon by 8.06 train on Lowell R.R. Reached the Mass. about 9 A.M. Robins, Bluebirds, Redwings, Song Sparrows & one Fox Sparrow singing. The pair of Downy Woodpeckers in the trees by the boat house but the Nuthatches absent. A single Pewee, the first I have seen, flitting about near the water occasionally singing rather faintly & heartily. Three Crow Blackbirds in the orchard. An immense sandpiper swimming to and fro and diving just outside the bushes. He paddled down stream to Bull's Hill before landing. Saw few birds except Song Sparrows and Bluebirds. A single Swallow (*I. hesler*) was flying over the flooded meadows. Robins singing but no *Colaptes* heard during the entire day.

At Bull's Hill I started a Crow from the nest under which Bolles and I found the supposed Owl's pellets last Monday. Wood Frogs in full cry in a pool behind the ridge, sounding like a host of ducks & geese quacking and honking. He lay on the river bank in the sun for nearly an hour fast in and smoking. Heard a Muskrat murmuring in the brush opposite but could not see him.

Starting on on rounded Bull's Hill and following the shores beyond closely. Two Fox Sparrows in the thicket by the wall where we left a down on the 6<sup>th</sup>. Are these some of the same lot or new recent arrivals?

On reaching the base of the pine-clad hill



1891 Mass.

April 9 Concord. where the Cooper's Hawks have been  
(No 2) for five years we heard what we at first supposed  
to be the screaming of Buteo lineatus coming from  
the pines. The next instant a  $\delta$  Cooper's Hawk  
appeared above them trees and after circling &  
soaring for a minute or two plunged back into  
them again. Immediately after he disappeared the  
screaming was resumed & continued at intervals for  
some time. On listening to it closely we both  
concluded that it was harsher than that of lineatus  
and different in tone and that the notes were  
shorter (clipped off at the end as it were). Of course  
there is no proof that these cries were uttered by the  
Cooper's Hawk but I believe this to have been the case.

Bandying in the usual place we strolled through  
the pine woods, starting a grouse but seeing no  
small birds, then reached the apple tree on the  
edge of the swamp where I have found traces of  
Serpent Owls for so many successive seasons but never  
the bird itself. To day we were more fortunate,  
however, for the hole proved to contain a gray Owl  
which was squatting on the bottom with ears slightly  
raised and eyes half-open. We looked at it for  
some time but did not disturb it.

As the stubble we started some Fox Sparrows. While  
watching them we saw a Hairy Woodpecker coming  
galloping through the air towards an isolated  
apple tree on which it alighted for a moment  
before continuing its flight to the woods on the  
edge of the meadow.

He lurched in the sheltered hollow near

1891 Mass.

April 9 Concord. The big oak by the brook. The same large  
(No. 3) flock of Goldfinches that I saw on the 6<sup>th</sup> came  
to the oak and began singing in melody. They  
were soon joined by a Bluebird, then by several  
Fox Sparrows, next by a pair of Chickadees, and  
finally by a brood of Snowbirds. All of these sang  
at intervals, singly or together, during most of the  
time we spent here giving us a rare treat of  
bird music. At one time the two Bluebirds, both  
males, challenged and answered each other, one  
sitting in the oak, the other on the top of a  
pitch pine about 100 yds. away, keeping it  
up for at least ten minutes each without  
tiring to outdo the other. I have rarely heard  
anything so fine. The juncos, too, were at times  
kept half a dozen or more frequently singing at once.  
Besides the species just named there was a  
single Mass Finch and several Fox Sparrows but  
both of these birds were silent.

After lunch and another walk we returned  
to the boat and crossed the river and flooded  
meadows to the pine woods in the Bedford  
swamp. In mid-stream two Golden-eyes or  
fine old drake and his gray consort, were  
floating idly but they flew off down river before  
we got very near. On the Bedford shore under  
the lee of a belt of leafless birches a superb old  
male Sheldrake was cruising warily about. He  
approached within about 300 yds. of him behind  
some bushes and watched him for some time  
before exposing ourselves and forcing him to

1891 Mass.

April 9 Concord. Late wing. A flock of imm. Black Ducks  
(No 4) which were in the brush behind him rose with  
noisy quacking and made off down river, followed,  
a few minutes later by their unsex from the  
meadows near the pines. In the latter we saw  
a Hawk which we did not identify conclusively,  
but which screamed very like the bird heard on  
the pine hill in the forenoon. He also saw a  
flock of 45 Canada Geese. They appeared over  
the river near Ball's Hill flying directly down  
stream, honking musically, and at one time  
bowing and beating as if about to alight but  
finally passing on.

At 3 P.M. we started up river. Soon after  
passing Ball's Hill we saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk  
beating over the river and on the South side  
of Great Meadows a noble Osprey circling about  
a large maple on which it finally alighted for  
a moment before flying off over the land  
towards Fairhaven. It had a fish in its  
talons.

As we rowed up stream past the upper end of  
the meadows we heard and saw Red-wings  
on every side, sitting singly on isolated trees  
and bushes singing. On reaching the Mans  
we found a few Robins singing but the sun  
was now low in the west and a chill east  
wind had arisen effectually silencing most  
of the other songsters. We walked to the  
Fitchburg Station and took the 6.41 train  
for home.

1891 Mass.

April 11 Cambridge - To Hill's Crossing at 6 P.M. walking down the Central R.R. tracks to Buck Island meadow where Foxon joined me at 6.30. The evening was mild with S.W. wind and light intermittent showers. We hoped to hear Snipe here but although the weather was unusually favorable and the marshes in excellent condition (the water at just the right height and the grass already green in many places) no birds were either seen or heard.

A Meadow Lark was whistling near Hill's Crossing and Robins singing in the neighboring orchard. In the Gallinule Swamp several Red-wings and one Swamp Sparrow were singing. Two other Swamp Sparrows trilled at frequent intervals in Buck Island meadow and Song Sparrows were chanting in every thicket. From the marshes in the direction of Glacialis came the rhythmic peeping of *Hyla* but the latter are not in full cry or at all numerous as yet.

As twilight was deepening into night a pair of Wood Ducks rose from the flooded maple Swamp north of Buck Island and circled off over the trees toward Spy Pond. A Duck-bird sailed over us from the South quacking hoarsely. These were all the birds heard or seen.

Although the cultivated lawns are now green and the frost out of the ground nearly everywhere the spring birds are all late and few of those that have arrived represented by the full summer complement. Even Robins are still comparatively scarce and I have not seen a single Purple Finch

Morning drive

1891 Mass.

April 13 Watertown & Belmont. Cloudless and warm for the season the therm. 62° at noon. Wind W. changing to S.W. at sunset.

My morning drive was over the usual ground. Spring advances steadily with none of the usual set backs. The grass getting very green on the lawns and southern slopes. Birds twittering to day for the first time. Heard two Song Sparrows in the N.E. corner of Mr. Arbur's and one in Mr. Dowell's place the last being the nearest to my home of any heard this season.

Immediately behind Mr. Arbur's saw three Bluebirds. They must be settled for the season & preparing to breed their.

Kept on to the Payson place stopping the horse directly in front of the lodge to listen for the Mockingbird which I saw on the 8<sup>th</sup>. To my great delight as well as surprise I heard him at once in full song apparently some distance off towards the house. but he proved to be less than 100 yds. from me behind the Spruce lodge which broke & muffled the sound. I spent nearly an hour with him (he systematic notes on details of the experience, then drove homeward by way of Fresh Pond. On the Indian place found Payson looking for the Sparrows Hawks nest which I pointed out to him. No bird visible. Of course I wanted to see - hear our Mockingbird so I drove him back to the Payson place where he was greatly gratified. I reached home at 10.30.

Mockingbird  
singing on  
Payson place

to Davis' Hill, Lexington, with Faxon.

1891 Mass.

April 13 Lexington -- The morning's experience is described on the preceding sheet. I took the 5.30 P.M. train to Lexington where I met Faxon by appointment and went with him to the top of Davis' Hill to hear the Woodcocks. The evening was delightful, decidedly the warmest and most spring like thus far, Robins singing on all hills in the village, Meadow Larks whistling in the bordering fields, the warblers singing with the bell like choruses of Hylos, the croaking, grackling discord of Wood Frogs and that eminently April sound the trilling of Garden Larks, not to mention for the first time according to Faxon.

First Larks  
trilling

The hill top was absolutely silent save for the various bird & frog voices that came faintly to our ears from the lowlands that we had left behind until, at 6.44, one Woodcock began peeping. I got within 50 yds. of him and when he made his first ascent ran to the rock on the edge of his peeping ground. He alighted, on returning to the ground, within exactly nine yards of me and for two or three minutes I watched him through my glass under circumstances so favorable as to leave absolutely nothing to be desired. In fact I saw the whole performance of peeping and got him to quite as good advantage as if I had him within a yard of me in broad daylight. The experience is described fully in my systematic notes. Returned by 8 P.M. train Faxon accompanying me.

Woodcock  
peep

Early morning on Payson place.

1891 Mass.

April 14 Belmont. Cloudless but hazy with S.W. wind. An oppressively hot day for the season the thermometer rising to  $74^{\circ}$  at noon ( $55^{\circ}$  at 9 P.M.)

Faxon spent the night with me and at 5 A.M. we started in a coupe for the Payson place. The early morning was so cool that we found our winter overcoats not uncomfortable. There was a strong S.W. blowing and birds did not sing freely until the sun got well up. Robins, however, were in full voice as we drove up Brattle St. and on reaching our destination we heard Bluebirds, Song Sparrows, Meadow Larks and a Grass Finch. For nearly two hours we patrolled the oyster shell driveway or sat on the stone wall listening and watching for the working bird and it was nearly 9 A.M. before we entirely gave up hope and started for home. Eileen he has moved his ground or fallen a victim to some prowling cat or merciless specimen hunter. At all events we got no trace of him.

Our morning, however, was far from ill spent. On the contrary it was so filled with interesting and at times exciting experiences that we felt more than repaid. I had come to think that the woods and fields near Cambridge were not what they once were, so far as bird-life is concerned, but if this is true in a general sense the Payson place is certainly an exception to the rule as the following record will show.

On entering the avenue we heard, besides the birds just mentioned, a Colaptes "thumping" in the

Early morning at Payson place.

Mass.

1891

April 14

No 2.

Bulwer's) oak and hickory grove and two Palm Warblers  
(*D. hypochrysa*) chirping in the tree tops. The chorus  
of Robins swelled up on every side. Crows were  
cawing and flying overhead, a Blue Jay uttering  
its bell-note. Soon Taxon discovered a Sparrow  
Hawk in <sup>one of</sup> the tall oaks. It flew from tree to  
tree as we advanced and presently leaped off  
one the Canon but soon returned. Presently we  
heard it screaming shrilly and behold it was  
now accompanied by its mate who finally  
entered the nest, a wide slit in the trunk  
of a pig-nut hickory. She came out again  
quickly but both birds remained in or near the  
grove during our entire stay. Doubtless the brood  
of young which I saw on this place two years  
ago were reared in this same hole.

Sparrow Hawks

But the grove <sup>now</sup> harbors more interesting  
birds, nothing less, in fact than a pair of  
Wood Ducks! We did not actually find their  
nest but the female probably came directly  
from it where we first saw her swimming down  
from among the trees out one the Canon to  
the little artificial pond in which she alighted  
as confidently and gracefully as if it had  
been some lonely sheet of water in the heart  
of the forest instead of a pool scarce fifty  
feet across ~~with~~ enclosed in a wall of masonry  
with a heavy granite coping! We stalked her  
easily enough behind a cluster of arborescences  
and peeping through the branches saw her  
swimming about in company with her mate.

Wood Ducks



Early morning on Payson place.

1891 Mass.

April 14 Belmont a superb old death whose brilliant

no 3.

plumage glistened in the rays of the rising sun. Presently both birds climbed out on the top of the granite curb and sat for some time leaning and preening their feathers. We watched them a long time. ~~After~~ Before we left them, undisturbed, they walked for some distance along the top of the wall taking fine, running steps. The curb as we afterwards found was plentifully marked with their greenish semi-fluid excrement showing that they resort to this place repeatedly.

In the oak & hickory grove we also found a pair of Methuendens (*S. carolinensis*) which were doubtless nesting in some one of the innumerable cavities with which the fine old trees abound. Sparrow Hawks, Wood Ducks, Methuendens, Mockingbirds! what a showing for a highly cultivated, ornamented park of fifteen or twenty acres within a mile of Mt. Auburn and two miles of Harvard Square!

Methuendens

Of common birds we saw three Hermit Thrushes, Common two flocks of Kinglets, two Blue Jays, in pairs Birds of Crows, a Pheasant, two pairs of Crows, a Purple Finch (in full song) at least a dozen Song Sparrows, several Bluebirds & Flickers, and a number of Yellow-Red-poll Warblers. Of the last named we encountered a flock of fully a dozen on School St. opposite the Adams place. The males in full song. Meadow Larks were whistling all over the Adams place. We heard them notes at one time. Cow birds were very numerous & we heard one flock of Redwings. I reached home at 9.30 a.m.

Morning drive.

1891 Mass.

April 16 Cambridge. Watertown Belmont. Drive around Mt. Auburn, through Payson Place, and around Fresh Pond, 8.15 to 9.15 A.M. Weather cloudy and cool. Yesterday chilly with N.E. wind and light rain.

Birds very numerous everywhere. Either the heavy flight which arrived the 14<sup>th</sup> has been since "weather-bound" or there has been a second migratory wave. The number of Robins has increased at least five-fold within the past week. I counted 27 this morning, all paired in orchards & about houses. Probably our local birds are now all here.

The Song Sparrows have diminished rapidly of late & the migrants are doubtless gone by. The Bluebird migration has certainly all passed. I heard only one male this morning.

Saw a Phoebe in the field opposite the Cambridge Hospital and two others near the Payson place. In the Cambridge Cemetery a Grosbeak was singing and there was a single Song Sparrow chanting in Mt. Auburn. A pair of Crows were feeding on the ground in the old pond on the Huntington place. A Chipping, Field Sparrow, Tree Sparrow and Song Sparrows singing near the brook on the Coolidge farm, a Purple Finch near the E. Watertown Station. On the Adams place three Meadow Larks and three more on the Payson place. Drove through the latter, walking the horse & stopping frequently. A flock of 8 or 10 Golden Crest Kinglets and one Ruby crown in a hedge; further on another Ruby crown singing deliciously in spruces. Two Juncos, both females, and several Song Sparrows in the pear orchard. A Hermit Thrush among spruces. Colaptes "thumping" in

Morning Train

1891 Mass.

April 16 Cambridge, Watertown - Belmont.) the grove. Saw nothing  
No. 2 of the Sparrow Hawks or Wood Ducks and listened  
in vain for the Mockingbird.

Next round Payson Park and down the steep  
hill to Fresh Pond. Two more Golden crests in  
spruces in front of a house and a Chipmunk playing  
in a pear orchard. Robins everywhere, two Bluebirds  
warbling. Cow-birds chattering.

Three White-bellied Swallows flying over Fresh  
Pond close to the water. A number of Crows  
Blackbirds in maples in the flooded swamp  
near the ~~the~~ Lake place. Drove around the  
latter and visited the Sparrow Hawk's nest. The  
male sitting on a branch a few trees off. Female  
not seen. A Colaptes ~~sitting~~ in the top of a  
tall stone pipe funnel attached to an ice house  
sitting on the rim just under the nest's cap  
"thumping" at frequent intervals.

The elms are now in full blossom and the  
grass is green nearly everywhere. No native birds  
except Robins here as yet settled in any place  
in Cambridge. Saw a Hermit Thrush in the  
garden yesterday and a Chickadee visits me  
a few days, whistling chirily. The house  
House Sparrows fill the air with their clamor  
from daylight until dark. No Bluebirds or  
Song Sparrows have come within sight or hearing  
this year and I have had no Juncos or  
Fox Sparrows. (Two Juncos came into my garden  
about an hour after the above was written.)

Morning drive.

1891 Mass.

April 17 Natutown and Belmont, - Started at my usual time 8.15, and drove over precisely the same course taken yesterday. The morning was cloudless and calm with just a breath of east wind at times. The sun was very warm yet for some unexplained reason birds were not singing at all freely. In fact I did not hear one third as many as yesterday.

Chipping Sparrows have increased for I heard no less than four, one on the Hubbard place just before I started. I saw only one Bluebird (near the Cambridge Cemetery) and no Pewees. Heard a *Dendroica hypochrysa* in full song near the Adams place. In the Payson place saw only a few common birds. The Mockingbird has evidently either left or been killed.

In the back side of Fresh Pond saw three Kingfishers flying over the driveway from the gravel bank to the pond. At least one, the leading bird, was a female and the others a male. Probably both of the others were males for they seemed to be pursuing the female.

The Song Sparrows have either nearly ceased singing at the time I take my drives or they are getting positively scarce in the region which I pass through. I heard one this morning in Mt. Auburn and another within ear shot of my garden, apparently in Mr. Russell's place.

In an orchard on the cross road behind Fresh Pond I saw a female Sharp-shinned Hawk. It flew from tree to tree as my horse advanced. A Crow followed and dove down at it.

Evening at Clematis Brook.

1891 Mass.

April 17 Waltham. - Clear and warm, Wind E. evening to S.W. at sunset.

Starting at 5.45 P.M. I drove to the Warren run George walking the horse about until I returned to the road and started for home at 7 P.M. I reached the Woodcock ground at 6.30 and waited there nearly half an hour without either seeing or hearing my bird. As the Davis Hill (Lexington) Woodcock was also absent from his singing ground on the evening of the 15<sup>th</sup> I conclude that both these Woodcocks were migrants which the recent warm weather has sent further west.

A flock of 25 Crows were circling over the Norway Spruces at the Payson place as I passed and others were continually flying over the pine grove at the head of the Warren run which I first reached the latter place. Why are they not at their nests now?

No birds singing in the valley along the runs except Song Sparrows & Robins. Heard a Field Sparrow chaffing and one very soon I started a Linnet from a springy place in the old lane through which I returned to the road, I heard it scap-ture but the ringing chorus of Hylas & Hads nearly drowned the lesser sound.

During my drive this morning heard a Sharp-shinned Hawk in an orchard behind Fresh Pond. Went through the Payson place & listened for the Mockingbird but had nothing of him.

An evening in the Swamps.

1891 Mass.

April 18 Cambridge. - Went to the 14<sup>th</sup> the warmest day of the month thus far, the therm. 72° at noon. Clear all day with moist S.W. wind. Clouds gathering in the A.M. at sunset bringing a moderately sharp thunder storm at about 8 P.M.

To Hills Crossing by buggy at 6 P.M. sending the horse back to the stable and returning by 7.20 train. Found the Swamps wonderfully changed since my last visit (on the 11<sup>th</sup>) the meadows being now everywhere nearly as uniformly and vividly green as our city lawns and the grass in places several inches high. Along the railroad embankment Equisetum had shot up in places to a height of five or six inches.

I walked down the trails to Beech Island meadows where I sat down to listen for Insects. Robins, Song and Swamp Sparrows (the latter in great numbers), Red-wings, and a Savanna Sparrow made up the bird chorus that closed the day but their voices were nearly drowned by those of the Batrachians which were out in great force. Hylas and Toads were most numerous but there were many Leopard Frogs also. The combined din which they made was simply deafening. There must have been at least 1000 (and I think ten times that number) of Hylas within hearing, all piping at the tops of their voices.

I heard two Insects rise from the meadows and fly about low down scarfing but neither ascended and if there was any aerial humming during any stay it was drowned by the clamor of

An evening in the swamps.

1891 Mass.

April 18 Cambridge. - the frogs.

(No. 2)

After it had become nearly dark I walked over to the Pond Pond swamp and listened there awhile. A Carolina Rail was calling cut, cut, cutta, cutta at regular intervals and unceasingly. I also heard a Virginia Rail give the pig note once.

Of Cuckoo Birds I saw only a single Night Heron. During my stay the lightning was flashing at frequent intervals in the N. W. and just after I reached home the storm broke over Cambridge.

On the drive to my ground this evening I saw a flock of fully 100 Blackbirds, at least half of which were Triscalus æneus, apparently preparing to go to roost in the briary thickets between the Maple Swamp and Concord Avenue. There were at least a few Rusties among them for I caught their tinkling notes more than once.

Chipping Sparrows have established themselves in my garden yesterday & to-day and this morning a Purple Finch was singing in the Sparrows' company.

Morning drive.

1891 Mass.

April 19 Cambridge, Belmont, Lexington. Starting at 9.30 A.M.  
Drove to and around the Payson place, through boundary  
of the road past the mill-ponds through the hollows  
to the Wellington place and home by way of Wellington  
lane, the Cotton Spring road, Prospect St., and  
Concord turnpike.

The day was clear with the sky full of summer clouds,  
great drifting masses of cumulus clouds like those  
which precede a thunder storm. The thermometer rose to  
74° at noon and it was uncomfortably warm in the  
sun while the breeze, for perhaps the first time this  
year, was refreshing rather than chilling. The high  
temperature of the past two days with the rain last night  
has forced vegetation forward at a marvellous rate.  
To-day near the whole face of the country was green  
even the northern slopes of the interior hills and the  
bog meadows. The two early horse chestnut trees on  
Mrs. Nichols' place had unfolded many of their leaves  
to the size of a child's hand and some of the apple  
trees showed small leaves. Forsythia in full bloom in  
city gardens and Saxifrage in the woods. Most of the  
willow fringes out of bloom. Red maples and elms  
in fullest possible bloom. The former especially showing  
their blossoms varying in tint from deep orange to  
pink and coral red.

Thickets, Robins and Grass Finches in great numbers. Birds seen  
Song Sparrows either scarce compared to a week ago or  
absent. Many Swamp Sparrows in the hollows. Six Bluebirds  
seen in all. A Red shouldered Hawk screaming over Rock  
Meadow. As we passed Fresh Pond returning at about noon, I Wild Geese in  
discovered a flock of 12 Canada Geese floating on the water. Fresh Pond.  
near the middle, all facing the wind, with heads up & evidently on  
the alert for danger.



Canoe trip on Concord River.

1891 Mass

April 24 Concord, - Clear and warm with light N.W. wind dying  
at sundown.

To Concord with Bolles by 1.30 train. My two  
canoes with a chest containing canoe tents, cushions etc.  
were sent by express yesterday but we found them  
all in one baggage car when we reached Concord.  
The expressman loaded them into his wagon at once  
and we soon had them at the Manor where  
an hour or more was consumed in getting everything  
in its proper place. Finally at about 5 P.M.  
we started up river. There was a swift current  
for the water was still high, indeed over most  
of the river meadows. The banks, however, being low.  
The evening was delightful and birds singing  
in great numbers on every side. At the Manor  
we saw a Great Flycatcher; on Judge How's place  
fully 20 Crow Blackbirds about the pines where  
they breed regularly; at the Martin boxes beyond  
the new stone bridge, seven or eight Martins, very  
merry and musical. On Reed's Hill opposite,  
Meadow Larks and Robins were singing and a  
Savannah Sparrow uttering its piping song. Red-wings  
were scattered all along the margin of the river,  
the males singing in the bottom bushes, the  
females flying out from the bunches of tall  
grass as if from their nests. Over the town  
a few Swifts were wheeling and dashing about.  
We made slow progress and the sun set before  
we reach the French farm. At the next bend  
we put up our sails and were wafted before  
the dying breeze to Minn Acre bridge. The Robins

1891 Mass.

April 24 Concord, - had now finished their evening hymns,  
(No 2) the last Swamp Sparrows had ceased their low  
trilling songs, the Red-wings had all disappeared  
and a deafening chorus of Heron, Kingfisher,  
and Loons came to our ears from far and  
near along the margin of the shining pathway  
of water which we were following.

It was very dark when we reached Fairbairn  
Cliff and Bobs began hooting like a Barred  
Owl. I followed with a feeble imitation of the  
Great-horned Owl which, after a few moments &  
to my infinite surprise, was answered by Bubo  
himself from the tall pines on the west bank  
of the river. He stopped paddling of course and  
I continued the conversation in the best Owl  
language that I could command. Bubo was  
prompt in his responses and presently appeared  
directly over our heads, - a great shadowy bird  
with broad wings and big head, flapping at  
first, then sailing as majestically as an Eagle,  
finally descending in a series of undulations  
to the low trees on the shore at the  
Cliff Landing. More Owl talk and Bubo soon  
on his way back to the pines evidently sorely  
provoked and speedily impelled to repeat the  
flight which he made three times each way,  
in all, passing directly over us each time.  
He could only be seen against the sky  
and lost sight of him the moment he came  
in front of the background of hill or pines.  
He finally left him & kept on to Martha's Point

Canoe trip on Concord River

1891 Mass.

April 24 Concord. - hoping to hear a Whippoorwill here in this  
(No. 3) we were disappointed.

At about 8 P.M. the moon rose over Fairham Hill, at first silencing the tops of the trees on the western shore, then flooding the river valley with mellow light. We returned to the pine grove at about 8.30 and found the tall, straight, rough-barked trunks bathed in moonlight looking as if covered with hoar frost. In the hope of hearing the Owl again we decided to camp here; we were disappointed for, apparently caused by the noise which we made in drawing the canoes from the water on the narrow belt of marsh to the dry ground beneath the outer line of trees, the bird began hooting again in the middle of the woods. A fire which we kindled served to attract him for he came into the top of a pine nearly over us and hooted steadily at intervals varying from ten to fifteen seconds. His voice was deep, yet soft and cooing like that of a Carolina Dove. It did not seem at all loud when he was very near and when he retreated to a distance of fifty yards or more it seemed to come from some place half a mile or more away. The bird did not appear to be disturbed by our voices or even by our moving about directly under him except when one of us stepped on dry twigs the cracking of which invariably drove him off for awhile although he did not mind the loud and

1891 Mass.

April 24 Concord constant snapping of the fire.

No. 4

It is a buffer to the accompaniment of this impression Owl music, and the nearly deafening clamor of Leopard Frogs, Hylas Frogs. After we had settled ourselves in the corners the Owl came still nearer apparently descending low in the trees & moving by short flights from place to place. This we inferred by the sound of his voice for we did not once see him. He hooted, with few and short intermissions, all night keeping us awake most of the time.

There was also a Partridge drumming at short and very regular intervals from the time the moon rose until sunrise or a little after. The Frogs and Frogs nearly ceased towards morning, probably because as the night wore on it became very cold for the season. At about midnight a Field Sparrow sang over on Fairhaven Hill; its wild, clear notes ringing out sweet impressively. I listened for the sound of migrating Warblers and thought that I caught it once or twice but I may have merely heard some birds chirping drowsily on its perch.

Canoe trip up Sudbury River.

1891 Mass.

April 25 Concord to Mayland. - At 3.30 a. m. Bolles roused me by shaking the tent of my canoe. There was a faint indication of dawn in the East but the moonlight had hardly begun to fade. A Brown Thrasher was singing gloriously on Fairhaven Hill and a Song Sparrow soon joined, in followed by a Robin, a Spotted Towheefewer, a Whippoorwill and a Swamp Sparrow. These were all the species heard during the first half hour.

At 4 a. m. we started back from camp passing through a dense woods of young pines and coming out in an open field. The moon hung low in the west but its light was still more dominant than the one growing daylight. The sky to the North & East was cloudless and starry but in the North it was filled with a leaden mass of clouds. These rolled steadily and rapidly overhead blotting out the moon and the rosy tints where the sun was about to appear. The air was sharp and the grass white with hoar frost. We had to keep moving to overcome the chills that despite our warm clothing pierced us. More birds singing. A Ruffed Grouse drumming, a Grass Finch, Red-wings (4.20), Chickadee (4.21) Field Sparrow, Crows, Hermit Thrush (hoarse note only), Chipping 4.27, Minivet (4.35) Pine Warbler, Cow-bird, Flicker (4.49), Yellow-rump (4.50), Blue Jay (4.53), Rusty Black-bird, Bank Swallow, and Ruby-crowned Kinglet (singing at 5 a. m.). A pair of Wood Ducks

Canoe trip up Sudbury River.

1891 Mass.

April 25 Concord to Mayland. Passed down river flying  
(no 2) very swiftly the ducks first, then the drake  
leading.

The big Owl was silent when we first awoke,  
and afterward up to 4.25 when he began  
hooting, it being nearly broad daylight at  
the time. Late in the night (about 2 A M  
I think) there were two Horned Owls hooting  
in the pines, answering one another.

Soon after we had finished breakfast and  
just as we were about to start off in the  
canoe it began raining and the wind  
rose to half a gale. We put on our rubber  
coats and pushed off, paddling to North's  
Point where we landed and filled our pail  
at the spring. Picking up the boats again  
we made Sherman's Bridge by 10 A. M.  
paddling most of the way. It rained hard  
at times and the wind came in fierce  
gusts. Few birds singing. Heard one solitary  
Vireo and many Swamp Sparrows. Saw a  
Red-shouldered Hawk and a fine old male  
Sheldrake. The latter was in the river just  
above its outlet into Fairhaven and was  
evidently a wounded bird for after diving  
twice it came up gasping painfully within  
two rods of my canoe, then essayed to fly  
but failing to clear the surface after  
flapping a hundred yards or more down  
and disappeared, probably into the  
bottom bushes.

Canoe trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass

April 25 Concord to Mayland On reaching Sherman's Bridge  
(No. 3) we went ashore and built a fire among the trees  
on the south slope of the knoll. The rain was  
checked to snow which came driving over the  
meadows in gusts before the violent N. wind.  
Altogether the weather had become abominable  
but nevertheless we ate lunch very comfortably  
in our warm and sheltered nook. There were  
many small birds about us, chiefly Yellow-rumps  
and Song and Swamp Sparrows. Swallows were  
passing at intervals, following the river. Heard a  
Parula Warbler sing twice in the maples on the  
causeway, a Colaptes "stout" in a big isolated  
oak in the neighboring field.

At about 1 P.M. we hoisted our sails and  
started across the Sudbury Meadows. The wind  
was strong, at times violent and gusty but as  
the water on the meadows was somewhere under  
three or four feet deep in places we had  
no terrors, even for my companion who had  
never sailed a boat of any kind. Before we  
crossed the meadow very quickly and pleasantly  
despite the frequent snow squalls that chilled  
and blinded us.

Ever since starting from Concord we had  
seen White bellied Swallows in fair numbers  
and a few Barn Swallows, also, but the numbers  
of all the Swallows to day proved to be the big  
Sudbury Meadows over every portion of which  
they were skimming in swarms or flocks in  
one great swarm, keeping close to the water for

1891 Mass.

April 25  
(No 4)

Concord - the entire meadow was flooded) and hovering about the tufts of grass, tussocks, and button bushes from which they were picking off insects. Six hundred birds would be a very low estimate for the total number assembled in this meadow. Of these fully 90% were White-bellies 8% Barn Swallows and the remaining 2% Saw. and Bank Swallows. There were no Ducks and but few Red-wings in this meadow but several Marsh Harriers were beating about its borders.

On the Maryland meadow above the lower bridge were many more Swallows among which we noticed a number (perhaps a dozen) of Saw Swallows. The latter as well as the Bank Swallows have evidently only begun to arrive. The White-bellies must be largely migrants for nothing like the numbers present to day can breed in the adjoining region.

After passing the upper bridge we landed and paid Mr. Dudley a visit. He pressed me to spend the night at his house and said that Bolles could be accommodated at the Heards on the opposite side of the road. As the weather had turned bitterly cold we were not sorry to get under a warmer shelter than our canvas tents so the matter was quickly decided.

Shortly before sunset we walked over to Heards Pond. The sky was now clear but the N. wind roared through the tree tops and there was little singing. On the shore of the pond we heard a Pheasant, in some places a Pair Mallard,



Canoe trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 23  
(No. 5) Mayland - and on the edge of a thicket saw a  
Yellow Red poll. Warbler in company with a Pine  
Warbler and two Chickadees. A Billow was  
jumping in the brook meadow to the west and  
an immense flock of Red-wings bringing in  
mud in their mouths the undertone resembling  
the honking of Geese being very conspicuous  
at times.

In the brook which ~~forms~~ connects the pond  
with the larger brook to the west we saw  
a number of large fish swimming about in  
pairs occasionally showing their backs and  
making such a commotion in the water that  
at first I took them for muskrat rats. Their  
backs looked broad, straight and smooth  
and lacked any visible dorsal fins from  
which I concluded that they were suckers.

Renunculus were in full bloom everywhere  
to-day and a few columbines were out  
on sunny ledges. The maples, birches, poplars  
and willows show small leaves and the  
buds of the oaks and hickories are swelled  
to an enormous size and on the very point  
of bursting. "Cossacks" spangle the brook meadows  
and dandelion blossoms the turf by waterides.  
A cherry tree in my garden unfolded a dozen  
or more blossoms on April 22, and on the  
23<sup>rd</sup> had hundreds out. The spring as far as  
vegetation goes is the earliest I ever remember  
and the late April birds are also nearly a  
week ahead of time.

1891 Mass

April 26 Maryland to Concord. A superb day with cloudless sky and cold, bracing N.W. wind rather violent and gusty during the forenoon but dying to a gentle breeze late in the afternoon and falling to dead calm at sunset.

At sunrise Robins <sup>shrikes</sup>, Grass Finches, Meadow Larks, Chipping, a Least Flycatcher and a Purple Finch were singing near the house and when I came down to breakfast fully fifty White bellied Swallows skimming down over the roof on the sheltered slope of the hill and quarrelling with each other over the two bird houses on poles near the back door. There were a few Barn Swallows, also.

After breakfast we embarked and started down river. It was hard work paddling against the strong wind, but the current helped us and we made good progress. We heard and saw a Red Shouldered Hawk circling about a pine clad hill near the railroad bridge and just below the lower bridge started a fine adult male Pigeon Hawk from a bit of uncrowned marsh on the margin of the river. It rose heavily, carrying something in its talons which looked like a large frog, and alighted on the ground under the willows on the causeway. We landed and followed, but although we flushed it twice more we failed to positively determine the nature of its burden.

Hoisting our sails and drawing in the sheets

Canoe Trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 26 Wayland to Concord. — we recrossed the Sudbury  
(No. 2) meadow nearly to Sherman's Bridge without  
a stroke of the paddle. Starting five Black  
Ducks on the way but seeing practically no  
Swallows. For the remainder of the distance  
to Fairhaven Bay we had to paddle save  
for one short stretch of sailing. We passed  
one small flock of Swallows among which  
were eight Martins skimming over the  
tops of a thicket of Bear oaks on a flattened  
hillside. The blossoms of these oaks, by the  
way, are on the point of opening and  
doubtless are already in condition to attract  
many insects on which the Swallows feed.  
Other Swallows in small companies were seen  
at intervals high in air over woods and  
fields but there were none to-day over the  
water.

When we passed within ear-shot of wooded  
hills we heard Yellow-rumps singing and  
two solitary vireos. Swamp Sparrows were  
exceedingly numerous and in full song on  
the half submerged thickets along the river.  
But very few Song Sparrows were singing either  
yesterday or to-day although many were seen.

On reaching Fairhaven we landed and lunched  
on Lee's Cliff. A Phoebe nest just finished  
and covered on the outside with green moss  
was discovered in a crevice of the cliff, the  
birds near it. A Pine & a Black-throated Green  
Warbler singing in the pines, a Yellow-red-poll

Canoe trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 26 Concord. and Hermit Thrush, both heard, about near us. Chimney Swifts and Swallows passing overhead. Kingfishers rattling about the shores of the bay. They have been met with in unusual numbers during the entire trip.

At 4 P.M. we started down river again paddling to the Mouth and sailing most of the remainder of the distance to Ball's Hill where we landed just as the sun was setting. Saw a great many common birds on the way but nothing of particular interest. The colony of Grackles on Judge Hear's place have thrived in numbers since 1887. There were fully 25 birds assembled there this evening strutting along the edge of the river and flying into and from the white pines where they breed. They cannot have been migrants for they have been breeding in Cambridge for several days past.

A Bittern was pumping steadily on Great Meadow when we came within hearing at about 5.30 P.M. He stopped abruptly and finally some time before it became fairly dark and although the night was clear with a moon only two days on the wane was not heard again until daylight next morning.

We passed an uneventful night sleeping a good deal but lying awake enough to feel reasonably sure that no Owls hooted within ear shot. A Night Heron came over us at 9.30 P.M. and there were a goodly number of Redpolls, 7 or 8.

Canoe Trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 27 Concord... Cloudless, the air chilly at sunrise but the strong sunshine, in connection with a S. W. wind, carrying the thermometer to  $78^{\circ}$  at 1 P.M., the highest point reached thus far this season.

When we awoke this morning at 4.05 it was nearly broad day-light and we had of course missed the beginning of the bird chorus but for the first four or five minutes we heard only three species, the Bittern, a Thrasher, and a Song Sparrow. Others followed in this order: Field Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Downy Woodpecker (drumming), Red wings (first singing 4.15) King (singing 4.18), Chickadee (the be at 4.18) Crow 4.20, Robin and Carolina Dove (4.23), Spotted Sandpiper (4.28), Bluebird (4.30), Phoebe and White-bellied Swallow (4.35), Pine Warbler (4.39) Minnetta (4.40), Bank Swallow (4.41), Colaptes (red & pink), Rusty Grackles, sunrise 4.26's Ruby-crowned Kinglet. The Red wings were not in full song until just before sunrise. The Bittern (there was a second bird below Ball's Hill) trumped steadily until 5.15 when both stopped abruptly and finally. There were two Carolina Doves cooing at one time. Both became silent before the sun rose.

After breakfast we started down river. As we were passing Lee Davis hill a pair of Red-throated Hawks emerged from the pines and drifted off before the wind blowing in loudly cries and screaming a little. We could see no nest. He landed just below this hill and took

Canoe trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 27 Concord. - the wood path which leads back into the  
(No 2) farming country. At least two Partridges were  
found under some young pines and in sand where  
they had been burrowing & dusting in a bare space  
of dry sand in the path. On reaching the first  
field we started for juncos. There were at least  
two White-throated Sparrows with them. One, a  
particularly high colored bird with rich yellow  
breast stripe, allowed us to get within two or  
three yards of him acting as if tired and happy,  
closing his eyes at intervals. Probably he dropped  
in early this morning after a long migratory  
flight.

For the first time in five years I went through  
the pine woods without seeing anything of the  
Cooper's Hawks. I fear that something has  
happened to them.

We met a farmer, the owner of about 200 acres  
of this region, as we were passing through a  
wood path. He told us that it was a great  
country for Otters and that he had killed  
at least five different kinds while fox hunting.  
Foxes are numerous. He backed one last winter  
and shot him from under cover of a shed  
one moonlight night.

We visited the Apple tree where Faxon and I  
found a Screech Owl a week or two ago. The  
hole was empty this morning but Bolles  
climbed to another higher up which proved  
to contain our bird. He could not get at  
him except by tearing the branch to pieces

Cause trip on Sandhury River

1891 Mass

April 27  
(No 3)

Concord.. for the cavity was very narrow and descended at least two feet. There was an opening not over an inch in diameter at the bottom through which we could look directly in on the Owl who when poked with a twig retreated backward and downward into a crevice where he stood bolt upright showing only his face framed in dark, water-soaked wood, his eyes half-closed as usual. There were no signs of a nest in the lower hole and the one which contained the bird was far too cramped for a nesting place. The Owl was a gray bird doubtless the same individual seen during my last visit and probably the male the female and nest being perhaps hidden in a tall cottonwood maple stub pierced with Colaptes holes and standing on the edge of a swampy woods a few rods from the apple tree.

Just after we had reached the boats and embarked and while I was watching a Loon (the first I have seen) which was screeching among the leaves at the base of the hill, an Osprey appeared over the meadows and plunged into the water after a fish where it must have missed for it reappeared empty-footed and flew off down stream.

We passed Balls Hill without stopping and kept on up river fighting our way slowly against an exceedingly rapid current. A Bittern which had been feeding on an exposed strip of meadow soon and

Canoe trip on Sudbury River

1891 Mass.

April 27  
(No. 4)

Ponca. After making a long flight dropped into a tangle of long grass and button bushes. I followed it and came suddenly on it as it stood erect, neck stretched up and bill, pointing directly skyward. It was within twelve feet of me when I first saw it and shouted to Polles and the impulse of the canoe carried me four or five feet nearer before the bird flew. I <sup>had</sup> approached the place on open water and in full view of the Bittern.

Red. wings were very numerous along the river banks, scattered about singly, singing on the tops of the trees & bushes, as we worked our way slowly up to Flints Bridge. He saw two or three Spotted Sandpipers and many Robins, Song Sparrows etc. One Least Flycatcher was singing just below the bridge and another at the Maun.

Polles left me at 1 P.M. and I spent most of the afternoon packing the boats and their contents, finally getting everything ready and starting for home by the 6.40 P.M. train.



Drive to Wellesley & return

1891

Mass.

May 3

Cambridge-Wellesley. - Cloudy & warm. Wind S.W. A brisk rain began at 10 A.M. and lasted until 5 P.M. when the clouds scattered & the sun set in a clear sky.

Starting at 9.30 A.M. I drove to Wellesley and after a most successful day with Denton returned late in the afternoon. The vegetation continues to advance rapidly and steadily and has now reached a stage unprecedented for this date so far as my experience goes. Cherry blossoms falling to-day; pear trees in full bloom; apple blossoms on the point of unfolding; the woods veiled in tender green; salmon and yellowish russet; all the trees, except the ashes, covered with small leaves. White oak leaves two inches in length. The birches and poplars in nearly half foliage and horse chestnuts to dense with large leaves that the eye cannot penetrate their canopy. Vegetation generally, in short, is at about the point reached in average seasons by May 15 & 20.

saw a good many common birds during my drive but nothing new or of peculiar interest. Robin came to me seven this season and thus far they have not sung freely. I listen for the morning and evening choruses but hear only a single bird. Are the tunes changing or does singing decline now?

Noted only one Bluebird a ♂, silent. Two White-throated Sparrows by the roadside. Swifts in good numbers visible over Beacon Falls at sunset & two over Watertown, none elsewhere and none over my garden since the first seen on evening in April.

After my return this evening I discovered a cat-bird in the garden. He sang in the faintest possible tones a note whistled and then only a few yards away. I hope the cats will spare him.

Morning, in the Fresh Pond woods

1891 Mass.

May 4 Cambridge. - Clear with breeze rather high 4.0° wind. Cool yet not cold. George drove me to the woods this morning at 9 o'clock meeting me at the cross roads beyond Fresh Pond and bringing me home at 1.30 P.M.

Used the Maple Swamp from the trougher via the east end of Alewife Brook. The white willows near the sawing were in full bloom and harbored numerous flies besides a number of yellow-rumped Warblers. In the dense tangle of alders and wild rose bushes a little back from the road a Water Thrush was singing at regular intervals, not only as I passed but for the half hour or more afterwards that I was within hearing. It was the only one that I saw or heard during the morning. There were also a few Cow Blackbirds in their thickets, perhaps three or four in all.

The tall red maples and swamp oaks in the Maple Swamp had only begun to expand their leaves which were not large or dense enough to cast an appreciable shade. There were some yellow-rumps in them, however, as well as a Flicker "chattering" and several silent Robins, also two or three Yellow Warblers, not in best Hypocistis or Redstarts. The thickets of wild cherry viburnums, osage box etc. in the middle island were in  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  leaf and the foliage dense enough in places to be impenetrable to the eye yet there were no birds here - literally not one. I walked around Brown Pond hoping to find a Cow Blackbird's nest in the invading alders where the little colony bred last season but I saw only one bird and no nests. Started a few more.

In first entering the Maple Swamp I had twice started a bird at which I could not get a fair sight but which fitted along close to the ground among these bushes previously like a Robin. It appeared much larger, however, and I set it down as a Sharp-shinned Hawk, a bird which I found correct for returning past the edge of the woods I saw it rise and

Accipiter

Morning in Ten Fresh Pond Swamp

1891 May 2

May 4 Cambridge. Fly off over the river, soaring a little in narrow circles and quietly disappearing towards the N. I have seen the birds like this at several places in the swamp.

At 10:30 AM. I went to the swamp. The birds were in the water near the bottom of the pond. I saw a few in the water near the bottom of the pond.

owing to the fact that we have had no snow since (about a month) the water in the swamp is very low, so that I could find in great numbers with the following birds many day in places. This was

on the 1st that there seemed to be almost no birds there. I heard only two out in the bushes along the broad ditch that runs from Church Brook to the meadow. I saw two signs of Virginia Rails and soon after found a newly finished nest in the top of a tussock. The lining was composed of pieces of dead flags which were floating wet showing that they must have been put in either last night or early this morning for the dryer weather. Such a nest had never existed before. The light rain of today would have dried off in an hour or two in the warm sun and would have been a great help.

In the ditch near the meadow I saw a nest of the rails. The only one noted to-day was singing. It is evident that only a few individuals of this species have arrived.

I was walking through a bed of dry grass when I saw a rail on the bank of Church Brook a couple of feet from the water. I shot at him with a 22 cal. but missed.

On April 30 I saw a White-throated Sparrow and saw another in the bushy pond between the Central R.R. and Duck Island.

In the N. E. corner of the swamp at this side I found

1891 1002

Jan 4 Cambridge. - half an hour or more this morning, which the found but quite in vain, for they neither found themselves we called.

We went to the swamp where we found the Volturnus nest last year, and searched for the same. The water was nearly as high in this swamp as in B, and there seemed to be a good many birds concealed among the bushes and tall reeds for we heard them calling at frequent intervals, but this time only in the middle. On first entering the swamp I found a Virginia's nest, empty but evidently a new nest, the lining quite dry brown. It was in the top of a tussock on the edge of a ditch.

This swamp contained nearly a quarter of a mile square, and I had no time to go in a line, but I walked around, and it being following me about and calling from in various places. I found no signs of nests, however.

Swamp hollows were abundant everywhere but I did not see or hear a single one until I had reached, reached Hill's Crossings where they became very numerous. I also tasted a Savanna sparrow near the station and in the willows along the brook just west of the station found a pair of Red Wings of both sexes, the males singing in melody, as I was watching them a

Sparrow Hawk passed, coming from the direction of the river place and flying very swiftly and directly.

Near the cross-roads, where I waited for George to pick me up, a Bluebird was singing in an orchard. As it watched it it flew to a dead branch and clinging beneath it, back down, warbled for nearly a minute in a singularly tender tone but almost in a whisper. I afterwards went to the line

Morning in the Park and suburbs.

1891 May 4

Cambridge - and found as I expected a hole under straw  
between two. I did not wait to get further but the male  
Bluebird was doubtless sitting on his eggs inside. Several pairs  
of House Sparrows were nesting in neighbouring trees.

The open meadows north of the Hitching tracks looked to lay  
about as they do towards the close of the month in ordinary  
seasons. Sweet flag, iris and cat-tail stalks were ten or twelve  
inches tall, the tussock grass broken by fifteen inches and  
in flower each blade being tipped with a head of insect  
which gave the tussock somewhat the appearance of having  
been blebbed by frost. This insect color distributed in spots  
and dots formed a conspicuous and much contrast to  
the otherwise much uniform light yellowish or gold green  
of the broad leafed grass.

In two places I found a Pickard Frog, dead and  
shrivelled, in the very top of a tussock its toes clasped  
tightly about the tips of the grass blades. In each  
instance the animal must have crawled up out of the  
water to die for its attitude and condition showed  
clearly that ~~death~~ had not been caused by violence. It  
seems strange however, that it should have passed  
safely through the long winter and perished in the  
glad spring time. Doubtless, however, such creatures, like the  
higher-organized animals, are subject to many forms  
disease and sundries, too, must die of old age.

Apple trees in bloom to-day, not full bloom out a good  
many blossoms fairly out. Where are the Chickadees.  
None have been reported yet in any amount. There  
is there any more of the Bobolinks. I looked & looked  
for them in the fields near Hills Crossing &  
could find none.

1891

Mass.

May 8

Easton is Sea Breeze Land. - Morning cool wind N.E. shifts to S.W. in the day the following night warm. Sky filled with dim haze the sun looking like a red balloon and casting no shadows.

To Martha's Vineyard with Fara by 12 M. train via New Bedford and Stoughton across Buzzards Bay. From car windows saw a Sharp-shinned Hawk in the Refousett meadows in Dedham. Crossing Buzzards Bay saw ten or twelve White-winged Scoters, all in pairs or singly, and two Boons (M. under), one adult, the other "young".

In the channel between Nantuxet and Woods Hole started a flock of five Black Scoters, two males & three females. Below Woods Hole and West Chop saw a Boon (adult), a Cape Hen (Ureter linn), a Herring Gull, gulls and a few White-winged Scoters. At the head of the light near Vineyard Haven were big coveys all in full plumage sitting on a sand bar and on into beyond the small that separates the harbor from the inner bay, at least twelve were seen with or both in U. linn. Although this was too far off to be accurately determined.

At about 6 M. we landed above Vineyard Haven for 15 minutes in a curious vehicle resembling a "Black Maria" the sides, roof and back wholly enclosed in cotton, wool or glass. It was difficult to see or hear much here this convenience. Bullock Sparrows were abundant in the town before starting and in the village of N. Ashby and an occasional Blackbird or Meadows Lark along the road. At N. Ashby, while stopping at the post office we heard a Chipping Swift, Chipping Sparrows, a Robin, a Song Sparrow, at Nantuxet "travellers" were abundant in numbers about a house a Canada Goose in a pond, a Pond, a Purple Finch at Nantuxet. Only two Crows & one Marsh Hawk seen during the day. At 10 P.M. sunset when we reached Martha's Vineyard in Nantuxet. The roads were hazy in a pond. Vegetation is not as far advanced as in Nantuxet. The only just unfolding birds. The woods everywhere beautiful with the hedges (see Ureter linn) The common short birds not seen.

1891

1.1

Apr. 9

W. H. H. is below, clear and much warmer than at any time during the past week. The wind S. W. blowing to N. E. before noon the afternoon rather chilly.

On seeing both kept me awake much of the night and day. This morning I decided that it was necessary & that I had better return to town as soon as I could, crossing, inevitably and taking the stage at 5.45, leaving Ticonderoga at 6.15.

The early morning was still and warm and birds were rising freely in and near the village as I started. There were Robins, Chipping Sparrows, Yellow Warblers, a Great Blue Heron and a few Field, Meadow Larks and in the distance an Oven Bird.

In colonies of Grackles were all out on parade in a field, starlings about on the trees a dozen or fifteen of them. At Littleport

town a small Sparrow, which I am very sure was Coturniculus passerinus, flew up from the road and alighted on a pine. On the way to Vinland Haven saw three Towhees several Robins, and a Marsh Hawk. Heard only one Brown Creeper.

I cannot understand the nearly total apparent absence of the East and the scarcity of Towhees when I saw so many in such numbers last summer. Is it possible that they have not arrived yet? The vegetation is certainly backward here and the country looks bare & brown while the total number of birds of all kinds seen and heard last morning & this morning was very small.

During the sail from Vinland Haven to New Bedford I kept pretty closely to the cabin & hence made few observations but passing through Woods Hole saw at least twenty-five Black Scoters. They seemed to be fishing in the tide rips about rocks. There were none in our flock. Saw only two White-wings to-day. On the way to Boston saw two Kingbirds together on a willow over a creek.

Morning drive

1891 Mass.

May 10 Cambridge. Belmont Waltham. A cloudless day, cool in the early morning, very warm after 10 A. M. (the therm. going above 70° later) with almost no breeze, sun warm and then a refreshing puff from the S. E.

Previous to the 8<sup>th</sup>, when I left Cambridge, there had been, for a week or more, almost no change in the vegetation and practically no arrivals of birds. The weather being cool and at times really cold. ~~water frozen~~ On the nights of the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> ice formed in fairs to the thickness of  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch and much damage was done to fruit buds and tender plants. Several birds not usually seen here before the end of the first week in May had arrived in April but there were represented by only a few individuals which did not increase as the days passed.

On my return to Cambridge yesterday I found that vegetation had made a marked advance. DeLong says that this was accomplished the night of the 8<sup>th</sup> and forenoon of the 9<sup>th</sup> when the weather became much warmer. He saw Orioles in Waltham on the morning of the 9<sup>th</sup>. On the evening of that day I noticed nothing new in my garden. But coming out this morning a little after nine o'clock I became at once aware that a very heavy flight of migrants had arrived, probably last night. Standing on my front walk I heard, within eight or ten minutes, chiefly in the trees & shrubbery on the Hubbard place opposite, the following birds singing: *D. aestiva*, two; *D. coronata*, one; *Helminthophila ruficapilla*, one; *Vireo solitarius*, one; *V. gilvus*, one; *Cardinalis*, one;



Morning drive

1891

Mass.

May 10  
(No. 2)

Cambridge, Belmont. Northam. *Spirius tristis*, one;  
*Spiriella socialis*, two; *Hydromela ludoviciana*, one;  
and *Empidonax minimus*, one. I do not remember  
ever noting the Nashville Warbler or Solitaire. Vireo in  
this part of Cambridge before and the Least Flycatcher  
has not been heard here before this season.

Bats in the day an Oriole was fluttering in my  
elms and Chimney Swifts flying overhead. I also  
heard a passing Barn Swallow and there was a  
small Thrush, which I could not identify but which  
was probably Wilson's, in my lilacs. Besides these  
there were, of course, Robins, making in all  
fifteen species seen or heard near my house in the  
course of a few hours. The Grosbeak is doubtless my  
old friend of the past three years. He arrived this  
year on the 8<sup>th</sup> when I heard him singing at  
or about sunrise.

My horse was sent up at 9.15 this morning and  
I took a rather long drive with Almy, through  
Waverly and Belmont by way of the Willows to  
the cross road just east of the Lane Pier, thence  
south to Prospect Hill, and home past the  
Bynum place and Chivalis Brook Station.

It was a bare day in the very flood beds of  
blossoming orchards and luxuriant fields of  
grass as yet unspoiled by dust. The cherry trees  
are out of bloom, the pear orchards in full  
bloom, the apple trees just coming into bloom.  
There were birds in great numbers everywhere,  
but in the greatest numbers in the Willows and  
in the oaks near the Bynum place. In the

Morning drive

1891 Mass.

May 10  
Sat

Cambridge, Belmont Waltham. former I found a flock of Warblers that reminded me of the good old times. I did not stop to examine them but the majority seemed to be Yellow-rumps with a sprinkling of Parulas, two Black-throated Blues, and a great many Yellow Warblers. Two Bobolinks were flying about over the meadows singing and Red wings were in the usual numbers.

Yellow rumped Warblers and White throated Sparrows were scattered everywhere by the roadsides in small flocks, among shrubs, along stone walls, & in orchards. I saw three Orioles and heard four or five Least Flycatchers and two Phoebe's, the latter near the corner mill pond in Waverley, the other in Waltham.

We passed directly beneath a Meadow Lark which was sitting in a small elm singing. It hopped uneasily and awkwardly from twig to twig when I stopped the horse but even then it did not fly.

I heard one Brown Thrasher singing and saw a King Bird near Browns.

Heard only one Red Start and no Chestnut-sided Warblers. As my horse was fresh and my progress rapid and accompanied by the inevitable noisy rattle of wheels it is probable that we passed unseen many more birds than we were able to recognize. Certainly the roadside thickets seemed everywhere alive with them.

Trip to Martha's Vineyard.

1891 Mass.

May 8 Boston to N. H.bury. Cloudless but with the air filled with a smoky haze so dense that the sun cast but faint shadows and looked like a red balloon suspended in the sky. Weather cool with E., changing at noon to S. W., wind.

Left Boston with Faxon at 12 M. for Martha's Vineyard via New Bedford. Saw a Sharp Shinned Hawk flying over Vesperett meadows in Dedham. Mountain Laurel growing in abundance along the railroad a little south of Canton. Between Sharon and New Bedford extensive swamps of white cedar.

Took the steamer at New Bedford, crossing Buzzards Bay saw two Boats (one adult, one gray) and about a dozen White-winged Scoters, the latter in pairs rising from the water & circling around us. In the narrow channel between the north end of Nahson and Wood's Hole five Black Scoters, two old drakes & three gray birds, rose and doubled past us finally alighting close in to shore.

Between Wood's Hole & Goat Chop two more White-winged Scoters, two Boats, a Red-throated Loon & a Herring Gull were seen. In the bay near its head, opposite Vineyard Haven, six Laughing Gulls in full plumage rose from a sand bar and flew off in pairs. There were thirty or more large gulls, which looked like *L. argentatus*, sitting on a mud flat in the inner harbor but we could not make them out with certainty at such long range.

The first birds we saw in Vineyard Haven were a pair of House Sparrows hopping about on

Life to Martha's Vineyard.

1891

Mass.

May 8  
(No. 2.)

Vineyard Haven to N. Fishy. - a pile of lumber on the wharf. Now was anything added to our list for the first three miles that we traveled inland.

We were cooped up, to be sure, in a remarkable vehicle which serves as mail wagon and passenger stage combined and which is admirably devised to protect the driver & his passengers from the weather for it is closed in front, and well as on both sides and behind, by wood, leather or glass the only aperture being a slit through which the reins are passed. He had a portion of the leather curtains on one side rolled up, however, and through this opening managed to see something of the country.

The oak woods were nearly as bare as in winter and the only green, save that of the grass, was furnished by the baler of yucca & other plants and by occasional pines. The cherry trees in the town were in full bloom, whereas all their blossoms have fallen at home. This shows conclusively that the vegetation is later on the South Shore than about Boston.

These Vineyard woods were enlivened by one striking and attractive feature, viz. the abundance everywhere of the beautiful sugar pear (*Amelanchier* *botryocarpa*) with its reddish <sup>more</sup> ~~greenish~~ leaves and larger spreading flowers it is a much more showy and striking shrub than the common black bush of which, by the way, we did not see a single specimen.

Our driver talked freely and instructively  
<sup>not by name,</sup>

Trip to Martha's Vineyard

1891  
May 8  
(No 3)

Mass.

Vineyard Haven to W. Fishery... about the birds and mammals of the island, ~~with~~ which he seemed to have a fairly intimate and accurate knowledge. There are, he says, Skunks (indigenous) in limited numbers, Foxes (introduced), Raccoons (introduced), Rabbits (*Lepus sylvaticus*), Gray Squirrels (introduced), Muskrat, Meadow Mice, and Moles. He has never seen or heard of Weasels but two Weasels were caught last winter & were considered a great curiosity being the first that had ever been seen. There are no Red Squirrels, Woodchucks, Chipmunks or Deer on the island.

Mammals  
of the island

He said much about the Grouse ("Heathens"), they have been numerous during the past winter when he saw one or more away five days. On one occasion he counted 16 in one flock and it was a frequent occurrence to start four or five together. He has never seen one within less than three miles of Vineyard Haven. At this point the brush plains begin and his birds are almost invariably out with on these plains where the oak scrub is from two to six feet high. Although he has seen a few in tall oaks, they are attracted by grassy openings & fields of small trees surrounded by scrub. As a rule they rise as the traps go near them but sometimes run across the road and disappear in the scrub without taking wing. Occasionally a bird will merely walk out the whole trail & squat, allowing the traps to pass it within a few feet without moving. While changing the snail at W. Fishery, last winter

Heathens

Trip to Martha's Vineyard.

1891

Mass.

May 8

(No 4)

Vineyard Haven to W. Hickey. He saw five Heath Hens pass directly over the village flying just above the trees. He pointed out a farm house surrounded by open fields and several hundred yards from the scrub where five of these birds resorted regularly through the past winter to feed with the farmer's hens. Towards spring three of these suddenly ceased coming & were thought to have been shot. "The land protects them but a good many are shot on the sky each year". He has never seen any to the west of W. Hickey although he goes seven miles beyond this place nearly daily trip.

Heath Hens

He saw Gambel's Quail (which was introduced last spring) regularly and frequently during the summer and autumn but has not observed one since December and fears that all have perished although the winter was mild with no deep snows.

Gambel's Quail

As we approached W. Hickey Meadows Quails began to be heard and Robins to be seen. While our drive was waiting at the post office for the mails to be changed we noted Chipping Swifts (heard), Chipping Sparrows, Field Sparrows and Song Sparrows.

At West Hickey we saw three Cross Blackbirds in pairs near a house and a Pilot Parula in willows over a pond where a few Hylas were feeding in doubtful tons. Only one Marsh Hawk was observed during the time from Vineyard Haven.

We went to Mrs. Adams' where I dined last year and was very much comforted.

Trip to Martha's Vineyard.

1891 Mass.

May 11 Boston to Nantucket. Clear and very warm. Wind S. W.

I left Boston at noon to day and reached N. H. at 7.30 P.M. The trip was nearly without incident of special interest. On the way across Buzzards Bay I was too busily employed making bottles to keep a watch for birds and I saw nothing whatever until just as we were passing through the narrow channel near Woods Hole when the report of a gun attracted my attention and looking aside I saw two Scoters, apparently American, which had just flown past a boat from which the shot had been fired.

On the way across Vineyard Sound I was out on deck watching but literally nothing came in sight save a pair of small, black-bellied Gulls which were unmistakably L. philadelphia. They rose from the water in the middle of the channel & after flying a few hundred yards alighted again.

During the drive to N. H. nothing was seen or heard save a few Robins, Thrushes & Song Sparrows and a Meadow Lark or two.

On reaching the house I was met by Faxon who was filled with enthusiasm over his success with the Heather Hens. He had found a place a little over a mile from town where they were really numerous and had not only started them on each of his three visits but a little after daybreak on the morning of the 10<sup>th</sup> had heard no less than five calling. It is arranged that we go there to-morrow morning before sunrise.

1891 Mass.

May 12 West Fisbury, Martha's Vineyard. Cloudy with strong, cold. N.W. wind which brought rain late in the afternoon. Evening very cold for the season.

We had planned to start for the brush plains before day-break but Faxon overslept and it was 4 o'clock and broad daylight when a Great Flycatcher, ringing persistently in front of the house, waked us. I roused Faxon at once and we were soon dressed and on our way in an open wagon drawn by <sup>a</sup> watched-looking, but rather spirited & decidedly ugly, little horse belonging to Mr. Walden.

On reaching Scott's, a farm on the south side of the road and the south edge of the brush plains at little more than a mile east of W. Fisbury on the Edgartown road, we tied the horse to a post on the sheltered side of the barn and passing through a grove of pitch pines came out on the edge of the "plains". It was now about 5 o'clock. We waited perhaps half-an-hour hoping to hear a Heath Hen call but either we reached the ground too late or the morning was too cold, for the birds were perfectly silent. A few Brown Thrushes, Towhees and Field Sparrows were singing in the low brush and Meadow Larks in the adjoining fields but the piercing north-west wind soon silenced them.

At about half-past five we started down a cart path which crosses the "plains" from Scott's to the Vineyard Haven road. We had gone scarcely 100 yds. from Scott's barn when a Heath Hen sprang ~~was~~ some sixty yards ahead of us from a grassy place in the path directly between the



1891

Mass.

May 12.

(no 2)

West Liberty, Martha's Vineyard. - sets. and rising but slightly more than just high enough to clear the tops of the oaks, followed the slope of the land up over the top of a ridge and was quickly out of sight. Its flight was swift yet heavy. Its wings looked long and were moved more slowly than those of a Partridge, lasting the air as it were with long, deep strokes each of which could be distinctly followed by the eye. For the first 30 yds. the wing-beats were continuous, then followed alternate flapping and sailing until the bird disappeared over the ridge. The flight reminded me most of a Gannet. It suggested momentum. The white under wing-coverts flashed out each upward stroke. The bird looked nearly twice the size of a Partridge. It carried the tail wide spread.


Scarcely was it out of sight than another of its mate, probably, although both appeared of the same size) started about 30 yds. further on, also from the cut-path & about 30 yds. ahead of us (we had walked on a little way). It flew like the first and took precisely the same direction.

We must have gone nearly half a mile still following the path, before the third and last Heath Hen was seen. I had stopped to examine a large, dark object in the middle of the path and after satisfying myself that it was nothing but a clod with some grass attached was in the act of lowering my glass when the bird sprang from the horse path not four feet from the object at which I had been looking.

1891 Mass.

May 12  
(No 3)

West Libby, Martha's Vineyard. - and in front of, that is on our side of, the latter. It must have been within the field of the glass when on the ground and I can hardly understand why I failed to see it although the broken, deeply rutted ground covered with tufts of grass of various shades from bleached straw color to green, probably rendered it a difficult object to discern. As it ran it voided its excrement. It was not over 35 yds. from us when it cleared the ground and I distinctly heard the whirr of its wings, a <sup>dull</sup> woodeny whirr as compared with that of the Partridge. This bird began sailing before it had gone 30 yds. It followed the same direction as the other two and we lost sight of it as soon as it crossed the crest of the ridge 100 yds. or so away.

We kept on to a small farm reclaimed from the wild scrub land about a year ago by a German settler and then returned to Scotts without seeing anything more of the Martha. Hence although we found their tracks and excrement in several places. Their foot prints resembled those of Barnyard fowl being shaped thus:  The lateral toes inclined well forward instead of being spread nearly at right angles with the middle toe as with a Partridge track. Their excrement was coarsely & dry (all I saw was old), very like a Partridge's. In several places we saw signs of house wren, which they had failed to leave & perhaps the birds in search of unhatched eggs.

On the way back I left the path and beat the scrub to one side crossing the crest of the

1891 Mass.

May 12 West Hibernia, Martha's Vineyard. - divide from whence  
(No 4) I had an extended view of the surrounding country.  
The surface was in some respects like that of the  
western plains being broken or rolling, with long,  
often parallel, ridges separated by valleys with  
gently sloping sides. The ridges were of nearly or quite  
uniform elevation and the valleys narrow and shallow.  
In places the land was nearly level. Everywhere  
it was covered with oak scrub from 1 to 3 ft. high  
growing in clumps or thickets with interspaces where  
the ground was clothed with bear berry, low blueberry,  
may-flower (*Spigelia*), huckleberry, *Hudsonia erythraea*,  
sheep laurel and dry, bleached, wild grasses of last  
year's growth. The *Spigelia*, bear berry, blue berry and  
sweet fern were in full bloom (the *Spigelia* past its  
prime of course) and there were beds of violets, *Houstonia*,  
everlasting and wild strawberry blossoms in some of  
the openings, particularly along the borders of the  
oak paths. These oak-paths were winding and the  
one we followed turned followed the bed of a long,  
narrow valley. It was deeply rutted with luxuriant  
green grass growing between the cuts and the horse  
path in the center. Elsewhere there was no decided  
or conspicuous green the oak leaves being as yet unfolded  
in large swelling buds of a dull pink or salmon color  
and the wiry sheep-laurel, bear berry & *Spigelia* too  
lowly and sparse to make much display while the  
blueberry leaves were very small and pale inconspicuous.  
In fact the dominant tints were brown, russet, gray  
and black the latter furnished by patches of burnt  
ground and fire blackened stumps and clusters

1891 Mass.

May 12 West Hixbury, Martha's Vineyard. -- of dead trees sprinkled  
(nos) here and there chiefly along the crests of the ridges.  
It would be difficult to find a region more dreary  
and barren than this as it appeared to-day under  
a lowering sky and swept by a bitterly cold wind.  
To Faxon it recalled the "Bleached Heath" in Hants.  
I thought of the ~~desolate~~ slopes of Mt. Washington  
a little above timber line where the ~~bleached~~ forests  
lie, of a Maine burnt land or Caribou bog, and  
of some of the oak scrub lands along Indian River,  
Florida. But to none of these is the resemblance  
at all close. In fact the "Brush Plains" of Martha's  
Vineyard are unlike anything that I have seen  
elsewhere and with this characteristic bird, the  
Heath Hen, probably unique. Their dreary aspect  
at this season is of course lost in summer when  
the scrub forms a rough carpet of dark shining  
oak foliage (see my journal of June 1890)

From the point whence we viewed them this  
morning they stretch northward practically as far  
as the eye can reach (five or six miles we were told);  
eastward the bordering line of oak woods could  
be dimly seen perhaps three miles away; on the  
south the pines about Scotts stood out in bold  
relief and <sup>with</sup> the oaks (25 to 35 feet high) along the  
Edgartown road formed a well-marked boundary  
shutting out the view beyond. To the west pastures,  
mowing fields and other cultivated lands extended  
to the borders of the village of West Hixbury whose  
house tops and spires showed here and there  
among the orchards & shade trees in its gardens

1891 Mass.

May 12 West Hibernia, Markens Vineyard - and along its streets  
(No 6) and outskirts.

The characteristic birds of the brush plains at this season are Field Sparrows, Brown Thrashers and Towhees all of which breed here in astonishing numbers. A little later Maryland Yellow-throats and Prairie Warblers are <sup>also</sup> found in abundance. Grass Finches and Meadow Larks live all along its borders and occasionally within them and the songs of Robins, Oven Birds, Red-eyed Vireos and other tree ~~and~~ living species come faintly on the ear whenever the listener approaches the oak woods which bound the tract on three sides.

We reached the house in time for breakfast at 7.30 and after a short rest and brush set out again, this time on foot. Turning into a lane and passing through an orchard where a Red Start was flying we entered an extensive tract of comparatively tall oaks. The trees were leafless, the ground covered with dry leaves. It looked like winter here and the wind whistling through the branches was decidedly wintry. Only one bird was seen or heard in these woods - a *Micropodops*.

Emerging into the open country we next traversed a pasture where we saw a few silent Towhees & Thrashers and crossing two narrow, sandy roads descended a slope to a small pond said to be swarming with trout and "posted" with several signs warning trespassers that fishing was prohibited.

This warning was evidently made light of by a Kingfisher who sat perched on a bush over

1891 Mass.

May 12 West Liberty, New York's Wingless. - The water falling a  
(no 7) little at intervals. There was also a Red-wing  
singing on an alder near the head of the pond  
and in some thickets overrun with cat briars on its  
margin two Yellow Warblers and two Cat birds.  
Skirting the shore of the pond by a convenient  
cattle path we kept up the valley of the large  
brook which flows through the village. As we  
were crossing an opening, a fine, blue-backed  
Accipiter velox passed within a few yards of us  
flying so exactly like a Robin that Faxon who  
had never seen this curious performance before said  
he should not have recognized the bird at all.  
For half a mile or more we followed a wood  
path which led through alternating tracts of  
second growth oaks and openings where the trees  
had been recently cut down. A Brown Thrasher  
singing in a sheltered hollow, an occasional Crow  
flying over, and a Flicker were the only birds  
seen on land.

At length we turned from the path to traverse a  
grove of oaks of unusually large size. There were  
several gray Squirrels nests and one nest which  
looked like a Crow's, in their tops. A hole in  
the trunk of a small black oak about 8 ft. above  
the ground attracted my attention. Approaching  
I saw a small quantity of down fringing its  
edges but could find no "rings" in the ground  
beneath. It had evidently been inspected by some  
one else who had reared a rude scaffold of  
sticks against the tree. Mounting on this I peeped

1891 Mass.

May 12

(No 8)

Hot History, Martha's Vineyard. - in and as soon as my eyes became accustomed to the half light of the interior I saw the erect "ears", half closed eyes, and round, cat-like head of a Mottled Owl scarcely four inches below the opening. She was sitting on her nest which was composed chiefly of dry oak leaves many of which showed around the thin edges turned upward forming a sort of rim or frame. The hole, a natural opening, was nearly round and so small that I could scarcely force my hand in. I raised the Owl from the nest but could not take her out owing to the smallness of the opening. With some hesitation I next ran my fingers under her tail getting them within her claws but she behaved in the usual half-gentle, half-stupid or dazed manner and made no attempt at resistance. I could feel one young bird (naked and quivering and evidently just hatched) and three eggs. There may have been another egg or two - I could not make her for the bird so nearly filled the cavity that I could not get my whole hand beneath her. He left her and her treasures unharmed. Faza yesterday met a collector who had with him a lot of fine fresh eggs of this species which he had just taken.

A little further on we found fresh signs of Grouse in a sandy place in a wood path; - dusting holes with fresh excrement and a few small feathers. The excrement contained bird scales but the feathers were not recognizable. Shortly afterwards we stumbled on a rock which looked like the

1891 Mass.  
May 12 West Lisle  
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Mass Martha's Vineyard

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Martha's Vineyard  
May 1891

Report on the  
Birds of the Island

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May 12  
(No 9)

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paths forced our way through our oak woods  
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find it or any signs of its presence but in

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1891

Mass.May 12  
(No 9)

First Library, Martha's Vineyard. - Drumming Station  
of a Partridge for there was a worn discolored spot  
with a heap of what seemed to Partridge dung.  
At length after a long search Mrs Adams's dog  
"Shep" who was with us flushed a large, red,  
cock Partridge near Foxon who had an excellent  
eye of the bird as it was on the side of a hill  
beneath where he stood.

There were a few small birds here, a D. virens,  
a Minutella, & an Oven-bird singing, and a pair  
of Chickadees both of which I shot. The male like  
most of the birds which we have heard on the  
island regularly whistled both notes of his song  
on the same key. He and his mate look large &  
long-tailed with unusually white cheeks.

On a hillside in these woods Foxon came on a  
large and very ugly-looking snake which was  
new to us both. It was checkered with black bordered  
by some red on a grayish ground. The head had  
a broad straight line of black on each side. It  
made no attempt to escape but faced us and  
stunk at the dog viciously. The shape of the  
head, however, indicated that it belonged to  
some venomous species.

On our return to town we followed the upper  
slopes of the ridges and disregarding the wood  
paths found our way through the oak woods  
in a nearly straight line hoping to solve  
~~over~~ the problem as to whether the Heath Hen  
is found in these woods or not. We failed to  
find it or any signs of its presence but in

1891 Mass.

May 12  
(45/30)

Went to Lisbury, Martha's Vineyard... going a distance of not over half a mile flushed two more Partridges and found another drumming stand, - on the top of a large boulder. The dog flushed one of the birds which flew directly over us. Like the first it looked very red.

We saw three more Chickadees, together in a limited. Two were males. One whistled the normal song, the other the song peculiar to this island. I shot the former bird.

In a tract of leafless oak woods we found two Crow nests both in small oaks, one 13 ft. the other not over 12 ft. above the ground. Faxon climbed to one & found four eggs.

After dinner at the house Faxon went out again in pursuit of Crow Blackbirds but returned without a single specimen. They are shot mercilessly by the farmers and are very shy here.

At 6.30 P.M. we had the horse harnessed and were driven to Scott's, walking home. He had hoped to hear the Heath Hens but the weather was unfavorable and night closed in without a sound from them. A few Thrashers, Robins, & Field Sparrows sang on the plains & Robins in the pines about Scott's barn.

On the way home we heard no vocal birds of any kind but Hylas & Toads were having a grand reunion in the pond in the village making our ears tingle with their clamor as we passed.

March Hares were seen at frequent intervals during the day.

1891

Mass.

May 13

West Hiskory to Boston. Cold with strong N. wind. Early morning cloudy clearing about 7 A.M.

I was called home to-day by a telegram announcing the sudden death of a relative and Foxon came with me. We left W. Hiskory by stage at 6.15 and reached Boston at 1 P.M. On the way to Vineyard Haven we saw very few birds and absolutely nothing worth recording except a sharp-shinned Hawk beating down oak leaves. The Vineyard Sound proved still more barren not a <sup>water</sup>bird of any kind being seen until we entered Buzzard's Bay where Hutton-winged Gulls began rising ahead of the steamer, singly, in pairs, and occasionally in small flocks. They continued all the way to New Bedford where some fifty or more being noted in all. There were also a very few Black Gulls but no Loons and not a single Gull of any kind.

On reaching Cambridge I found that the great flight of migrants which started on the 9<sup>th</sup> and flooded the country on the 10<sup>th</sup> had not wholly passed for I heard two Parulas singing, one of them in my garden. I also started a Lincoln's Finch from the cluster of alders behind my house near where the old barn stood. The bird was badly frightened by finding itself between me and a carriage which was passing through the avenue at the time and after alighting for a moment in a bush took a long flight & disappeared in the Ipswich shrubbery.

Migration  
at Cambridge

M. lincolni

Nominal List of Birds obtained on or near Martha's Vineyard,  
 chiefly about Westisbury, between May 8 and 13, 1891, by  
 W. Farrow and W. Brewster. Two extra entered in field book (6. Mon.) & by notes.

1. *Merula migratoria*
2. *Galloscoptes caeruleus*
3. *Haepodichthys rufus*
4. *Sialia hialis*
5. *Parus atricapillus*
6. *Minotilta varia*
7. *Corvus corax*
8. *Dendroica aestiva*
9. " *viridis*
10. " *discolor*
11. *Spinus aureicapillus*
12. *Geothlypis trichas*
13. *Setophaga ruticilla*
14. *Petrochelidon lunifrons*
15. *Hirundo erythrogastra*
16. *Tachycineta bicolor*
17. *Colaptes auratus*
18. *Carpodacus purpureus*
19. *Spinus tristis*
20. *Ammodramus carolinensis*
21. *Poocetes gramineus*
22. *Spizella socialis*
23. " *pusilla*
24. *Melospiza fasciata*
25. *Pipilo erythrophthalmus*
26. *Passer domesticus*
27. *Motacilla alba*
28. *Agelaius phoeniceus*
29. *Sturnella magna*
30. *Luscinia sibilatrix*
31. *Corvus americanus*

Nominal List of Birds observed on or near Martha's Vineyard,  
chiefly about West Tisbury, between May 8 and 13, 1891, by  
W. Faxon and W. Brewster. Also list of additional species noted at <sup>Cape Cod</sup> ~~Howard Morris~~

1891

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|-------------------------------------|---|
| 32. <i>Gymnocitta cristata</i>      | 57. <i>Piranga erythrorhous</i> (5 or 6 eggs; 1 nest egg)                     |
| 33. <i>Tyrannus tyrannus</i>        | 58. <i>Scoptes phoebe</i> (1 nest & eggs - (nest not seen) / and 2 to 4 eggs) |
| 34. <i>Empidonax minimus</i>        | 59. <i>Myiarchus cinerascens</i> (2 nests - 1 with 4 eggs)                    |
| 35. <i>Trochilus colubris</i>       | 60. <i>Trochilus colubris</i> (1 nest & eggs)                                 |
| 36. <i>Chaetura pelagica</i>        | 61. <i>Icterus galbula</i> (Common; breeds chiefly in groups)                 |
| 37. <i>Picus pubescens</i>          | 62. <i>Dolichonyx oryzivorus</i> (1 ♂ seen)                                   |
| 38. <i>Colaptes auratus</i>         | 63. <i>Buteo borealis</i> (Breeds)  |
| 39. <i>Ceryle alcyon</i>            | 64. " <i>lineatus</i> (Breeds commonly)                                       |
| 40. <i>Megascops asio</i>           | 65. <i>Asio welshianus</i> (nest 3 young)                                     |
| 41. <i>Circus hudsonius</i>         | 66. <i>Falco sparverius</i> (Set of eggs taken)                               |
| 42. <i>Accipiter velox</i>          | 67. <i>Philohela minor</i> (Abundant in spring; breeds sparingly)             |
| 43. <i>Bonasa umbella</i>           | 68. <i>Ceigialitis vociferus</i> (Breeds sparingly)                           |
| 44. <i>Tympanuchus cupido</i>       | 69. <i>Passer carolinensis</i> (nest found in fresh mound)                    |
| 45. <i>Mycteria g. minima</i>       | 70. <i>Botaurus lentiginosus</i> (nest 1 egg, near Liberty Pond)              |
| 46. <i>Ceigialitis melodia</i>      | <i>Accipiter velox</i> (1 nest 3 eggs)  |
| 47. <i>Sturnus melanoleucus</i>     |   |
| 48. <i>Icterus macularius</i>       |   |
| 49. <i>Anas obscura</i>             |   |
| 50. <i>Oedemia americana</i>        |   |
| 51. " <i>deglandi</i>               |   |
| 52. <i>Larus a. hutchinsonianus</i> |   |
| 53. " <i>atricollis</i>             |   |
| 54. " <i>bonapartei</i>             |   |
| 55. <i>Uria lomvia</i>              |   |
| 56. " <i>lunata</i>                 |   |

Evening in Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891

Mass.

May 15

Cambridge. Clear and cool with E. wind clouds gathering at sunset and a dash of rain at about 8 P.M.

At 4 P.M. I started on foot for the Swamps, passing through Appleton St. and thence across the fields. Heard the first Song Sparrow at the junction of Appleton St. and Vassal Lane. Robins very numerous. I counted twenty-four between my house and the first brick yard. On entering the Brickyard Swamp I found it fast disappearing into the mass of the insatiable steam shovel which has extended the clay pits to within less than forty yards of the Watertown Branch R.R. opposite the maple swamp. The intervening space had been cleared of bushes and the peaty ground was on fire in several places. The excavation discloses but few stumps and those small in fact which surprise me. One stump looked like that of a young pine. The entire swamp east of the railroad is now completely drained and as dry as my garden. The dear old Maple Swamp has suffered no injuries whatever during the past year. It is an oasis in the midst of a dreary desert. In its luxuriant thickets *Pyrus arbutifolia* was nearly in flower to-day. The place held a fair number of birds but very many less than last year. The scarcity of Yellow Warblers was unaccountable. I saw and heard only five in all. There were two Redstarts, several Maryland Yellowthroats, a Crow flying about & carrying anxiously and a Flicker shouting besides a pair of Least Flycatchers, a pair of Yellowthroated Vireos, two Wilson's Thrushes (Silent) and a few Song & Swamp Sparrows. Saw only one Red wing and no



Evening in Fresh Pond Marshes.

1891 Mass.

May 15 Cambridge - Cross Blackbirds. 12 Yellow-billed Cuckoos sang  
(1892) over and there were many Robins, one singing.

Crossing the Fitchburg R.R. I visited the Rail's nest found on the 4<sup>th</sup>. On parting the grass which was more than two feet tall I exposed the sitting bird which was so puffed out in order to cover her nine eggs that she looked as big as a heron. Her head was raised, her long bill held horizontally. For a second or two she did not move then with a spring she took flight directly from the nest and alighted in the neighboring thicket. As I was taking notes relating to the nest I heard the pig call near me once but within bird appeared. The eggs were fresh and I took them with the nest. In the top of the nearest tussock just nine feet from the one which concealed the eggs I found another nest quite as well finished as the inhabited one but empty. I am sure it has been built since the 4<sup>th</sup> for I looked in every tussock on that date. As it is common in fact the rule - to find several nests of this Rail near together but none more than one in use I infer that the bird builds false or "cock" nests like the Marsh Wren.

Returning to the Fitchburg embankment I walked up the tracks to Fresh Pond then crossed to the Central R.R. and watched the Fresh Pond for some time. The Gallinules which I saw there on April 30 must have left or been killed as I neither saw nor heard them this morning. A Carolina Rail was calling or'e on the further side of the water and several Red-wings singing

Evening in Fresh Pond Swamp.

1891 Mass

May 15 Cambridge, in the bottom boston.

(No 3)

Returning to Pond Pond I entered the swamp and visited the bx. Rail's nest found on the 14<sup>th</sup>. It was empty & looks to me like a "Cock" nest. A bird was near it and followed me about calling pe-ek as if with joy. I searched closely for nests of this Rail but found nothing. Some one has been through the swamp since my last visit and trampled down the tussock grass & flags. The place was alive with Red-wings which I took at first for its rightful inhabitants but others kept coming in and soon after I returned to dry land I found that they were assembling to roost in the cut-tails! I watched them until dark and <sup>then</sup> noted their actions fully under Agelaius floricans in my systematic sheets. There were a few Crow Blackbirds & Cow-birds with them.

The night closed in cloudy and damp with a light spindle every now & then, conditions most favorable for the Rails yet I heard only four Soras in all and but one Virginia. The Soras sang steadily after dark. Two were in the Pond Pond swamp, one near the Cool pool, and one in the big meadows. I believe that I heard all that there were (at least all the males) in the region that I covered. Their scarcity this year is doubtless due to the low stage of water. Most of the larger meadows are nearly dry the only water being found in ditches & pools. Last year the water was everywhere a foot deep on the meadows & waist deep in the pools and ditches.

Evening in Fresh Pond Swamp.

1891 Mass.

May 15 Cambridge. -- Two Long billed Marsh Wrens were singing  
(No 4) among the cat-tails in the big meadow and at  
least 25 White-bellied Swallows flying over a  
small pond behind the brick yard. I saw no  
Bank or Barn Swallows, and no Herons, Wood Ducks,  
nor Kingfishers. Nor did I hear any Least Bitterns  
or Gallinules. It looked as if these groups were  
likely to be much less interesting this year than  
during the two past seasons.

As I walked down the Central track to North Avenue  
after dark I heard, besides the four Carolina Rails  
which I left singing continuously, a cricket chirping,  
a few Hylas piping, several Green Frogs thrumming, and  
two or three Leopard Frog croaking. There were  
positively no other nocturnal sounds rising from  
these great marshes. I did not hear a single  
Rail after passing the big meadow and believe  
that the pair of Virginia which I robbed this  
afternoon are the only Rails of either species  
which have settled anywhere on the east side  
of Alewife Brook.

During the afternoon I looked closely for migrants,  
especially in the Maple Swamp, but could detect  
nothing except the species which breed in the  
region. Is it possible that the migrations  
have entirely passed? The time of day was  
less favorable than the morning, of course,  
but the local birds were all singing well.

I returned by the electric cars down  
North Avenue to Harvard Square.

Afternoon on Rock Meadow.

1891 Mass.

May 17 Belmont. Clear with a cold N. W. wind, which died away at sunset, the night still and frosty with a young moon.

Met Bolles by appointment at the Cheney bathing park at 2.30, driving up and sending the horse back.

A single Barn Swallow so pale as to look perfectly white beneath was skimming the turf within the enclosure.

We traversed the old meadow where the house Mrs. Austin Flycatchers had last year but ~~did not~~ no traces

of either. Found a Flicker's nest completed but empty. Flicker's nest

The entrance was about 5 ft. above the ground and measured  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches (vertically) by  $3\frac{1}{4}$  in. horizontally.

In an wet hollow among young ~~deciduous~~ oaks found a Black-throated Blue Warbler, a Red Start and a Nashville Warbler. The first named was the only migrant here to date. The Nashville was new.

Only one  
migrant.

There were some wild apple trees in fullest bloom on the edge of the oaks.

We next passed through a tract of thinly growing cedars and across an open pasture to the glen above Brown's, ~~which was~~ the pastures were nearly barren of birds and we saw only two or three, including a Grass Finch and Kingbird. In the glen a Brown Thrasher was singing continuously but <sup>attraction</sup> of the then seemed to be existing ~~despite~~ the cloud-like masses of wild apple blossoms and the weather which the place afforded from the chill wind. A Cooper's Hawk passed over us at a high rate of speed. The outcry of a Kingbird first called our attention to him.

Cooper's Hawk

The swamp north of Prospect St. did not contain a single bird as far as we could discover and

Afternoon on Rock Meadows

1891 Mass.

May 17

(182)

Belmont. Starting its edg. and waiting and listening while we kept on down the road to the hollow near the Cotton farm. There was nothing here but a Redstart so we crossed the field to the Willows. On the way we saw a flock of 12 Crows which came from Rock Meadow and passed out of sight to the northward, flying in a compact body as if migrating. There were straggled after them a moment later. I am confident that some of them returned yet we found no less than 20 in our small field on the S. west side of the meadow half an hour afterwards. They rose all together as we showed ourselves on the crest of a knoll and went off together in a close bunch. The ground where they started was close cropped pasture but ~~there were~~ <sup>the numerous</sup> many little mounds or hillocks in regular rows showed that it had once been a corn field. The soil was broken and crumbling on the tops & sides of these hillocks and the earth beneath full of earth-worms. The Crows may have been eating them but surely something more than this attraction is necessary to explain the remarkable abundance of the birds in this locality, at all times of the day and year.

Crows in  
Hollows

On entering the Willows we began to hear and see a few Yellow Warblers, Song & Swamp Sparrows and Cat birds but the cold wind swept through the long vista pitilessly and there was little singing. We heard one Bobolink on the meadow and started a Green Heron (the first that I have seen or heard of this year) from a post by the roadside. A Robin flying from one of

Birds in the  
Willows

Green Heron

1891 Mass.

May 17 (No 3) Belmont - The great forked willows betrayed the nest which held three eggs at which we paused for a moment before passing on. A much more interesting find was the nest of a Song Sparrow in a hole in another of these willows. I saw the bird fly from the tree and soon discovered the nest. The hole was just such an one as a Bluebird might choose, a natural opening where a branch had rotted out and the bark grown around the edges (for the tree was living). The opening was not over two inches in diameter but inside the cavity was perhaps as large as my two fists. The nest, a very neatly-finished structure of dry grass lined with horse-hair, was built in the rotten wood at the bottom six or eight inches back from the entrance and about two inches below it. One side of the opening was covered with a growth of some round-leaved, light green plant. There were five eggs. I have rarely seen a prettier nest than this.

On first entering the Meadows we heard the Bittern pumping but owing to the high wind could not locate him definitely. At a venture we decided to go around to the west side of the meadow & look for him there. As we were following the wall that separates the marsh from the rising ground beyond we saw a pair of Black Ducks. They came from the middle of the meadow and rising above the wooded hill to the west disappeared in the direction of Sturman's Pond.

Bittern

Black Ducks

~~We found our Bittern nest~~ After the meeting with the flock of Crows, already described, we

Afternoon on Rock Meadows

1891 Mass.

May 17

(No 4)

Belmont. joined our Bittern and watched him for about two hours being him jump a great many times. The observations which I made are described in detail in my systematic notes.

Then, just as the sun was setting, the Bittern rose and flew across the meadow to beyond the oak island we were both chilled through and glad to start the circulation again by a brisk walk back around the head of the meadow to the road. The wind had now gone down and by the time we reached the Willows it was dead calm and many birds were singing their evening hymns; Red wings and Song Sparrows in the grasses, Cat-birds and Yellow Warblers in the thickets along the road. Wilson's Thrushes were calling on all sides but were song within hearing. After walking down the road a couple of hundred yards we began to hear Short-billed Marsh Wrens in their old haunt *Cistothorus* in the tall grass on the south side of the causeway. *Stellio* There were at least three males here and a fourth was heard below (S. of) the oak island. Foxes noted two in this meadow on the 15<sup>th</sup>.

The Bittern ~~was~~ attracted our attention. He had taken up his station in the meadow south of the oak island and by following in along the old cart-path and threading our way cautiously through the bushes, moving ahead when he jumped and stopping when he was silent, we came out on the edge of the meadow within about 60 yards of him without alarming him. Although the light was beginning to fail we got a fine

Bittern

Bittern

afternoon on Rock Meadows

1891 Mass

May 17 Belmont. - Fight at him here for he stood on  
(has) something that raised him quite above the grass  
and we could see him nearly down to the joints  
of the legs. Against the background of woods  
the sound of his voice was very different from  
what it had been in the open meadows. In fact  
he had changed to a "stake drive" and some  
of the whistles he gave were positively startling.

Soon after we had reached our stand on the  
edge of the bushes a Black Duck began quacking  
in the grass within 30 yds. of us. There proved to  
be two of these birds ~~one pair~~ & doubtless the same  
~~was~~ seen earlier in the day. They quacked almost  
incessantly for fifteen minutes or more, their voices  
with that of the Bittern, joined to the tinkling  
notes of innumerable Hylas and the snoring of  
Barnard Frogs, making up a most interesting if  
at times somewhat deafening medley of sound.  
The drake's voice was much hoarser than the duck's.  
Both birds finally rose together and flew off with  
a perfect outbreak of quacking which gradually died  
away in the distance. After a little while we returned  
and dropped into the main channel of the brook  
with a loud splash.

Black Ducks  
quacking

The Bittern became silent at just 7:40 and as it  
was fast getting dark we started for the road.  
As we were leaving the meadows a Wilson's Snipe began  
humming. We stopped and listened for several  
minutes then walked slowly towards Brown's. The  
Snipe continued humming without intermission  
(save the usual short intervals between the sets of notes)

Wilson's Snipe  
humming



Afternoon on Rock Meadows.

1891 Mass.

May 17 Belmont. as long as we were within hearing. He  
(No 6) appeared to be flying over about the point where  
Beane Brook flows the carriage way and we heard  
him distinctly from the place where the road from  
Haverley joins the turnpike. At this place George  
met us with the carriage and the rattle of the  
wheels of course prevented us from hearing anything  
more. The evening was perfectly still and the air  
sharp and frosty. There was some light left in  
the west and this, joined to the rays of the moon  
in its first quarter, rendered objects in the open  
fields fairly distinct but the sky was dusky  
and we could not see the bird although over,  
before we left the willows, he apparently passed  
nearly over us. I have never heard the performance  
of this bird to better advantage or been more moved  
by it. Although it cannot be called ~~musical~~ a  
musical sound it has a strange fascination  
for me. Bolles was not at all impressed by it  
and thought that I must be largely affected  
by ~~some~~ associations. Faxon, however, tells me that  
although he first became acquainted with the  
sound only last year it speaks on him the same  
charm. The element of mystery may have something  
to do with it for although we know its ~~where~~  
we rarely see ~~their~~ <sup>the sound</sup> performance. It comes to us, too,  
from the upper air like the voice of a spirit  
wondering between Heaven and Earth. It has  
a weird, spiritual quality quite beyond my  
power to describe. Bolles heard Swift humming here  
on the 11<sup>th</sup>. They must be breeding!

A hunt for Rails' eggs in Fresh Pond swamps.

1891 Mass.

May 18 Cambridge.. Morning cloudy with light rain for an hour or two and chill E. wind. Wind S.W. in P.M. the sun shining dimly through a dense smoky haze. H. A. Francis came out by appointment at 3 P.M. and we went to the swamps together to search for Rails' eggs. I donned wading trousers but Francis, despising such impediments, wore merely a suit of old clothes with low shoes and "went in all over". He entered the big marsh just north of Glacialis and had gone only a few yards when I flushed a Swamp Sparrow from her nest. It contained a beautiful set of five fresh eggs.

Swamp Sparrow  
nest.

The noise which we made flushing through the mud and water quickly caused a Virginia Rail in a thicket of willows & maples. It called plink at frequent intervals but we could not get a sight at it. After a rather long search Francis stumbled on the nest. It was built up among the stems of a clump of canary grass mixed with flags at a height of twelve inches above the water and contained six fresh eggs which are by far the handsomest that I have ever seen being of an unusually deep creamy tint with large blotches of rich reddish brown. There was no bird on or very near the nest nor was the hen when we returned and took the eggs two hours later although she had visited it in the interim and changed the arrangement of the eggs which, moreover, were warm.

Nest of  
Virginia Rail.

A hunt for Rails eggs in Fresh Pond Swamps

1891 Mass.

May 18  
(No 2)

Cambridge -- He hunted across the west end of the meadows without finding anything more and on reaching the Central R.R. embankment met Torrey coming from the Cool pool where he had been vainly watching and listening for the Gallinules which he saw April 30 and which no one has been able to sight since. They must have been migrants found further north - or they may have been shot. Torrey had seen nothing more interesting than a Wood Duck - at Fresh Pond.

Entering the meadows bordering Little River, Francis Swamp Sparrow found a second Swamp Sparrow's nest which contained four eggs. A Carolina Rail was singing in this meadow but we failed to find the nest. The place proved so difficult on account of the depth of water and the stilly character of the mud that we left it and returned to the great meadows where Francis - always lucky when with me if not at all times - came suddenly on a Carolina Rail's nest which contained nine eggs. Carolina Rail's nest 89 eggs  
The nest was in a bed of short scanty cat-tails which afforded it so little concealment that the pile of eggs (they were in two tiers two eggs being on top of the others) could be seen twenty yards away from every side. A fringe of Equisetum grew immediately around the nest and the stalks had been bent over the nest and intertwined by the bird forming a curious and very beautiful arbor as of dark green wire which, however, formed but a thin screen wholly inadequate for purposes of concealment. The nest

It hunt for Rails' eggs in Fresh Pond Swamp

1891

Mass.

May 18

(No 3)

Cambridge, was unusually bulky being built up from the surface of the meadow to a height of at least eight inches. The bird ran around among the flags were as keeping closely concealed but whirring every few minutes.

The cat-tails in this meadow were alive with long billed Marsh Wrens. He must have heard at least ten or a dozen males singing and there were two or three more in neighbouring meadows. To our great surprise we found five or six nests which appeared to be finished except for the lining, the interior of each being plastered with wet mud. Either the birds have been here for some time or they have worked with amazing rapidity.

Marsh Wren's  
nests nearly  
completed.

No more nests were found by us save one Swamp Sparrow's with three eggs which we did not molest.

Swamp Sparrow's  
nest.

There were at least fifty Swallows, chiefly Bank Swallows with a few Barn & White-bellies, flying over Glacialis. Early this morning while driving around Fresh Pond I saw fully two hundred skimming over the water in sheltered nooks such as the little mud hole behind Strawberry Hill. The greater number were Barn Swallows with a good many Bonaparts & a sprinkling of White-bellies. I have not seen nearly so many Swallows in spring in this region for twenty years or more. There were a few Swifts, also.

Abundance  
of Barn &  
White-bellies

George met us with the carriage at Alewife Brook at 7 P.M. A Rail was calling Cutta in the thicket between the turnpike & the back ice house as we left the place.

Cutta calls  
of Rail

11 day on the River Marshes with Faxon.

1891 Mass.

May 19 River Beach - Clear and warm. A soft S. W. wind through the forenoon, a refreshingly cool but not chilly S. wind fresh from the sea in the afternoon.

With Faxon I took the 9.15 A. M. train for the River Marshes leaving the railroad at Saugus and walking across country to Oak Island. Near the station at Saugus we heard a Water Thrush singing in a thicket on the top of a rocky knoll. There were other & commoner birds on all sides of us but we soon left them behind and struck out over the great marshes which stretched away into the dim distance like an immense lawn. An occasional Savanna Sparrow was the only songster that broke the silence here but there were a few Swallows skimming about and twittering, Crows coming in the distance, and now and then a Greater Yellow whistling. Of the latter birds we saw in all at best four or five and perhaps more. We also saw a Least Sandpiper and a Tit-Lark.

Water Thrush

Savanna Sp.

Swallows

Crows

Yellow-legs

Least Sandp.

Tit-lark.

No Sharp-tails were met with in this meadow nor did we hear any better notes along the creeks near Oak Island. In fact it was evident that the bird for which we had, especially come, viz. A. subrigatus, was not present. Probably we were a few days too early.

Absence of

Ammodramus

subrigatus

Of the common Sharp-tail (A. canadensis) we found a few, however, in the little marsh between Oak Island and the Narrows by R. R. They were not about the pools where they bred last season but along the banks of the

A. canadensis

A day on the Revere Marshes with H. Faxon.

1891 Mass.

May 19  
(No 2)

Rever Beach... main creek and its connecting ditches the ground being in every way similar to that where we found but. virginica on the larger marshes. We took that a specimen to make sure of the identification. Two birds were heard singing.

The walks etc. on Oak Island were in half leaf and we hoped to find a large number of migrants assembled in this little oasis but literally the only birds seen or heard - besides the numerous House Sparrows which infest the place at all seasons - were three Yellow Warblers, a Red start, a Bluebird, a Robin or two and a Song Sparrow. Red wings & Meadows Larks could also be heard in the distance.

House Sparrows  
Birds at  
Oak Id.

The most interesting experience of the day came when we supposed that our day was practically over. After eating lunch on the side of the Eastern R.R. embankment and bagging our two Sharp-tails we started to walk to Crescent Beach Station to take the train for Boston. On the way we happened to stroll out into the bilberry field where I took the Prairie Horned Larks a few years ago. Near the line where the pasture borders on the marsh Faxon happened to spy two Larks feeding on the turf. He approached them and shot at one but missed. The report of his gun started a perfect swarm of these birds from the ground a little further on and as they strung out past as I counted forty. They alighted on the edge of the marsh and

Lark Larks

A day at the River Marshes with W. Foxon.

1891 Mass.

May 19 River Broch. Foxon approached and again shot Tit Larks  
(No 3)

at them wounding a bird which finally escaped after two more shots. The flock settled down in the pasture and I took Foxon's gun and stalked them, crawling on my hands and knees for I was most anxious to obtain a specimen. I got very near them ~~for~~ they were too busy feeding among the innumerable little hillocks to notice me although my nose and then one would jump up on a mound and look keenly about for a moment. I picked out a particularly red breasted bird and fired but to my disgust missed. The flock only flew a few rods and at once began feeding but before I could get another good chance a Sharp-shinned Hawk scolded over them and they whisked off in great alarm soon returning however and alighting on a mud flat where I killed one of them. They were now thoroughly alarmed and flew off out of sight. Then afterwards returned and Foxon killed one and wounded another which escaped.

The Tit Larks were by no means the only birds seen in this place for the neighboring marsh was simply booming with Least Sandpipers. The report of one gun would frequently start fifty or a hundred at once and then times a Hawk passing over the marsh set probably the entire number in motion. Simultaneously or nearly so they rose in little bunches and singly from far and near and forming into flocks swept back and forth over the place now high in air,

Least Sand-  
piper

I dined on the Revere Marshes with W. Frazar.

1891  
May 19  
(No 4)

Mass.

Revere Beach. swift close over the grass, flying with Drapt Scaud exceeding swiftness and wheeling with amazing abruptness papers all together as at a signal from some leader. As they approached one another the different flocks would unite until more than once they formed a single flock which must have contained fully 300 birds. When during one of their sudden wheels they all turned up their white bellies towards the sun the effect was very beautiful, a sudden flash of countless points of glistering light like a shower of silver coins, or the sides of a great school of silver fishes exposed for a moment on the surface of the sea. Then as their backs were turned towards us the flock became nearly invisible against the dark background of the hills about Revere. After many beautiful evolutions they would separate again into small flocks which would return one by one to the marsh where oozy flats just covered with brackish water seemed to afford a rich feeding ground. I have not seen so many small waters assembled in one place in New England since the old days at Rye Beach (1871-72).

The three Hawks which stalked them were a male Marsh Hawk, the Sharp-shin already mentioned (which, after passing over the field where the Tit larks were feeding, struck at an English Sparrow which had sought refuge under the blind of a house but apparently missed its aim & kept on) and a very small male Duck Hawk. The last named came hurtling over the marsh with the speed of

Sharp-shin  
Hawk

Duck Hawk



A day on the River marshes with W. Foxon.

1891 Mass.

May 19  
(No 5)

River Beach. = a cannon ball raising a perfect cloud of frightened Peeps through the midst of which it passed without making any decided attempt to secure a victim although it inclined its flight towards several as if tempted by the easy chances which they offered. It seemed to be, and possibly really was, bewildered by the very abundance of opportunities and was also doubtless a good deal startled by our presence for it came within a few yards of us before noticing us and then with a sudden upward bound and half wheel turned back and skimmed off close on the march giving us a good view of its slaty back and barred tail. Finally rising high in air it quickly disappeared towards the north flying very fast and steadily.

Duck Hawk

Among the soft, whistling peep calls common to both of our Great Sandpeeps and given by dozens of birds at once on this occasion we several times heard the unmistakable musical chatter or whinny (ho-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha) of Greenlets pusillus. We accordingly went to work with our glasses and scrutinized every bird that we could catch on the ground near enough to be identified in this way. The result convinced us that there were only a very few Greenlets here to-day. As a matter of fact we determined possibly only one among upwards of a hundred Great Sandpeeps which we ~~was~~ <sup>are</sup> satisfactorily identified.

Semipalmated  
Sandpeeps

There were a good many Savanna Sparrows in this marsh and we heard one Greater Yellow Leg.  
The 4 P.M. train took us back to Boston.

Summer of

Morning at Revere Beach.

1891 Mass.

May 20 Revere Beach. Clear and warm with light S. W. to S. E. winds.

I went back to Revere Beach alone this morning by the 9 A. M. train from East Boston taking my 16 gauge gun in the hope of getting more Tit larks.

On reaching the ground I soon started a bird which was so badly wounded that it could fly only a few yards at a time but I had to shoot it once to secure it. The flock had evidently departed but there was another straggler, unthrust and excessively shy, in the bullocky field. It led me a long and tortuous chase rising out of gun shot and sometimes alighting on the ground, sometimes on a fence post or rail. At length I secured it by a very long shot as it was feeding in a hollow.

Tit larks.

I also shot two Least Sandpipers. The number of these little wonders had diminished fully one half not more than 150 being seen to-day. They were very shy and restless. Although it was not difficult to get within gun range of single birds the flocks soon nearly two gun shots off and in wheeling and circling over the marsh took good care to keep at a safe distance.

Least Sand-  
pipers

I saw one Greater Yellow-leg and a Solitary in this marsh. There were many Barnswallow Sparrows, a few Red-wings and a Meadow Lark, the last named in the adjoining pasture.

Solitary Sand-  
piper  
red winged  
meadow lark

I returned by the 12 M. train. No Gulls or Ducks seen on the sea either yesterday or this morning.

Afternoon in Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891 Mass.

May 21

Cambridge. — A misty day, the sun shining dimly at times, at others wholly obscured. A sprinkling of rain now and then. Warm or rather sultry despite a strong S. W. wind.

W. A. Jeffries came out at 3 P.M. and went with me to the Swamps to search for Rails' nests. We were driven to Alewife Brook and began our hunt in the little bush-grown meadow between the turnpikes and the brick ice house where I heard a "Cutter" calling steadily on the evening of the 18<sup>th</sup>. The bush-grown portions proved too dry for any kind of Rail, in fact the ground was absolutely dry in most places and we accordingly searched the narrow strips of meadow between the little rectangular pond and the border place. There was plenty of water here and the bird heard on the 18<sup>th</sup> was doubtless singing in this meadow. Indeed I suspected it at the time but unfortunately did not take pains to "hike" the pond as I might easily have done. I doubt on three points because the only nest which we could find in this meadow was that of a Carolina Rail! This fact adds another link to chain of evidence going to show that the Cutter cry is made by this bird for I have heard no other Rail notes there either last year or this. I listened this evening at 7 o'clock but heard nothing whatever. The nest contained six eggs on which the bird was sitting and which we did not move. Accordingly there is certainly a pair of Carolina Rails breeding there. Of course I have no proof that there is not some

Afternoon in Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891 Mass.

May 21 Cambridge. — other kind of Rail than also but the  
(no 2) place is very small and it seems unlikely. Certainly  
we searched the meadows part so thoroughly that we  
could scarcely have overlooked another Rail's nest.

We next proceeded to the marsh north of Glacialis  
seeing a Green Heron, on the way, flying across the  
Glacialis into the Maple Swamps just as I used  
to see them thirty years ago when, as a boy, I  
was learning to swim in this pond. The place  
and its surroundings have changed wonderfully little  
since then and there are the same old birds,  
not a single species, so far as I can remember, being  
missing, although the Night Herons are much  
scarcer now than they were then.

After Jeffries had taken the eggs (four) from a  
Swamp Sparrow's nest which Francis & I found on  
the 18<sup>th</sup> we returned to the railroad and following  
it westward a little way turned off to the left  
and entered the cat-tail swamp behind the brick yard.  
I have heard many Rails in this swamp of late  
but I dreaded attempting it to day, as last year  
I found it impossible. The water is so much  
lower this season, however, that we had no difficulty  
whatever in going where we pleased even the broader  
ditches and pools having a hard clay bottom and  
water nowhere more than waist deep. We were  
richly rewarded for our pains, too, as Jeffries  
found one and I two Virginia Rail's nests in  
the course of about half an hour. One nest held  
ten eggs on the point of hatching which we left,  
another ten fresh eggs which Jeffries took, the

Afternoon in Fresh Pond Swamps

1891 Mass.

May 21 Cambridge. Third nest had three eggs which we  
(no. 3) of course left for more.

On reaching the causeway we crossed it and struck directly in towards Fresh Pond on the left (south) side of the brook which forms its outlet. Before we had gone many rods I found a Virginia Rail's nest containing six eggs and a little later Jeffries discovered a Carolina Rail's with three eggs. Both nests were left undisturbed.

Returning we ~~walked~~ directly across the swamp behind the brick yard, then crossed the railroad and visited the colony of Marsh Wrens (*palustris*) in the middle of the big meadow north of Glaciers. Jeffries had never met this bird before and showed much interest in them and their nests of which we found a number. I found a Carolina Rail's nest here. It was empty but lined with wet flags and evidently new.

We had just sufficient time left to walk slowly down to the usual rendezvous at Allwiff Brook where George met us with the buggy at 7 o'clock.

During the afternoon we heard several Carolina Rails singing freely but only one Virginia. The latter species is a very silent bird especially at this season.

While we were near Port Pond we saw two Hood Ducks repeatedly, flying about sometimes singly sometimes in company, squeaking a good deal. Both looked like females. A Green Heron also flew into the flooded maple woods on the west side of the pond. Many Bank Swallows & a few Swifts were flying over Glaciers early in the afternoon. The day was

Afternoon in the Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891. Mass.  
May 21 Cambridge. unfavorable for the free singing of the  
(no 4) smaller birds and comparatively few were heard  
Even the Swamp Sparrows were almost wholly  
silent.

We found a number of Swamp Sparrows' nests but all were empty except one which contained four sealed, newly hatched young. Jeffries started the bird off and is very sure that it was a Swamp Sparrow. I did not see her but the nest was typical in construction and position. I am surprised that it should have had young at so early a date but there is just a possibility that it may have been a Song Sparrow's.

One or five times in the afternoon of the 18<sup>th</sup> I thought I heard a Bittern purring in the distance beyond Little River. The same thing happened this afternoon. Once I got four successive purrings faintly but, as I thought at the time, quite unmistakably. Afterwards I began to suspect that I might have been deceived. If it was really a Bittern it is the first that I have ever heard purring in the Fresh Pond marshes.

Bittern  
purring?

A few toads were trilling and I heard one give the Urnum Squawk which is now supposed to be characteristic of the subspecies B. Fowleri.

Toads

I also heard the first Bull frog.

First Bull Frog

No migrants were seen or heard during the afternoon. There was an Oven Bird in my garden yesterday. Bolles reports Blackpoll Warblers in the College yard yesterday & to-day. I have heard none there known as yet.

Afternoon in Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891 Mass.

May 21  
(No 5)

Cambridge. - Red-wings appear to be much scarcer than usual in the swamps this season. I do not think we saw a dozen males in all and certainly much less than that number of females. I fear that the merciless Brown has been blasting them again. We found five or six of their nests, however, two with four eggs each and two with one egg each, the others empty. Most of them which I saw were placed in cut-tails, suspended between the upright stables.

The Fresh Pond Swamps are very fond this year owing, probably, to the low stage of water. But despite their foulness, despite the bad inroads made by the brick yards and the constantly increasing traffic over the two railroads which pierce their innermost recesses they possess for me a charm which grows rather than wanes as the year goes by. Its secret is largely, of course, the abundant and interesting bird-life which has certainly suffered no serious check since the new order of things began. Indeed it is doubtful if in the old days, at least as far back as my memory goes, there was ever a season when so many birds, whether taken as species or individuals, bred in these swamps as in 1890. This year the Rails are much scarcer and there are apparently no Gallinules or Least Bitterns but obviously this is due to some other cause than the presence of the brick yards and railroads. Next year I suppose the Metropolitan Sewer system will drain the entire region and put an end forever to my paradise.

Present status  
of the  
Fresh Pond  
Swamps as  
compared  
with former  
years.

1891 ~~May 22~~

May 22 Concord. - Most of the day cloudy and warm with S.W. wind. A light shower at last P.M. followed by a fine sky and a glorious burst of sunshine, then clouds gathering and the sun set threatening, the wind shifting to north.

Night cloudy but light there being a nearly full moon.

With Spelman took the L.R.R. train for Concord One Hour. The canoes having been sent yesterday. One proved to be on the train with us, the other had been left in Boston but the Expressman promised that it should follow by the next train and he kept his word.

We had a visit of nearly two hours at the Mause but as it was during the interval of sunshine and as the birds were singing exceptionally freely the time passed rapidly. I noted the following species all within sight or hearing of the old house and nearly all within its grounds:

*Merula migratoria*, 2; *Dendroica aestiva*, 8; *D. striata*, 8; *Birds about the Mause*.  
*Vireo olivaceus*, 8; *L. green*, 8; *Amphisp. cedrorum* (heard);  
*Coccyz. porphyrio*, 1; *Trachycaea bicolor*, 1; *Hirundo horreorum*, 1;  
*Mimus carolinensis*, 8 ♀; *Carpodacus purpureus*, 8;  
*Melospiza fasciata*, 8 ♀; *Spirilla socialis*, 8; *Taxia ludo-*  
*viciana*, 8; *Larus domesticus*, 1; *Colaptes auratus*, 8;  
*Geothlypis trichas*, 1; *Agelaius phoeniceus*, 2 8; *Alnus*  
*gambelii*, 1 8; *Sturnella magna*, 1 8; *Tyrannus tyrannus*, 2;  
*Sayornis phoebe*, 1 8; *Empidonax minimus*, 1 8;  
*Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*, 8; *Chondestes pelagicus*, several.  
 in all twenty-five species most of which were singing at the same time. The Cat. birds were in the places where they had during the two summers that I spent on the place.



1891 Mass.

May 22  
(No. 1)

Concord. - On the arrival of the missing canoe we at once went to work to get our things in place a task which consumed nearly two hours so that it was about 7 P.M. when we finally got off and dark by the time we reached the Nine Acre Bridge. There was little singing from the birds at dusk owing probably to the high, cool wind and lowering skies but we heard most of the commoner species in fair numbers. A good many Red-wings were scattered along the river banks and Swifts were circling over the town as we passed. The colony of Purple Martins near Mr. Sanborn's seems to be reduced to two or three pairs only but perhaps others had gone to bed before we reached the place.

Colony of  
Martins

We hoisted our sails after passing the railroad bridge and skinned rapidly for the remainder of the distance to Nine Acre Bridge. On reaching the pines opposite the Cliffs I hoisted a number of times for the Horned Poles but could get no response nor did we hear these birds during the night although we camped only about 200 yds. beyond in the grassy opening where the cart path comes down to the river.

The landing proved boggy and treacherous, having been much trampled by cattle, and a swarm of mosquitoes greeted us as soon as we set foot on shore but we quickly found and tore to pieces an old pine stump, very dry and resinous, which made a glorious fire and banished both the gloom and the mosquitoes for the time. A Whippoorwill sang us to sleep.

First camp-  
ing place

Whippoorwill

1891 Mass

May 23 Concord to Mayland. - The sun rose this morning in a cloudless sky and the day that followed was one of the most brilliant and perfect possible. The wind was from the North east of the forenoon but it was only just cool enough to be refreshing, and at no time too strong for our whole sails. Late in the afternoon it changed to E. and then to S. blowing strongly but steadily well into the night.

We slept soundly and did not rise until the sun was well above the horizon. I was awake at day break, however, and as on April, when I camped with Bolles in this same place, a Thrasher was the first bird to sing, followed soon after by Swamp, Song and Field Sparrows. I heard other common birds but neglected to note them and soon fell asleep again.

Birds sing  
ing at  
daybreak

Within sight or hearing of our camping place I saw or heard in the course of the first two hours after we arose the following 44 species: Aspithyris refus, Merula virgatula, Mimus carolinensis, Helminthophila ruficapilla, Composthylis americana, Dendroica junco viridis, D. virens, D. aestiva, D. striata, D. fusca, Ministrella varia, Geothlypis richardsoni, Spizella canadensis, Geothlypis richardsoni, Amphispiza cedrorum, Perisoreus inimicus, Vireo olivaceus, V. solitarius, Progne subis, Ceryle alcyon, Tringa hypoleucos, Actitis macularia, Spizella socialis, S. pusilla, Pipilo erythrophthalmus, Habia ludovicianae, Parus atricapillus, Agelaius phoeniceus, Dolichonyx aurorus, Motacilla alba, Ceryle alcyon, Tringa hypoleucos,

Birds seen  
& heard  
near camp

1891 Mass.

May 23 Concord to Wayland. *Chaetura pelagica*, *Polioptila caerulea*,  
 (No. 2) *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*, *Picus pubescens* (drumming),  
*Colaptes auratus* ("shouting"), *Syrnium carolinensis*, *Empidonax*  
*traillii*, *E. forficatus*, *Corvus americanus*, *Cyanocitta*  
*cristata*, *Bonasa umbellula* (drumming), and *Actitis macularia*.

The Whippoorwill was heard singing just at daybreak and hence does not strictly belong in the list. The Partridge was doubtless the same bird that Bolles and I heard in April for it was drumming in the same place but on the present occasion we heard it only twice and after sunrise.

I shot the Traill's Flycatcher. It came out of some thickly growing young white pines and perched on a dead branch in the tree within 20 yds. of our camp, called pip and chirped several times before it fell to my pistol. I skinned it on the spot & found that it was a male & very fat.

Traill's Fly-  
catcher.

The Canadian Warbler, Solitary Vireo, Plain Warbler & several of the others were in the young white pines between our camp and the Oak woods.

At 7 A. M. we had stowed our things in the canoes and hoisting our sails sped silently and swiftly on our way. No experience that I have ever had can have surpassed in deep, restful enjoyment that of the next two hours. The rich green fields where the grass was already high enough to wave in the wind, although still spangled with golden dandelions and where the *Botulocis* collected and showered down their tinkling melody, the woods draped in tender, yellowish green foliage where Tanagers, Grosbeaks, Oven Birds,

1891 Mass.

May 23  
(No. 3)

Concord to Weyland. - and the several commoner birds and warblers were singing, the tussocky meadows and belts of button bushes peopled by numerous Red-wings which flitted from place to place and gorged forth their rich, watery notes as they half spread their wings and showed their brilliant aprons to us and their plain gray-brown undersides kept darting out from their nests in the tussock grass or bushes; every now and then a Kingfisher bounding his rattle softly as he looked meditatively down into the water beneath his perch on some dead branch, or a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks mounting in graceful circles into the pale blue sky and screaming shrilly; there were but a few of the lights and sounds that we drank in as we glided, without the slightest effort more than the occasional touch on the foot. During gear of the trimming of the skut from our camping place through Fairhaven Bay, past bus Bridge and the meadows & hills beyond to Shuman's bridge where we landed at the O'clock for lunch and a rest under the pitch pines.

As we were crossing Fairhaven, Spelman discovered a large, white bird swimming close in to the button bushes and turning gamely. It proved to be a fine old male *Tringa*, hollow winged and unable to rise from the water. Doubtless it was the same bird which Bolles and I met with in April. Spelman saw his canoe within a few yards of it.

At our mooring place birds were very numerous

1891 Mass.

May 23  
(No 4)

Concord to Mayland... especially Black-jell Warblers.

A Water Thrush was singing at intervals and several Yellow Warblers darting about among the bushes by the water's edge. Of the latter species three individuals Yellow Warblers were continually passing and re-passing the spot where we were sitting, always keeping together and flying from one apple tree to some low willows. I was puzzled to account for the regularity of their movements until I followed them and found that one of them a female, was getting silk from a tent caterpillar's nest in the apple tree and carrying it to her own nest among the willows. Even then the mystery was not wholly solved for the other two birds were apparently males who seemed on the beat of terms but each of whom kept close to the female bird at all times. Is it possible that she had two husbands?

The song of a Pine Warbler on the hill above Pine Warbler's nest as tempted me to look for the nest. I came on the female very soon and followed her for several minutes but finally lost sight of her. After looking for the nest in all the most promising trees I found it, at length, in a small, isolated, pitch pine which stood near the river bank directly in front of a summer camp-house or shanty. It was built on a long horizontal branch near the end and directly above a cluster of three cones which served admirably to conceal it from beneath which the pine needles nearly covered it above. It was barely 12 feet from the ground and we had.

1891 Mass

May 23 Concord to Wayland. Little difficulty in getting at it  
(No 5) by throwing a rope over the branch and pulling  
it down sufficiently low to be reached from the  
top of a side tripod which we made by  
locking the ends of three sticks together. There  
were three eggs and a young bird just hatched  
so we did not molest it. The female came with  
food for the young and entered the nest when  
the male perched liberally on the rim and sang,  
a pretty sight.

Spelman discovered a Flicker's nest in a singular  
place - in a vertical slit 8 inches long by 2 in  
wide in the side of an apple tree. The bottom of  
the slit was only 30 inches above the ground.  
The interior cavity narrowed as it descended  
so that I found it impossible to force my  
hand and wrist down far enough to reach  
the four pink tinted white eggs which lay in  
plain sight on the usual bed of chips at the  
bottom. There was no sign of any enlargement  
by the Woodpecker except at the bottom where  
a rounded space had been chiseled out.

Curious  
Flicker's  
nest

At 1 P.M. we hoisted sail and started on  
our way. The wind had now hauled well  
into the east but we made the lower  
Wayland bridge without being obliged to  
paddle more than a few hundred yards in  
all. Soon after entering the great Sudbury Meadows  
Spelman, who was leading, started a Florida  
Gallinule. It rose from a bed of tall, dark green,  
round-stemmed rushes on the edge of the river

Not far

1891 Mass.

May 23 Concord to Weyland. and flew about 50 yards before dropping into the rushes again. I had a good view of it and saw the scarlet bill distinctly.

(no 6)

A single Black Duck was seen flying over this meadow and Wood Ducks heard squealing.

Black Duck  
Wood "

The grass along the banks was not as dense or tall as usual a fact which may account for the almost total absence of Marsh Wrens. Security of  
Marsh Wrens only two or three of these birds being heard in this meadow.

In the Weyland meadow we heard five Marsh Wrens but no Bitterns. Green Swallows were flying about the barn on the west bank where the colony bred last year.

After passing Dudley's we got a nearly fair and very fresh breeze the remainder of the way into Heard's Pond which we entered at about 5 P.M. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in sailing about this pond. It was most exhilarating sport for the wind, which was now about South, was so strong as to raise quite a sea on the pond but it was so very steady that we carried our whole sails without difficulty. Of course there were few birds noted under these conditions but we heard Orioles, Grosbeaks, and other common species whenever we approached the shores. I had hoped to find the Carolina Grebes which Bangs discovered breeding in this pond a few years ago but they must have abandoned the place. A Night Heron

1891 Mass.

May 23 Concord to Wayland appeared flying high over  
(no 7) the woods and quawking soon after sunset.

Before the sun had disappeared we landed on a wooded promontory on the south shore of the pond and made ready for the night. I pitched his canoe tent on the ground which he prepared for a bed by raking together a great quantity of leaves but I carried my boat a little way into the woods and slept in it as usual.

As ~~the sun~~ it was getting dark we had a delightful concert from several Wilson's Thrushes which made the woods ring with their flut-like notes. Curiously enough this is the first time that I have heard this species sing this year. The purring of a Bittern also came faintly to our ears from West Brooke meadow which about the shores of the pond a few Frogs and Pickered Frogs trilled and croaked. Once I thought I heard a Carolina Wren in the woods near the outlet.

After it had become fairly dark we built a large fire of brush-wood, several piles of which lay ready to our hands. We had eaten supper and were lying on the ground enjoying the warmth of the fire when the crackling of brush attracted our attention and presently the owner of the land appearing bearing a lantern. He was crusty at first and ordered us to put out the fire but before long became sufficiently mollified to first inspect our canoes with evident



1891 Mass

May 23 Concord to Wayland, interest and then to sit down  
(No. 8) with us for a long talk finally, just before leaving,  
giving us permission to burn as much wood as  
we pleased and to take refuge under his roof if  
the night proved cold or wet.

Over Birds sang frequently after dark as long as  
we were awake and Black-Billed Cuckoos at  
occasional intervals while very near them we heard  
a Maryland Yellow-Throat, the first and last  
giving their flight songs from which I infer that  
they rose into the air although this does not  
certainly follow. The night was superb a nearly  
full moon silencing the water and lighting up  
the ~~the~~ springs in the surrounding woods while  
the wind had died to a gentle breeze that  
rustled the foliage soothingly. We were asleep  
by ten o'clock.

Birds sing-  
ing at  
night

Red-shouldered Hawks seem to have replaced  
the Red-tails within the last two years along  
the entire route which we traveled to-day.  
They were frequently in sight or hearing while  
not a single Red-tail came under our notice.

Red-tails  
replaced by  
Red-should-  
ered Hawks.

Red-winged Blackbirds are about as numerous  
as they were last year but certainly much  
fewer in numbers than in 1886 and 1887.

Red-winged  
Blackbirds

Bobolinks were quite up to the standard of  
their former abundance and were rarely out  
of our hearing the entire distance between  
Concord and Wayland but no Meadow Larks  
were heard anywhere between these two towns or  
the immediate outskirts of which they are common.

Bobolinks

1891 Mass.

May 24 Wayland to Concord. - Another perfect day with uninterrupted sunshine and strong, somewhat flauy, S. wind. Morning and evening cool, midday warm in the sun, uncomfortably so at times.

When I awoke at daybreak a Tanager and Birds at  
many Black-poll Warblers were singing in daybreak  
the tree-tops over the canoe. Spelman heard  
at about this hour a Pileated jumping and  
a Partridge drumming. There were many common  
birds, also, of which neither of us took special  
note. The Black-polls made the deepest  
impression. There were so many of them that  
the song of one was merged with that of  
another, the sound being literally continuous,  
like the chirping of crickets. Wilson's Thrushes  
were calling all about us but I heard none  
singing.

It was seven o'clock when we arose for  
we both slept very soundly after the long  
day yesterday in the canoes. The singing of  
Black-polls had now nearly ceased and the  
Tanager was gone or silent but Oven Birds,  
Red-starts, Yellow Warblers, Orioles, Grosbeaks,  
Cat Birds, Redwings and other common  
species were filling the woods with their  
music and from the open fields beyond  
came the trilling melody of Bobolinks.  
A pair of Red-shouldered Hawks rose  
from the trees on the opposite side of  
the pond and mounted high into the

1891. Mass.

May 24  
(No 2)

Wayland to Concord. Sky, screaming. The sun streamed down through the as yet thin foliage and the rising south wind ruffled the water. We could hear church bells softened by distance in the direction of Saxtonville.

At 9 A. M. we started, paddling across the Star for pond and down the small brook which forms Concord <sup>its outlet and</sup> winds through a broad meadow into the river on reaching which we spread our sails to the breeze and began rushing through the water at a rapid rate. A Bittern pumped over near the outlet as we passed and a Savannah Sparrow was singing in a bit of raised but yet moist meadow land.

In the Wayland meadows between the bridges we heard a Carolina Rail and saw <sup>Carolina Rail</sup> a good many Barn Swallows. Orioles, Great Flycatchers and a Marsh Wren or two were singing in the trees along the canoe-way.

Nothing of any particular interest was noted during the passage of the great Sudbury Marshes nor indeed until we had passed through Fairbairn and landed for lunch, at 2 P. M. on Martha's Point. While here we heard a Wood Pewee and I found a <sup>Wood Pewee</sup> Bluebird's nest with young in a Woodpecker's hole in the dead limb of a poplar just inside the edge of a strip of woods, an unusual situation if I remember rightly.

At one time a pair of Red-shouldered Hawks appeared circling over Fairbairn road.

1891. Mass.

May 24 (No. 3) Weyland to Concord. - Later a brown Bald Eagle which beat about close on the water for several minutes apparently looking for fish. He started him from a tall pine on the edge of the Owl woods when we passed on our way towards Concord half an hour afterwards.

We reached Concord by 5 o'clock and continued on down river without stopping to Ball's Hill where we had decided to pass the night reaching this place a little before sunset.

During the entire distance from the outlet of Heard's Pond we paddled in all but one or a mile, our sails serving for the rest of the way. The passage through the Broad Meadows below Concord was especially delightful the sun being well down in the west and the birds singing freely. During most of the day we heard comparatively few owls, doubtless, to the high wind but now the wind had subsided to a gentle breeze and the air rang with bird music. There were many Bobolinks along the ridge between the river and the meadow but not as many, I thought, as in former years. Orioles were flitting in the white maples along the banks but we heard no Warbling Vireos. Spotted Sandpipers were very numerous at least six or eight being seen or heard.

There were no Solitary Sandpipers here but we disturbed one yesterday when we landed. Solitary Sandpiper.

1891. Mass.

May 24  
(No. 4)

Weymouth to Concord. at Sherman's Bridge.

After getting our canoes ready for the night we climbed Ball's Hill to see the sun set. The last rays streaming through a rent in the clouds that were massing in the west threw a strange, lurid light over the broad meadow intensifying its uniform green coloring to an almost painful degree, then leaving it suddenly in gloom which deepened rapidly as the shades of night fell. A Patterner was pumping in the bottom of a pool and a Carolina Parakeet singing fitfully. Once I caught the notes of a Virginia Rail also. Five Night Herons appeared high in air <sup>Night</sup> from down river and passed directly over the meadow and beyond the woods towards Fairhaven but a depth which quickly followed them wheeled a few times and descending in a graceful spiral alighted in the grass.

On the east side of the hill under the lee of the white pines at least 30 chimney swifts were dashing about in many corners. It could be that the air was filled with small gray winged insects on which the birds were doubtless feeding. After we had returned to the canoes and when it was nearly dark a Wilson's Thrush sang several times near us. Then the night cloud in with a cloudy, dry and damp, chilly wind which blew directly in on us from the south but we soon started a fire and passed a pleasant evening within its cheery circle of light. A pair of large dogs a collie & a St. Bernard. paid us a visit at about 9 o'clock.

1891. Mass.

May 25 Concord. Weather much like that of yesterday excepting in the early morning when the sky was filled with gathering cloud masses which obscured the sun at times but which finally dispersed before 9 o'clock.

We arose at 4.30. While I. was getting the breakfast ready I took a brisk walk along the east path that follows the river bank and back over the crest of Ball's Hill, chiefly to get warm for the air was exceedingly chilly and the south wind very searching. The Plover was pumping regularly (from the time I first awaked to about 5.30) and a Partridge drummed at short intervals in the woods on the Bedford shore of the meadow. A Brown Thrasher, Robins, Birds  
Song Sparrows, Red-wings, a Pine Warbler and Wren  
Black-poll Warblers were singing steadily and Wren  
a Wilson's Black-cap and Water Thrush fitfully, the last two species in the best of throat that borders the river. In the swamp on the north side of the hill I heard a Canadian Warbler and several Chestnut-sided. There was a Grosbeak and Bobolinks in the distance. On the whole, however, the bird chorus was less full and fervid than usual. The Wilson's Thrushes were calling around us but more dully. Indeed I have not heard one sing during the entire trip except late in the evening.

We made a hurried breakfast and

1891 Mass.May 25  
(No. 2)

Concord. Started for Concord at 6 O'clock reaching the house at 6.45. As we left our camping ground a Rail was calling "cutta" in the meadow on the other side of the river. On Dalling's Hill a Grass Finch, the only one heard during the entire trip, was singing and in the meadows just below Flint's bridge a Savanna Sparrow. Last evening I heard one of the Cutters above Red bridge. Bobolinks were heard this morning in about the same numbers as yesterday.

Crowbeaks and Orioles were scattered all along the wooded banks of the river and I think that both are more numerous this year than usual. There was a Phoebe singing at Flint's bridge and another at the house. Black-poll Warblers were heard everywhere. Cuckoos (all Black-bills) were also heard but not frequently.

We had to work hard to pack the boats and their contents in time to take the 8.12 train for home but the task was finally accomplished with a few minutes to spare and I reached Cambridge at 9 A.M.

During the entire trip we noted only five species of northern forest migrants viz. Black-poll, Canadian and Wilson's Black-cap Warblers and Traill's and the Yellow-bellied Flycatchers. The scarcity of Green Herons and the apparent total absence of Red-tailed Hawks, Carolina Doves and Indigo Birds were also marked features of the season.

1891. Mass.

May 28 Cambridge to Carlisle.. Clear & warm with S. W. to S. E. winds.

at 9 A. M. I started to drive to Carlisle, taking George to hold the horse and my pointer "Dori" to help me look for Snipe nests for the chief object of the trip was to investigate the birds heard drumming on Rock Meadow, May 17, and the pair seen on Fifty acre Meadow, beside, by Mr. Robbins early in May. In this I was wholly unsuccessful for although I beat both places with the utmost care I found neither the Snipe nor any traces of their presence. It seems difficult to believe that the Rock Meadow drummer was a migrant but the pair seen in Carlisle were very probably migrants for Mr. Robbins is not even sure that the date was as late as May 1. As nearly as he can remember it was about five weeks ago. He showed me the exact spot where he started them. It is a tract of brook meadow covered with short, wiry grass and at all seasons, except during freshets, is well drained by the brook although the ground is usually moist. He also showed me the place (about 200 yds. distant) where Melvin killed his young Snipe on July 4 two successive seasons. It is a strip of bare mud between a stiff hedge of tall willows and a mill-pond.

The route which I traversed, during my drive was past Fresh Pond to Belmont, thence through Prospect Street to the Willows, and on to Concord



1891. Mass.

May 28 Cambridge to Carleton. - by the old turnpikes.

(No 2)

Three Prairie Warblers were heard during the passage through Prospect Street; a White-eyed Vireo (the first I have met this season) in the thicket at the east end of the Willows on the north side of the road; a Red-tailed Hawk near the Church Swamp in Dunstable, a Golden-wing Warbler in oak sprouts on the hill beyond this swamp and two or three Indigo Birds at different places in Belmont. Cat Birds, King Birds, Grosbeaks, Orioles, Woodling Vireos and Least Flycatchers were very numerous everywhere. I heard three Towhees, two Towhees, two Bluebirds and at least eight or ten Thrashers singing but only one Wood Pewee and but one Grass Finch. Not a single Bobwhite seen or heard until just before I reached the Church Swamp; they were numerous in Concord and Carleton. One Yellow-bellied and two or three Black-bellied Cuckoos heard. No Yellow-winged Sparrows and no Heron's Bunting although I entered and carefully beat the meadow in Dunstable where Bobwhites and I killed a pair of the latter species a few years ago. King Birds very numerous. One Night Hawk flying about in the usual aimless manner at high noon over the fields in Carleton.

We lunched in a shady hollow by a brook near Deane's Farm. Many common birds about us, a Oriole in a maple, Cat Birds in the thickets, a Thrasher in full song in the top of an elm, Yellow & Chestnut-sided Warblers, Song Sparrows,

1891 Mass.

May 28 Cambridge to Carleton. - a Belted Red-wing sitting  
(No 3) on an alder.

Continuing on our way we saw a pair of Hawks  
run across the road & into the bordering bushes.

In a piece of oak woods I took a Blue Jay's  
nest with 4 eggs. It was in the fork of a  
young oak only about 10 ft. above the ground  
and caught my eye as an unusual nesting post.

The bird was sitting her long tail and crested  
head showing conspicuously. She slipped off  
when I shook the tree and at once flew  
out of sight among the foliage without making  
a sound.

At Mr. Robbins' I was shown a Yellow Rail which  
had been shot in the autumn a few years ago on  
Fifty Acre Meadows and the secondary quill of  
a Prairie Hen which has been seen repeatedly  
of late in a field near by. It is doubtless one  
of the birds which were liberated near Boston last  
Spring.

Mr. Robbins went with me to Fifty Acre Meadows  
to look for the Snipe. As I have already said  
we failed to find any traces of them but we  
saw many other birds; three or four Quail in  
a clover field, swarms of Red-wings rising  
from the tall meadow grass; a Belted Grouse  
by the dog fence the bank of the brook; a  
Marsh Hawk which I shot nearly one mile,  
and one or two Swamp Sparrows. The meadows is  
suitable in places for Mearns's Sparrows & New  
England Marsh Wrens but neither species was seen on

1891. Mass.

May 28 Cambridge to Carlioh. - heard there.

(no 4)

I started for Concord at about half-past four  
and leaving George to arrange for the reception  
of the horse at the Hurd farm returned to  
Cambridge by the 5.22 train.

Afternoon in the Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891. Mass

May 29 Cambridge. Cloudy and cool, with light N.E. wind. A steady rain through the forenoon; afternoon dark and threatening with driving rain at intervals and nearly incessant mist.

To the swamps alone at 3 P.M. driving to Abenig Brook and sending the couple back. My chief object was to make the rounds of the four Rails' nests which Jeffries and I found and left on the 21<sup>st</sup> the sets being at that time incomplete.

The Carolina's nest which I found in the little meadow by the brick ice-houses had eleven eggs to-day which I took with the nest getting the latter in very perfect condition with its canopy of entwined grasses nearly uninjured. This nest had six eggs on the 21<sup>st</sup>.

The other Carolina's nest found by Jeffries with three eggs also hatched eleven to-day. I took the eggs for Jeffries but left the nest.

Jeffries' Virginia's nest which contained three eggs on the 21<sup>st</sup> yielded eight to-day. I did not remove the nest.

The Virginia's nest which I found in the Cat tail swamp near Port Pond and which had six eggs on the 21<sup>st</sup> contained a full complement of ten eggs to-day.

The total yield of one laborer on the 21<sup>st</sup> is, therefore, including the set of ten Virginia's eggs taken by Jeffries on that date just fifty Rails' eggs twenty eight Virginia's and twenty two Carolina's. This does not include a set of ten badly incubated

1891 Mass.

May 29  
(No 2)

Cambridge. - Virginia Rails eggs which we found and left unincubated. Had we taken them the grand total for about their home work would have been highly eggs.

The swamps were exceptionally beautiful this afternoon. The more prominent objects in the landscape were softened by the mist which gave a wonderful effect of distance. Looking across the large meadow north of Glacialis a stranger to the place would have said that it was more than a mile in width. Swifts in unusual numbers were skimming over the meadows and ponds, and I saw two Barn Swallows among them besides a number of Bank Swallows. There was some singing, especially from the Yellow Warblers, Song Sparrows, Maryland Yellow throats and Catbirds. It was the twilight chorus prolonged through the entire afternoon. Robins sang freely, too, but the Swamp Sparrows were nearly dumb. Wilson's Thrushes were numerous in all the thickets but I did not hear one sing until it was nearly dark when suddenly their flute-like voices thrilled the air from every side.

The Marsh Wrens were very numerous and noisy in the cat-tails north of the Glacialis during the entire afternoon. I heard one or two Black-birded Cuckoos but no Yellow-bills.

The general silence of the Rails was most remarkable in view of the unusually favorable conditions. I heard only one Carolina Wren and not a single one near any other the whistling.

1891 Mass.

May 29

No 3)

Cambridge. One called cutter at intervals in the middle of the great meadow. The Virginias were more noisy. Their big note was occasionally heard, but most of them uttered the kis-kis call. Two in the thicket near where Francis found his handsomely marked eggs were giving it incessantly and a bird which I started from one of the nests which I robbed reiterated it many times in protest at my intrusion. Why is it that we do not hear this call earlier in the season?

The Florida Gallinules are back in their old haunts at last. One gave the prolonged hen-like cackle in the swamp where I took the nest last year and another the frog-like kup in the cut-tail bog to the eastward, behind the bridgeyard. The former bird called only once but very loudly & distinctly; the latter repeated its cry several times within thirty yards of me as I was poking a bit of Rails' eggs.

I think that I have at last obtained something very like proof regarding the author of the cutter cry. A female Carolina Rail, the bird belonging to the nest near the brick ice-house, uttered what was practically the same sound which Howardry in plain light & within twelve yards of me. She began with the usual rat-like utterance then gradually changed it to cut, cut, cutter the four being identical with that of the normal cutter note but the volume of the sound much less and the tone lacking the usual vibrating quality. It seemed to me to be a hollo over rendering of the usual cutter.

Afternoon in the Fresh Pond Swamps.

1891. Mass.

May 29 (No. 4) Cambridge - In addition to the Rails' nests found on the 21<sup>st</sup> and revisited to day I came, quite by chance, on a fresh nest of the Virginia Rail in the great meadow north of Glacialis. It was near the middle of this meadow far removed from any bushes but among sparsely growing cat-tails and on the edge of a dense bed of them flags. The eight eggs which it contained, were warm but I saw no bird, although I left the nest unmolested at first and did not take it until I had visited it a second time.

Neither Wood Ducks nor Green Herons were seen to day in Fresh Pond Swamp but a single bird of the latter species flew across Glacialis as I was passing this pond on my way home.

I heard Toads (*B. fowleri*?) Green Frogs and one or two Bull Frogs but no Hylas. I walked home and did not reach the house until after it had become quite dark.

1891 Mass.

May 31 North Truro... Cloudless but with a dense fog after 10 a. m. Warm with light E. wind.

In company with G. S. Miller I left Boston yesterday afternoon by 4.15 train and reached N. Truro about 8 P. M. We went directly to the Highland House where we spent the night.

The sky was clear and the sun bright when we stepped from the piazza this morning and took a short turn down the road. One of the first birds that we heard was a Bobolink, a rare visitor, Miller tells me. He was in full song in a meadow near the house. Grass Finches, Red-wings, Robins, Meadows Larks and Chipping Sparrows were also singing, a Blue bird warbling, Barn, White bellied and Bank Swallows streaming over the fields, a Charming Swift or two careering over the house tops. Green fields and close-cropped pastures about us on every side. Plantations of pitch pines in the slopes of the hills. In the distance the blue sea flecked with sails.

After breakfast we walked across the pastures to Highland Light. Thrashers and a Maryland Yellow throat singing in oak scrub barely waist high in a hollow. Herring Gulls and a bonn seen flying over the sea. Swarms of Bank Swallows whirling about the top of the cliff ("150 ft" high) which was honeycombed with their holes. They were flying to & from their colony in thurs as a rule. We got guns and a local sportsman (the regional service agent) to assist us and tried to shoot a trio in order to



1891

Mass.

May 31

(No 2)

North Truro. Settle, if possible, the respective sexes of the birds but the attempt proved a complete failure. The "trios" flew wide of us as a rule and only two shots were fired and one bird killed.

I found and took a Spotted Sandpiper's nest with three beautiful eggs. It was under a tuft of beach-grass at the foot of the cliff and was betrayed by the bird which rose about 20 yds. from me directly from the nest.

Immediately after dinner we started for our final destination, Mr Warren W. Small's farm near the Ed Pond where Miller found the Reddy Ducks & Gallinies last year. The road led through the village of N. Truro in the very middle of which in a cat-tail swamp bordering a narrow pond three sets of Williams' eggs were taken by the boys last week, as our driver informed us. He also told us that Chow Blackbirds nested frequently among the cat-tails with the Red-wings, a statement which I doubted at the time but which was shortly confirmed.

After passing the village we climbed and descended a succession of long slopes with narrow valleys between. Most of the country being open, sandy pasture lands with an extensive tract of white-pines. On the crests and upper slopes of the ridges there were seldom more than eight or ten feet high but in the hollows they often attained a height of fifteen to twenty-five feet. They stood in fairly regular rows all having been originally planted in furrows.

1891

May 31

(No 3)

Mass

North Hero. We stopped on the brink of one of the deepest hollows and descended the bowl-like sides to the bottom which was filled with old pitch pines growing thickly and averaging fully 20 ft in height. It was here that Miller found the Red Crossbills breeding in 1889. We heard Chickadees and a Pair Warblers singing. The place is locally known as Hell's Bottom.

A mile or more farther on we came out on the top of an elevated and nearly level but slightly undulating plateau comprising hundreds of acres of unfenced, barren land covered with reindeer moss and *Hudsonia oxyoides*, the latter growing in large patches with the intervening spaces sprinkled thickly with circular tufts or clumps. This plant is of an olive green color. It was just coming into bloom. The blossoms are of a rich golden yellow and are so crowded as to form perfect masses of color. The outer buds open first giving the smaller clumps the appearance of brilliant yellow wreaths encircling green centers. These downs literally swarmed with Grasshoppers. They were continually rising ahead of the horse and their plaintive songs were near that of our ears. There were also a very few *Scolecophagus* Sparrows but we heard no Yellow-crooks although the country, which, by the way is closely similar to that of the Massachusetts commons, seems admirably suited to their requirements. It is or used to be a favorable ground for Golden Plovers and *Erismacris* Curlews.

1891

Mass.

May 31

(No. 4)

North Truro.

We reached Small's at about 5 o'clock.

It is a singular and very attractive place, the house being in the bottom of a large sink-hole and half buried in the foliage of apple and silver-leaved poplar trees. These, nourished by the rich soil and sheltered from the wind by the encircling hills, have attained proportions very uncommon for this part of the Cape. Some of the poplars were at least 50 feet in height and showed their tops above the crests of the hills. The apple trees were just coming into full bloom. In the garden behind the house I found Spider lily and other old-fashioned plants.

Beyond the garden is a large swamp filled with densely growing *Clitoria*, Black Alder & Blueberry bushes.

In the trees about the house Robins & Chipping Sparrows were singing. There was also an Oriole (*I. galbula*), the only one I have seen here, and numbers of Cross Blackbirds. The last named had nests in the tops of the apple trees and poplars, but were breeding in the greatest numbers among the bushes in the swamp, in company with Red-wings and Song Sparrows.

In the apple trees we saw a Black & Yellow Warbler and beneath one of them, under a grape arbor, in a bed of dandelions, feeding on the dandelion seeds, a beautiful male Nonpareil (*C. ciris*).

Mr. Small says it appeared on the 27<sup>th</sup> and has been seen daily since, always in or near the dandelion beds. It stayed until the afternoon.

1891

Mass.May 31

(No. 5)

North Tanco. - of June 2 but was apparently gone on the morning of the 3<sup>rd</sup>. It was very tame but easily startled by noise when it would fly up into the apple trees. This bird was doubtless an "escape" from one of the steamers which ply between Boston & Savannah for these vessels pass within a mile or two of Swallow's nest at this season or a little earlier. They usually carry large numbers of Housefinches consigned to the Boston dealers in live birds.

Among the most interesting birds immediately about the house were the Barn Swallows of which upwards of thirty pairs were nesting on the beams in an open barn cellar. About half the nests were supported directly by slats nailed to these beams. Some of the birds were still at work on nests in various stages from the initial to the final one. Perhaps half the nests were completed. Two pairs of Barn Swallows were breeding in the very middle of the Barn Swallow's colony the nests of the former being on one of the hills among several Barn Swallows' nests. A pair of White-bellied Swallows occupied a box on the top of an adjoining tool house and Bank Swallows were frequently passing over the trees from some sand bank not far off. There were also a few Swifts about & a Ploverbird or two. While a Chickadee had a hole nearly completed in a beam of the grape arbor. From the open fields outside the group of trees came the songs of Grass Finches & Meadow Larks.

1891

Mass.

May 31

(No. 6)

North Hero. - Soon after our arrival we strolled across the fields towards the Ice Pond, which is perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house. The fog had become so dense that on reaching the edge of the high, steep bank where the path descends to the boat house we could see only a small portion of the pond and its extension seawards. The bank is covered with dense thickets of bayberry, blueberry, black plum, wild rose etc. more or less overrun with poison ivy and a number of birds were singing here, among them Cat-birds and Yellow Warblers several of which frequent the thicket about the house. On the edge of the marsh in a willow thicket we saw a Water Thrush, two Olive-bellies, and several Maryland Yellow-Throats, the last singing. A Night-hawk, the only one seen during our stay, passed directly over us flying in over the hills. It had hardly disappeared when we heard in the distance, but evidently approaching rapidly, a loud, continuous chug-chug almost exactly like the puffing of a steam-train and presently a loon came hurtling overhead and was almost immediately lost to sight again in the fog. The sound was evidently made by his wings but I cannot remember ever hearing anything like it from a loon or indeed from any bird before. It seemed to us fully as loud as the puffing of a tug a few hundred yards off. The bird was in full breeding plumage.

The chief interest of course centered about

1891

Mass.

May 31

(No 7)

North Hero. The birds inhabiting the sea of cat-tail flags which stretched away into the mist as far as the eye could reach, giving one who, like myself, was a stranger to the place, the impression that they must be miles in extent.

That they were tenanted by innumerable Red wings and Carolina Rails was quickly evidenced by the cries of these birds which came to our ears from every side both far and near. The pumping of Bitterns was also practically incessant and every few minutes we saw one of the great birds rise and flap heavily off over the flags pursued by the Red wings. One Bittern was obliging enough to go through his interesting performance several times in plain sight of us. He seemed to be standing on top of some stalk or perhaps a smelt cat house for his entire body showed above the tallest flags. We could detect no unusual swelling of the breast.

At rather wide intervals we heard the piping notes of a Virginia Rail or the keep of a Gallinule but both these birds were either very silent or present in much smaller numbers than the Carolina Rails. Our subsequent experience supports the latter conclusion.

Besides the birds just mentioned we saw a number of Gloss Black birds flying from place to place among the flags and two smelt rats swimming across the creek near the boat house. Two Great Sandpeeps & several Spotted do. were also seen.

1891 Mass.

May 31 North Truro. - No Swamp Sparrows or Marsh Wrens  
(No. 5) were noted and we afterwards satisfied ourselves  
that neither species is found in this marsh  
at this season.

When we reached the house an Olive-backed  
Thrush was in full song in the apple trees  
and the Mourning Dove in company with them.  
Goldfinches was feeding in the dandelion bed.  
After supper we took a turn around the  
Swampy Swamp. Besides the Red-wings and  
Crows Blackbirds it contained several Song  
Sparrows and a Maryland Yellow-throat besides  
a Black-poll Warbler. A second Olive-back  
was also singing in a plantation of young  
poplars on the hillside beyond. Toads  
(Bufo fowleri), and Hylas made a ringing  
chorus as night closed in.

It seems that the Yellow-crowned Night Heron  
lately recorded (in May O. & O.) was shot by  
our host, Mr. Warren W. Small. He showed  
us the exact spot, the edge of a pool on  
the margin of the Swamp within a few rods  
of the garden gate. The bird was standing  
on the ground and was very tame.

1891

Mass.

June 1

North Truro. Cloudy and warm with S.W. wind, light during most of the day, blowing fresh towards evening.

A Redstart and at least five or six Black-polls besides commoner birds were singing about the house at day break. On going down to breakfast we found the Wren-pair still in the garden stuffing himself with the dandelion seeds.

At about 8 a.m. we started for the Est. Pond loaded down with guns, wading boots and the other necessary paraphernalia. On reaching the boat house we found a light, tight, handy boat that our host had got ready for us. It was partly decked over and proved admirably adapted to our purpose. We pushed off in it at once and explored the creeks near the landing, one after another, seeing two Carolina Rails, one of which Miller shot. The other was feeding on a bare mud flat and was very tame but we did not molest it. As it stopped it jerked up its short tail the creamy white under coverts flashing very like those of a Gallinule.

On a mud flat near the boat house Miller shot three Least Sandpipers at one discharge. The report of his gun started a Bonaparte's Sandpiper which we had not hitherto seen and which he alighted again, falling an easy victim to my gun. It was a beautiful specimen in full spring plumage.

We next followed up a long, winding creek which enters the pond on the north side. Two Night Herons came over us and Miller shot one of them but it fell in the tall flags & could



1891 Mass.

June 1  
(No 2.)

North Turo. - not to be found. A curiously pale song Sparrow flitting among the cat-tails was next secured. Its peculiar coloring induced us to go in pursuit of others which we heard singing but after listening for some we decided that our first bird was exceptional & that the average type of coloring here was in no way remarkable.

We heard a number of Carolina Rails and an occasional Virginia Rail or Gallinule but the last two species were either very silent or rather scarce. The west side of the pond has only a narrow border of flags and we skirted them without.

Seeing anything of interest I saw a ♀ Black-bone which Miller finally killed. It looked very peculiar and puzzled us both until we got it in hand.

Lunch was eaten in the boat which, meanwhile, was allowed to drift across the middle of the pond towards two small islands separated by a narrow channel and covered, like all the rest of the marshes about this pond, with cat-tails.

On reaching these islands we landed and searched them closely for nests. Finding two, a Florida Gallinule with ten eggs and a Carolina Rail with fifteen eggs, both sets so deeply & extensively stained with mud as to be scarcely recognizable. The Gallinule must have slipped off her egg when we landed for we flushed her from the water just outside the flags nearly two gunshots from the nest. She flew across the channel and alighted on the other island. The Rail was heard only.

1891. Mass.

June 1  
(No. 3)

North Truro. - On first landing we started a Belted but it was probably merely feeding, then, for no nest was found. While he was beating about a superb adult male Ruddy Duck came flying in from the pond and passed directly over me, literally within eight feet of my head, going at a wonderful rate of speed and skimming off as soon as he discovered me. His rich chestnut-red back and sides and brownish-white check patches were very conspicuous. After circling low over the water he alighted near the island but soon rose again, dropping in, the second time, near the flags on the main shore. As Miller found the brood of young close to these same islands last year we had strong hopes at first of discovering the nest but if it really was on either of the islands it was too well concealed to be detected on this occasion. The ♀ Ruddy was not seen but we found some of her feathers among the flags several yards from the edge of the open water.

There were several large Muskrat houses on this island and in two places we found the remains of an eel which had been treated in a curious manner, by Otters, our host tells us. The head and tail had been eaten off and all the flesh removed from the back bone for a space of several inches back from each extremity the middle part of the body, for six or eight inches being untouched. Otters are said to be numerous in the pond. Three were trapped last winter.

1891. Mass.

June 1  
(No. 4)

North Truro... On finishing with the islands we paddled along the ~~south~~ shore passing a chan-  
nel beach where a flock of about fifteen  
Greenbacks were feeding and then crossed to a  
large marsh at the north end of the pond.  
It was similar in character to the other  
marshes but seemed to contain more birds than  
any of them. We heard several Gallinules and  
saw one swim across a cove carrying its tail  
up. Billies were pumping lustily and flying  
from place to place; at least three differs.  
Carolina Rails were singing, one of them in an  
abnormally high key, and there were countless  
Red-wings & many Crow Blackbirds. As we  
were returning down a creek which we had  
followed to its head a Boast Billie alighted  
near us and rising again as our boat crushed  
into the flags was shot by Miller.

We now landed and spent one or two hours  
searching for nests. I soon found a Billie's  
with four eggs, flushing the bird within a few  
feet. Miller, who was about 70 yards off, started  
towards me to see my nest and, by a curious  
coincidence, flushed another Billie from her  
nest before he had gone ten yards. The second  
nest contained five eggs. I took both sets with  
the nests.

Miller found the next two nests, a Crow Blackbird  
with four eggs, built among the flags precisely  
after the manner of a Red-wing's, and a  
Florida Gallinule with seven eggs. I took the

1891 Mass.

June 1  
(No 5)

North Truro. - Blackbirds but left the Gallinules in the expectation that more eggs would be laid, a bad mistake as the legend proved. On the way back to the boat I found a second Crow Blackbirds built precisely like the first and containing the same number of eggs which I took with the nest. The Gallinules' eggs in the nest found by Miller were perfectly fresh and stains owing, probably, to the fact that the nest was surrounded by water of a foot or more in depth.

It was now nearly six o'clock so we started for home, Miller rowing. A Bonaparte's Sandpiper passed us uttering its peculiar zip, zip and finally pitching down on the sand beach where Miller shot it.

As we recrossed the pond we disturbed a flock of about thirty Herring Gulls which were floating near the windmill and saw a Fish Hawk plunge into the water and emerge with a fish. Later in the day we saw three Double-crested Cormorants flying over the pond, apparently crossing it from the bay to the ocean side. The Gulls were jumping incessantly as we left the marsh and started for the house.

1891. Mass.

June 2 North Hero.— Cloudless the sun hot but a delicious S. W. wind blowing all day, changing to W. at sunset with a thunder storm passing to the N. W. but no rain falling here.

The Nonpareil was fishing this morning at daybreak and a Wood Pewee, which must have arrived during the night, was also heard in the poplars near the house.

As we had birds to skin and notes to write we did not get off until nearly noon when we went directly to the boat house and started up the Sol Pond. By paddling a little way we managed to make the rest of the distance under sail landing, finally, at the fish weir, and wading out over the flats to a fish weir belonging to Warren Small. It was low tide and the water inside the weir or trap, only six inches to a foot in depth, was alive with fish of several kinds; flounders of three species, skates, sculpin, alewives, tailor herring and a few hettles. There were also numerous small squid and many large horse shoe crabs in pairs. The man in charge of the trap was at work baling out with a dip net the marketable fish and wantonly, as it seemed to me, impaling the sculpin, skates, and crabs with a two-tined pitchfork and flinging them out through an opening in the netting. The skates and squid were most interesting the latter changing color radically and rapidly and darting backward by means of their siphons.

1891 Mass.

June 2 North Truro. - A few Herring Gulls were circling  
(No 2) warily about the trap and two Cross-Blackbirds  
came to it and alighted on the poles. The  
latter species feeds much on the beaches and  
about the fish-houses and there can be little  
doubt that its food here consists largely of  
fish.

Miller shot three Semipalmated Sandpipers on  
the beach and I heard a Savanna Sparrow  
and Meadow Lark singing in the beach grass.

Returning to the pond we sailed across to  
the islands which we searched yesterday.  
Miller landed on the smaller one (starting  
three Bitterns from nearly the same spot)  
and tramped all over it again while I  
poled the boat around the outer belt of flags  
examining our suspicious cluster. We had a  
forlorn hope of discovering the Ruddy Duck's  
nest but failed in this; nor was the bird  
seen at all to-day.

This morning I examined the set of 15  
Carolina Rails' eggs taken yesterday and  
found that one of them was clipped and  
the young bird alive and peeping audibly.  
I accordingly took both nest and eggs back  
to the large island and replaced them  
in their original position. We heard the  
Rail call near the spot but have no means  
of telling whether she took possession of the  
nest again.

After leaving the island we crossed to the

1891 Mass.

June 2 North Truro. - ~~Sat~~ There and spent an hour or  
(No 3) more searching for nests. The marsh was like  
that around other parts of the pond but  
the walking, in places, was much better the  
ground being sandy & firm. A Plover was  
pumping at the spot where we landed and  
he with two others rose as soon as we showed  
our heads above the flags but we could  
find no nests and concluded that all three  
were merely feeding them.

The results of our search in this marsh  
were a set of seven mud-stained Carolina  
Rails' eggs and two Gallinules' nests, both  
empty, but at least one new and in good  
condition. We heard several Carolina and Va.  
Rails and found their tracks, as well as those  
of Gallinules, nearly everywhere. In fact the  
entire marsh was intersected by a perfect  
net-work of paths or run ways leading from  
one pool to the next and evidently used  
by all three of the birds just named. The  
Gallinules, however, were apparently not all  
all numerous here.

We ended the day by paddling through  
a long, sinuous creek in the marsh at the  
head of the pond and visiting the  
Gallinule's nest found yesterday afternoon.  
To our great surprise we found that two  
of the eggs had hatched. The egg shells lay  
in and below the nest and the chicks,  
both of which we took, were sprawling and

1891 Mass.

June 2  
(No. 4)

North Truro. - wriggling about on the unhatched egg, preening in feeble tones. As we approached the spot one of the Gallinules was seen swimming in the neighboring creek but it slipped over the water into the flags before we got nearly within gun-shot.

During the afternoon Gulls were constantly coming in from the sea and alighting on a high, rounded, perfectly bare sand-hill on the east side of the pond. They formed a bed which covered at least quarter of an acre and must have contained fully 300 birds. The greater number were lying down and sleeping in the warm sun or preening. They all rose at once when Miller fired a shot into a passing bunch of Peeps (Greenlets). There was one adult Black-back among them and a few Herring Gulls in nearly full plumage but at least 90% were immature birds, the majority of which were doubtless L. Smithsonianus.

During our visit to the marsh that concealed the Gallinule's nest we found two Crow Blackbirds nests similar in every way to those taken yesterday. One contained four eggs, the other five newly-hatched young. I did not molest either nest.

The veiled breeze with a fair sheet for the wind had headed into the west and blew fresh. After supper Miller shot a bat which was flying about the house & which is the only one that we have seen here.



1891. Mass.

June 3 North Ferris. - Early morning clear and warm.  
at 7 o'clock the wind started from the east  
bringing clouds and a dense fog.  
A single Black-poll singing near the house  
at sunrise. The Wood Pewee silent but seen  
in the orchard, the Throated Sparrow. As we  
were at breakfast an Orchard Oriole came  
into the poplar which contains the nest  
of green grass and sang four or five times  
uttering the Blackbird-like chuck in the  
intervals between the songs. I did not go out  
at once as I should have done and he  
soon became silent and was not afterwards  
seen or heard.

After breakfast I examined the trees about the  
house and found a Cow Blackbird's nest in  
the top of one of the apple trees and another  
high in a poplar. The birds are constantly  
flying about and alighting in these trees.  
I next climbed the hill behind the barn  
and took a short walk over the pastures.  
The turf was close-cropped by cattle & as green  
as possible everywhere. Only a few small  
bunches of Hudsonia were in sight and I  
heard but one Grass Finch.

Milton who had started for Provincetown  
in the mill wagon at 5 o'clock returned  
at 8. He reported hearing a Red-eyed Vireo  
singing in Provincetown and seeing six  
Indigo Buntings in the bay very near shore, one  
bird a fine drake. He also saw a large Seal.

1891. Mass.

June 3  
(No. 2)

North Hero. - At 8.30 we started out following a lane to the lower end of the marsh which is separated from the Ice Pond by a dyke and then keeping up the edge of this marsh for half a mile or more. There were hundreds of acres of cat-tails on our left and innumerable pools and ditches besides a broad creek which wound up the middle. In fact the place seemed even better adapted for marsh birds than the region about the pond but something essential must be lacking for we heard only our Rail and not a single Gallinule. Warren Small says that the latter species is never found here. Potters in moderate numbers were seen and heard and Miller shot a fine male which we intend dissecting in order to study the peculiar vocal (pumping) apparatus lately described by Maynard.

I killed a Black-bellied Cuckoo and heard a Cat-bird and a few Song Sparrows. A single Meadows Lark and Song Sparrow were seen besides one or two Kingbirds. The cat-tails proved absolutely inaccessible on account of the numerous broad pools and ditches which intersected the marsh at every point where we tried to enter it.

Returning we passed the boat house and climbed the ridge by a cart road starting a Blue Jay from some low bushes and seeing a Night Heron flying over the

1891 Mass.

June 3  
(No 3)

North Freetown. - pond and a muskrat swimming across the creek. Yellow Warblers were singing in the scrub.

We reached the house at 11 a. M. packed our things, dined at 12 o'clock and started for the railroad station at North Freetown at one o'clock taking the 2.20 train for Boston. As we were crossing the commons the house started two small Sparrows which looked like Yellow-wings but we did not stop to identify them. Five Crow Blackbirds were strutting about on the beach near the fish houses.

From the cars we saw near Wellfleet a pair of Carolina Doves darting off through some pitch pine woods. Miller has found them near the Highland House but none were seen either there or at High Head during this trip.

I close the present record by a brief description of the Salt Pond and its surroundings and an enumeration of the birds which we noted during our stay in North Freetown and at High Head, the local name for the bluff near Warren Smith's farm.

1891

June

North Truro, Mass.

## Description of Eel Pond Marshes. (No 1)

The Eel Pond is irregularly oblong in shape, about a mile in length by one quarter of a mile in width, and very shallow, the depth over most of its extent ranging from two to four feet but exceeding eight feet in a few portions. It is separated from Massachusetts Bay by a narrow beach ridge, from the ocean by high, rounded hills one of them perfectly bare, smooth sand, the others covered with beach grass or bushes interspersed with stunted cedars. The distance across to the ocean is said to be about half a mile. The tide originally flowed in and out through a creek connecting with the Bay but this was closed by the government in 1867 and the water soon became first brackish then fresh, the clams, crabs and other marine animals all dying in the summer of 1868 and creating a highly offensive stench. During the next two years the marshes surrounding the pond passed through several transitional stages. First they became bare, oozy, mud flats which attracted Yellow-legs, and the various *Sandpipers* which haunt our coasts, by myriads. Then tall, wild grasses sprang up in patches affording shelter for the ~~countless~~ Wilson's Snipe which were so numerous at times that fifty to seventy-five were frequently bagged by one gunner in a single day. Finally the cat-tails started and spread rapidly choking out the other growths and banishing nearly all the water except the

Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No. 2.)

1891.

June

North Truro, Mass.

Wilson's Snipe which still haunt the place in limited numbers at the proper seasons

With the Cat-tails come the Ruddy Ducks Gallinules and Rails. The first-manned birds appeared in 1870, according to Warren W. Sewall to whom I am indebted for most of the facts here given. For eight or ten years subsequent to this date a flock of about 25 birds regularly arrived from the South in April, separated into flocks and nested about the shores of the pond. During the summer broods of young aggregating at least fifty or seventy birds could be seen any day swimming about with their parents. A few were sometimes shot and sent to Boston in bunches of Plover or other waders but they were seldom molested to any serious extent. The local birds, both old and young, departed for the South late in August or early in September, after an interval of several weeks, during which few if any of them ducks were to be found in the pond, a heavy flight of more northern-bred birds would appear early in October, many lingering through the month and most of November also.

About 1880 the gunners found that Ruddy Ducks could be sold in the Boston market for the small sum of ten cents each, and the slaughter began, first the broods of summer birds, afterwards the migrants, being assailed with merciless energy. Bags of 75 birds to a single gun were often made in one day

Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No 3)

1891

June

North Freetown, Mass.

in October and this spring were slaughtered in  
great numbers before they were able to fly. The  
inevitable result followed, the breeding colony  
being quickly reduced to a few pairs and  
the migrants diminishing with corresponding  
rapidity.

The shores of the pond to-day are everywhere  
bordered by Cat-tail flags of both species, the  
broad-leaved kind predominating. On the side  
towards the beach ridge they form a mere fringe  
or belt, only a few rods in width, and along  
the base of the great, bare sand-hill the margin  
of the water is nearly or quite free from them  
as well as from other vegetation, there being a  
fine, clean sand beach much frequented by  
Plover and the various Sandpipers, but around  
most of the remainder of the pond the open  
water is separated from the rising ground at  
the bases of the encircling hills by acres upon  
acres of level marsh, once salt meadows, now  
covered with a uniform, dense and, in places,  
exceedingly rank growth of cat-tails. The surface  
of the ground is free from water but composed  
of dark-colored, sticky and excessively foetid  
mud into which the foot sinks to the knee  
at every step bringing up suddenly, however, on  
a hard bottom of sand or clay, beneath. The  
labor of withdrawing one's feet from the clinging  
mud is excessive and the foul gases which  
arise whenever the surface is stirred are nearly  
overpowering at times especially when there is no wind.

1891

June

## Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No. 4)

North Andover, Mass.

The Rails and Gallinules, however, supported on their broad feet run with ease on this yielding surface and the dense growth of flags shields them from observation and supplies innumerable congenial nesting places. Their well hidden paths or run ways, used also and perhaps in the first instance formed by the musk rats, form a perfect network over the entire marshes connecting pool with pool and opening with opening. The openings are usually small and either caused by the presence of a musk rat house or by the accumulation through natural causes of masses of prostrate flags or drift which prevent the growth of the fresh stalks. The pools are also small and singularly few in number but there are occasional creeks from two or three to twenty yards across which connect with the pond and wind and double about through the marsh affording convenient water ways usually deep enough to allow the passage of a light boat.

The mammals known to inhabit these marshes are Musk rats which are very numerous and others of which two or three are trapped every autumn and of which we saw recent signs. The latter animals are said to have appeared for the first time only five or six years ago and are believed to be increasing rapidly. They feed chiefly on eel which are numerous in the pond and grow to a large size. There are no Minks.

Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No 5)

1891.

June

North Truro, Mass.

The bird fauna is poor in number of species but rich in that of individuals. Red-wings breed among the cat-tails in swarms and with them, many Crow Blackbirds whose nests are suspended between the upright stems of the flags only a foot or so above the mud, precisely like those of their smaller relatives. Carolina Rails and Bitterns are more numerous than I have ever found them elsewhere. There are a good many Virginia Rails, also, and perhaps from twelve to twenty pairs of Florida Gallinules. The Rails and Bitterns are distributed over the entire marshes, the Gallinules, as far as we could ascertain, are confined, or at least breed, only near the edges of the pond and its connecting creeks. Besides the species just named we saw a single adult & Ruddy Duck in the pond and shot a single Least Bittern on the banks of one of the creeks.

These are the only species which we found actually breeding in the flags but Song Sparrows and Maryland Yellow throats occurred in places along their outskirts, and Savanna Sparrows & Meadow Larks in the bordering meadows of short grass. Swallows and Swifts skimmed over the pond freely, Herring Gulls visited it ~~the pond~~ to drink (?) and Catter and an Osprey fished there regularly while Spotted Sandpipers fed on the mud flats and Least, Semipalmated and Bonaparte's Sandpipers and a Greater Yellow-leg were seen either on or



Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No. 6)

1891 North Turo, Mass

June near these flats on the sand beach already mentioned.

As compared with the Fresh Pond marshes the Eel Pond and its surrounding beds of flags has two species (the Bittern and Ruddy Duck) which are wanting in the former locality and it lacks two which are numerous and characteristic there viz. the Song-billed Marsh Wren and Swamp Sparrow. The absence of the latter bird is probably due to the fact that there are no tussocks or bunches of tall dead grass, in one or the other of which it usually places its nest (I do not remember one being a Swamp Sparrow's nest in cat-tails), but why the Marsh Wrens have not settled there is difficult to understand for they nest freely in cat-tails in the Fresh Pond region. It cannot be that they have overlooked the Eel Pond for Miller finds them numerous there in early autumn but at the time of our visit there certainly was not one in the entire extent of marshes.

The cat-tail marshes about the Eel Pond are said to embrace upwards of 300 acres and their acreage is steadily increasing for the flags year by year push their outposts further and further out into the pond and sand, blown from the neighboring hills & beaches, mixed with the dead stalks of the flags and other vegetable drift to form a barre of muddy soil. At its southern extremity the Eel Pond marsh is separated by a dyke from another marsh of fully equal extent and apparently

Description of Eel Pond Marshes (No 7)

1891. North Hero, Mass.

June

Similar character save that it is longer and narrower and filled with pools and patches of rather deep water. Then, with a creek which winds through the middle like a great snake, renders the place practically inaccessible except by way of the creek to one furnished with a boat. The greater part of this marsh is covered with flags. Curiously enough it harbors but few Rails and Bitterns while there are said to be no Gallinules save in autumn when a straggler is occasionally seen. The Red-wings are quite as numerous however, as in the Eel Pond marsh. A pair of Black Ducks used to breed here regularly each season but the old birds with their young were shot early in August two years ago and were never seen since.

The Eel Pond was formerly resorted to in autumn by immense numbers of Blue-winged Teal and Goldeneyes (M. serrator) and Golden-eyes still visit it daily during the winter. Despite its slight depth and comparatively sheltered situation it is said never to freeze entirely over, a fact which no one with whom I talked was able to explain.

Geese are also killed every season in this pond. Brant pass over it in migration but none except occasional stragglers are caught.

June 31 - June 9

1. Icterus niger May 31. 5 in willows & marsh, one in cedar, one in apple tree.
2. Melospiza cinerea About 100 in garden, one in willow, one in apple tree.
3. Turdus carolinensis. In garden, one in willow, one in apple tree.
4. Harporhynchus ruber. - Oak scrub on hillside. Common in fruit.
5. Sialia sialis One in Highland Park May 31. One in small garden & hollowed log.
6. Parus atricapillus. One in small occasionally hole in side of cedar & barberry but none seen.
7. Empidonax traillii. - Highland Park & Small. Oak scrub. Small birds. Not numerous.
8. " maculosa. May 31 & June 1. One in willow & one in small.
9. " sericea. May 31 & June 1. One in willow & one in small.
10. " cooperi. May 31 & June 1. One in willow & one in small.
11. Sialia mexicana. One in willow & one in small.
12. Geothlypis trichas. - Oak scrub. Common in oak scrub on hillside & cedar & barberry. One in willow.
13. Geothlypis trichas. - One in willow & one in small.
14. Vireo olivaceus. - One in willow & one in small.
15. Phoenicurus phoeniceus. - One in willow & one in small.
16. Herodias astor. - One in willow & one in small.
17. Tachycineta thalassina. - Generally distributed but numbers numerous. One in willow & one in small.
18. Geothlypis trichas. - About 100 nests in sand. cliff Highland Park, one in small.
19. Spinus tristis. - One or two constantly in small garden feeding on sandalwood seeds.
20. Ammodramus coronatus. - Upland down among Hudsonia & in short grass but numbers few.
21. Loxia curvirostris. - Numerous in willow & one in small.
22. Spizella socialis. - In pine plantations & one about houses. Common.
23. Melospiza fasciata. - Abundant. about edges of pines, in thickets & along edges of willow & apple.
24. Vesperugo ciris. - Adult & in small garden feeding on sandalwood seeds. Appeared May 31. One in small.
25. Polioptila caerulea. - One in small garden feeding on sandalwood seeds. One in small.
26. Archaeus phoeniceus. - Cydonia mainly abundant in willow about Oak Park May 31. One in small.
27. Sturnella magna. - One in willow & one in small.
28. Colinus virginianus. - One in willow & one in small.
29. " palmarum. - One in willow & one in small.
30. Quiscalus mexicanus. - Abundant in willow. Nests found in tall poplars after rain.
31. Corvus sinuatus. - One in willow & one in small.
32. Cyanocitta cristata. - One in willow & one in small.

1891.

May 31. Sunday.

33. Tringa ... ..
34. Scolopax ... ..
35. Tringa ... ..
36. Tringa ... ..
37. Colaptes auratus ... ..
38. Ceryle alcyon ... ..
39. Coccyzus ... ..
40. Pandion carolinensis ... ..
41. Myiarchus cinerascens ... ..
42. Solamus verticillatus ... ..
43. Ardea herodias ... ..
44. Bubo virginianus ... ..
45. Strix ... ..
46. " ... ..
47. Grus ... ..
48. Tyrone ... ..
49. Actitis ... ..
50. Callus virginianus ... ..
51. Actitis ... ..
52. Sturnella ... ..
53. Grus ... ..
54. Somateria ... ..
55. Phalacrocorax ... ..
56. Gallus ... ..
57. " ... ..
58. Urinator ... ..

1891 Mass.

Oct. 8 Saugus & Revere Marshes. - Morning dark & threatening after the heavy N. E. storm of last night. Wind shifted to N. W. by 80 A. M. and the sky cleared slowly until by 6 P. M. there was hardly a cloud to be seen.

Met Foxon by appointment at Boston R. R. Station and took 9.10 A. M. train for E. Saugus (Maplewood Station).

The weather looked hopeful at first but as we started from the railroad towards the marsh the wind began coming in puffs from the N. W. and we knew we were safe. As we crossed a rocky knoll covered with thickets of sumac & cedars we ran into a very large mixed flock of small birds, apparently migrants just from the N. There were 20 or 30 Robins (many singing in undertone), 5 or 6 Cedar Birds, several Golden-crests and Yellow-rumps and a perfect swarm of Sparrows

chiefly Song Sparrows and Chipping with a few Field Sparrows and a Purple Finch or two. Down down, on the edge of the marsh, in a weed field we started a Swamp Sparrow and then or a dozen Savannahs.

After crossing the first creek we walked out on the salt marsh for half a mile or more without seeing anything save a few more Savannahs until a gunner near us started five Pectorals and a Wilson's Snipe, all at the same time, firing a long & further shot at them. They rose high in air and flew out of sight & hearing, the Snipe keeping ahead from the others. Either the same or other Pectorals were frequently seen or heard by us later.

We also saw a Golden Plover, which I called nearly within shot, three Dunlins which started wild from a creek, and two Semipalmated Sandpipers which

1891 Mass.

Oct. 8

(No 2.)

Songus & River Marshes, were feeding in a salt pond.

There was also a King-male Plover flying about high in air, whistling.

Near the middle of the Songus marsh lies a tract of boggy, treacherous ground where the grass is never cut. It was nearly to our shoulders and very dense in places. Here Faxon found Sharp-tailed Sparrows in great numbers last year at this date and it was in quest of them that we made our visit to-day. For a long time, however, we searched in vain, wading laboriously through the matted grass, knee-deep at times in mud and water, and one in imminent danger of falling into one of the innumerable concealed pools and mud holes with which the place abounded. It was exceedingly hard work, especially as there seemed at first no prospect of any substantial reward. But at length near the mouth of a creek which emptied into the main river I suddenly came upon some eight Sharp-tails sitting in the tall grass over the water. Most of them flew at once but I succeeded in shooting one which lingered a moment too long and was much pleased when Faxon, who was on the further side of the ditch where it fell, picked it up and called out that it was a typical Nelson's Sparrow, the first that I have ever killed.

We followed up the others closely driving them into the heart of the morass just described and killing two more one of which proved to be a second typical Nelson's.

1891

Mass

Oct. 8

(No 3)

Saugus & Revere Marshes... We also shot down two which we could not find.

At little further on we came upon another little flock and secured several more. One was canadensis, the others inclining towards nelsoni. I killed them by their flying.

All the Sharp-tails which we saw in this locality were unusually shy starting, even when the grass was very tall & dense, from 30 to 50 yds. ahead of us and often taking long flights. Usually it was not necessary to beat about much for them and in no instance did they lie really closely. They showed some curiosity and frequently climbed up into the tops of the grass to keep on us, especially when we resorted to "creeping". They chirped feebly at times, much in the tone characteristic of most of the American Sparrows. We saw perhaps 20, certainly not more than 25, in all. None of those secured were really typical subrigatus.

Crossing to the Salem trolley we lunched on an old hay cart. After lunch we entered the Revere marshes and beat our way to Oak Island seeing only one Sharp-tail, a typical canadensis which I shot. There were a few Savannas here. In the Oak Island woods we found several Golden-crests and a Hermit Thrush but nothing else.

We next tried the large creek N.E. of Oak Island where Dwight and I bagged a goodly number of Sharp-tails a few years ago. There was a

1891. Mass.

Oct. 8  
(No. 4)

Saugus & Rose Marshes. broad belt of recent ledge on each side of the creek and the tide was high but we flushed only three birds, shooting two of them. One proved to be typical subnigatus, the other a slightly aberrant Canadaensis with the crown and nape beautifully variegated with grayish white.

Our last bat was through the marsh where Canadaensis breeds. Here we found an abundance of birds scattered along the large creek in the recent ledge but all appeared to be true Canadaensis and after shooting three and inspecting several others through our glasses we left the birds & their immediate. The apparent absence of any representations of the more northern forms convinced us that these birds were members of the breeding colony which we left here last spring. I am surprised to find that they stay so late. One of the three which we shot was colored almost precisely like the partial albinos above described and must have come from the same brood. He noticed that the true Canadaensis were much tamer and more confiding than either albino or subnigatus.

During the day we flushed two Carolina Rails, one in the Saugus marsh, the other near Oak Island. We saw about a dozen Tit Larks, a Kingfisher, a good many Crows (one flock of at least forty) & an immature Herring Gull. There was also a small flock of Meadow Larks near Oak Island. Some of the latter were



1891. Mass.

Oct. 8 Jagers & Lesser Marshes. Singing loudly and freely.  
(No 5) It was delightful to hear them after any long  
absence in England.

We half expected to find White Bellied Swallows  
on these marshes but none were observed.  
Savanna Sparrows were generally distributed over  
the salt marshes, usually occurring in small  
flocks, but they were not so numerous as I  
had expected to be there.

The ancient grass on the marshes was of a  
rich russet color, the portions which have been  
mown of the brightest and most perfect green.  
The young grass being about inches high and  
apparently growing rapidly. A species of *Gerardia*  
with lavender blossoms occurred in many places  
and patches of brilliant yet rather pale scarlet  
were supplied by the *Samolium*. It was interesting  
to find that even these salt marshes are not  
devoid of the burning tints which prevail in  
the woodlands at this season.

On nearly the whole extent of marsh which  
we traversed we were surprised to find hen's eggs  
scattered profusely. In many places long wind-  
rows of them stretched indicated the latest  
high water mark while the surface of the  
turf was dotted with them. We saw several  
crates nearly full of these eggs floating up the  
creeks with the tide. Probably they came from  
some vessel wrecked or foundered off the coast.  
We saw many thousands in all.

I reached the Almy's in Cambridge at 6.30 P. M.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 13 Sandy Hook to 200 miles E. - Clear and warm.  
Wind S. W. light falling to dead calm at sunset.

Sailed from New York at 10 a.m. to-day  
with C. F. A. & E. R. S. in steamship "Etherea".  
A few Petrels (Oceanites oceanica) came about  
us as we passing Sandy Hook bar but none  
was seen further than about 20 miles from  
land. These were literally the only birds noted  
during the day. I had expected to see at  
least a few Gulls and Shearwaters but none  
appeared.

In the afternoon we passed within 100 yds.  
or less of four large fish swimming lazily  
just below the surface with dorsal fins  
exposed. Two of them showed two dorsal  
fins each and were, I think, Sharks. The  
other two appeared to have but one dorsal  
each and were perhaps Sword Fish.

We passed two inward and two outward  
bound Steamers, on the "Arizona".

Sunset... Dead calm the water broken only  
by slight irregular undulations its surface  
opalescent and tinted with gold and  
crimson to the westward, eastward soft  
French gray with dull rose and violet  
tints. No birds in sight.

No motion whatever to the ship and every one  
feeling perfectly well.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 14 Lat.  $40^{\circ}50'N$ . Lon.  $64^{\circ}33'W$ . Run 424 miles from Sandy Hook light-ship (Noon observation).

A. M. Cloudless; wind N.W. strong. Sea dark blue, white capped.

I spent most of the morning on deck. At about 9.30 saw two small Petrels, apparently Oceanites oceanica. At 10.20 four Puffini smaller, as it seemed to me, than P. major but of the same form and color, passed within 200 yards of the Steamer skimming close to the water following the undulations of the waves, alternately flopping and tailing, and flying very rapidly.

P. M. Clouds gathering the wind falling and shifting to N.E. Air cooler. No birds except Oceanites oceanica which were seen at frequent intervals up to sunset. No fish, whales, nor porpoises.

Passed a large bark Steaming S. at about 7 P.M. and a Steamer at 9.30 P.M. signalling the latter with Roman candles.

Our Steamer was absolutely steady all day and all the passengers continue free from sea-sickness.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 15 Lat.  $41^{\circ} 35' N.$  Lon.  $54^{\circ} 33' W.$  Run 451 miles.

A. M. High-floating, broken clouds, steel gray sea nearly calm but with moderate, irregular swells.

On deck constantly from 7.30 A. M. to 1 P. M. Mother Carey's Chickens continually in sight, often five or six at once, flying about precisely like Swallows, now & then one floating on the water. They avoided the steamer rarely coming within 100 yds. and were following the water. They appeared smaller and blacker with less white at the base of the tail than the birds seen yesterday and the day before, and their flight seemed stiffer & less graceful. I suppose they were Procellaria pelagica.

At 10 A. M. we passed three dark, unicolorated Puffins sitting on the water and at noon a fourth flying about. These were doubtless all Puffinus stricklandi.

12 M. to 1 P. M. The small Petrels above mentioned were literally in swarms during this hour. Four or five Puffinus major also noted.

P. M. Fresh N. E. breeze after 3 o'clock with rising sea. Clouds rolling up in the E. like a curtain and the sun finally appearing.

2-4 o'clock. Only one small Petrel. At 3.45 several Porpoises of medium size and a Petrel about as large as Puffinus major with similar narrow wings and low soaring flight but with a big head, short stout bill and generally light

1891. Atlantic Ocean

June 15 Lat.  $41^{\circ} 35' N.$  Long  $54^{\circ} 33' W.$

(No 2) bluish gray coloring. It came within 500 yds. and then turned off wandering about in an aimless way until lost to sight. I have not doubt that it was a Fulmar - the first I have ever seen living.

Sunset - Sky filled with gorgeously-colored clouds - gold, orange and later predominating. Sea calm but undulating. A few small Petrels (*Pterodroma pelagica*?) and many Shearwaters flying about. I counted eight of the latter in sight at once.

Nearly all were *Puffinus* ~~vexill~~ with a few *P. thicklandi*. They and the little Mottled Gulls followed the undulations of the sea so closely that they kept appearing & disappearing above and behind the swells.

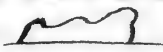
The cloud effects to-day were very strange and impression. There was for hours a space, slowly widening, of clear blue sky in the East and at the same time in the North a line, miles in length, of enormous clouds lying along the horizon and resembling ice-bergs or snow-capped mountains rising out of the sea. They were variously mistaken by the passengers for ice bergs, sails and the smoke of steamers. They were probably far beyond the horizon and at a considerable height above the sea.

More motion to-day but few passengers seriously affected. Passed three steamers bound W.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 16 Lat. 43° 15' N. Lon. 45° 0' W. Run 431 miles.

A.M. Clear sky and dark blue sea with breeze, rather fresh N.W. wind this increasing and the sea rising as the day wore on until by evening the ship was rolling heavily. A colorless ~~horizon~~.

The Steward called us at 5.30 a.m. to see an ice berg. It was on the front side about two miles off and was wholly pure white, not glistening, even when the sun glamed on its sides, but dead white and looking as if crusted with haze from base to summit. The officers measured it with their instruments and reported that it rose 180 feet out of water and was about 300 ft. in length. The general shape was  It did not roll over more perceptibly in any way. A second and apparently much smaller berg which we passed two hours later was shaped like a truncated cone. It did not appear to rise more than 40 ft. above the sea but it may have been higher for it was seen ten or fifteen miles off.

Spent most of the day on deck. A westward bound steamer passed within two miles and a bark steering S. was seen still further off. Birds were decidedly scarce. I saw only four small Petrels three of which appeared to be Oceanites oceanica. The fourth looked twice as large as the others and had a different flight - very swift and erratic. I took it to be a Pterodroma pelagica.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.  
June 16 Lat.  $43^{\circ} 15' N$ . Lon  $45^{\circ} 0' W$ . (at noon).  
(No. 2)

At about noon a Fulmar came within 75 yds. of us giving us a fine view. It appeared to be wholly of a light ashy gray color which in some lights looked nearly white. Flight precisely like that of a Puffin.

At 7.30 P. M. while standing in the bow I suddenly saw a bird swimming directly in our path. The cut water of the ship was certainly within ten yards of it when it took wing, first running a short distance on the surface then going off before the wind alternately flapping and sailing easily in the manner of the Greater Shearwater. It was scarce half as large as Puffinus major but similar in "build" with black or blackish crown, a white collar around the neck, mottled brown & grayish back, dark wings with all the quills white tipped, and white belly. I have never seen anything just like it before.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 17 Lat.  $46^{\circ}35'N$ . Lon.  $35^{\circ}24'W$ . Run 453 miles

A. M. clear with rather strong N. W. winds and long, regular swells which made the ship roll heavily. Clouds gathering in P. M. and wind shifting to S. W. with light showers towards evening and a cloudy sunset.

A "tramp" *Phaenice* brand E. which we passed about noon was the only vessel of any kind met with to day. In the afternoon E. A. S. saw two *Phaloe* sporting in the distance.

There has been a marked change in bird life since yesterday. To day no small *Petrels* ("Mother Carey") have been seen and I think no Greater Shearwaters but large *Petrels* of the same kind as the bird noted late last evening have been numerous during the entire afternoon as many as two or three (even more) being in sight most of the time. A large proportion of them, despite the roughness of the sea, were sitting on the water such as were in our path rising only at the last moment when the *Phaenice* was nearly upon them. I had a good view of several through my glass within 50 yds. They were much smaller than *P. major* and of somewhat different "build", the body shorter and stouter, the wings shorter and broader although equally pointed and during flight held in the same stiff, flat manner at right angles with the long axis of the body.



1891 Atlantic Ocean.

June 17 Lat.  $46^{\circ} 35' N.$  Long.  $35^{\circ} 24' W.$

(No. 2) and without band or "lopi" at the carpal joint. All had broad conspicuous white collars around the neck and white-tipped wing quills. The cap, back and wings appeared to be brown with darker mottling on the back appreciable only when the bird was near. The belly was pure white. I did not get a good view of the breast but it seemed to be brown. The flight although performed in the same manner as that of *P. major* was heavier and more direct. The bird seldom doubling or quartering as does *major* on most occasions. It frequently followed the undulations of the waves closely in the manner of most *Procellariidae*.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 18 Lat.  $49^{\circ} 32' N$ . Lon.  $29^{\circ} 0' W$ . Run 454 miles.

Warm, the wind S. E. and rather fresh, the sea white capped the sun shining most of the forenoon but the afternoon cloudy with driving mist. The steamer rolled heavily at times and at least two steamer chairs with their occupants were overthrown.

I was on deck rather less than usual and did not see a bird of any kind during the day. C. & E. R. S. who were on the watch for me most of the afternoon reported only one, a Mother Carey's Chicken, they said, similar to those which have been seen of late and probably *Procellaria pelagica*.

The almost total absence of bird life to-day may have been apparent rather than real for it is difficult to see even the larger Petrels when the surface of the water is broken and the air obscured by mist. Still they cannot have been at all numerous for I devoted considerable time at intervals to searching for them.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 19 Lat.  $51^{\circ} 14' N$ . Lon  $13^{\circ} 30' W$ . Run 451 miles

A. M. clear and warm with light S. E. wind. Sea deep blue, rough & hilly with small waves but no white caps and steamer going steadily.

P. M. foggy and calm. We reached Lunenburg at 11.30 P. M.

From 9.30 to 10.30 A. M. the ocean was literally alive with birds all apparently of the same species as those seen on the 17<sup>th</sup>. They were scattered about everywhere in flocks of from four or five to two hundred or more the usual number being forty to fifty. For a full hour (during which our swift steamer covered fully twenty miles) we were never once out of sight of them and ordinarily from two to four or five flocks could be seen at once time in different directions. After 10.30 this number decreased rapidly and not a single bird was noted after 11 A. M. Most of them were sitting on the water the larger flocks forming solid bars or lines like those of "bedded" flocks. As the steamer approached they would usually rise some half-a-mile or more off to one side, others close under the bows, clearing the water with difficulty after a vigorous use of both feet and wings and making off with low, heavy yet without swift strong and direct flight resembling, as I watched it to-day, that of a White Ibis or Oyster Catcher rather

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 19 Lat. 51° 14' N. Lon 13° 30' W.

(No 2) than the lighter, more aimless flight of the Greater Shearwater to which I have previously compared it. Some birds on attempting to rise would strike the top of a wave and drop discouraged into the water again. Others perhaps panic-stricken or more probably miscalculating the speed at which we were moving flew directly against the side of the ship in the vain effort to pass across our bows. Still others sitting with wings spread and heads raised allowed us to pass within a few rods or even yards without flying. I had many birds within twenty-five or thirty feet and noted their color and markings accurately as follows:

Cape slaty; back and wings plain, faded brown the primaries black or nearly so with much white near their tips, the secondaries perhaps narrowly tipped with also; upper and under tail coverts brown; tail dark brown or blackish with a broad sub-terminal band of white and a terminal dark bar about an inch wide; a conspicuous and broad collar of white extending quite around the neck behind; under parts pure white save on the under tail coverts and the sides of the breast where the brown of the back extending down below the bend of the folded wing formed a narrow dark bar; slaty of cape descending just below the eye but the sides of the head and neck below this from white.

1891. Atlantic Ocean.

June 19 Lat. 51° 14' N. Lon. 13° 30' W.

(No 3) Bill long, slender and uniformly black or nearly so. I am now convinced that this Petrel is a small species of Puffinus\* I saw only one small Petrel (probably Procellaria pelagica) among the hordes of Puffini just described and two others, apparently of the same species, killed in the day. As we rounded the Irish coast I watched carefully for Gulls and Terns but not one came in sight.

A large school of Porpoises gambolled about us for a short time but they found this match for speed in the Etnesia which slowly but steadily drew ahead of them. This fixes the speed of the Porpoise (this species, a small light greenish animal, at least) at something less than twenty miles per hour the rate at which we were moving.

\* While in London I examined the fine collection of Petrels at the British Museum without finding anything which matched closely the species above mentioned. Nor could Mr. Salvin, the great authority on this group, name it from my description. It certainly was not P. anglossium which, among other discrepancies, lacks the white nuchal collar. My birds resembled P. major most closely in general color and markings but the differences which they showed in size and form were too great to be ignored or reconciled.

1891. England.

June 20 Irish Channel - Liverpool.

Cloudless but with a dense <sup>hazy</sup> fog or thin fog which obscured everything more than a few hundred yards away. Day warm.

Forenoon spent running up the Irish Channel no breeze, no swell, no birds except a few Herring Gulls following the steamer and collecting quickly over her wake when food was thrown on-board.

Crossed the bar at the mouth of the Mersey at 1 P.M. and reached Liverpool two hours later.

Gulls seen in increasing numbers all the way up the river, very tame flying low over the tugs and even entering the narrowest docks. Near the landing they were about as numerous as in Boston Harbor in winter from ten to thirty or forty being constantly in sight. I recognized four species, the Herring, Lesser Black-back, Little Black-head and Mew Gull. The Little Black-head outnumbered all the others combined, in fact was by far the most abundant & characteristic, as well as beautiful and familiar species. Of the Lesser Black-backs & Mew Gulls I saw only three or four each.

The first & only land bird thus far seen is the House Sparrow. There were two males in the Custom House chattering & squeaking among the rafters. Their notes were shriller than those of one bird!

1891. England

June 21 Liverpool. Cloudless but very hot & breezy.  
Uncomfortably warm in the sun, just pleasantly  
cool in the shade.

To the Botanic Gardens at 2 P.M. They are  
attractively and tastefully laid out. Tall hedges  
of hawthorn separate areas of turf studded  
with flower beds. The turf is almost wholly  
free from weeds (I saw only one Plantain leaf),  
very dense and soft and sprinkled with  
daisies and buttercups in places. There were  
trees mostly hawthorns bearing pink flowers  
in clusters or single large white flowers.  
The foliage of these & other trees is dark  
& sooty, probably smoke stained. Pink-flowering  
rhododendrons abundant. The loam in the  
flower beds is precisely like that at home.

House Sparrows appeared to be the only small  
birds in these gardens. They were less numerous  
than in our Mass. cities. Their notes are  
certainly shriller and more chirpy than those  
of the American bird and the female appears  
to be much more brightly colored & handsomely  
marked looking like a dull male.

Saw my first Rooks here, about a dozen birds  
which rose from a field & alighted in a row on  
a wall. They were perfectly silent & reminded me  
of Fish Crows.

Neither Butterflies nor Frogs seen in these gardens.  
Later we went to the "Dingle" a suburban street  
the houses surrounded by large gardens & trees & clambering.

1891. England

June 22 Liverpool. Cloudless but hazy, still and warm.

At Liverpool Museum 3 to 4.15 P.M.  
Three Labrador Ducks ♂ ad ♀ ad and ♂ ? juv. no  
locality, all fairly good specimens arranged in  
group on rock.

Agelaius phoeniceus, "North America." ♂ ad, with  
chin & upper part of throat pale rose color, the  
occiput & right cheek mottled with white;  
— a curious specimen.

The collection of British Birds is very fine. These  
are mounted in groups, each containing only  
a single species in a case by itself, with accessories  
usually simple & effective. Much glass is used to  
represent water with excellent effect, ripples &  
wings being blown in the glass. A group usually  
contained five or six and frequently a dozen  
or more birds of various ages from the chick  
up — besides the nest & eggs. The water birds  
were especially good. In many of the cases  
large photographs of colonies of breeding birds  
such as Gannets, Murres, Gulls, Cormorants etc.  
were exhibited with the specimens; a capital  
idea. The taxidermist work on this collection  
was done by a Mr. Reynolds of Liverpool who  
did several years ago. It is, on the average,  
far above anything that we can show in  
American museums. Conventions have been  
discarded and the most daring things attempted,  
usually with success. Nearly all the groups  
contain one or more flying birds suspended by



1891 England

June 22 Leicester - fine or hidden wires. This is  
(No 2) done fully even among the Ducks.

The collection is also strong in Pheasants and  
Barnard Birds mounted in pairs and groups  
each species by itself with accessories such as  
grass, bones etc. The Mound Duckings are  
shown with a model of a mound the top  
chipped off to expose the upper layer of eggs.  
The entire collection is arranged systematically  
but most of the exotic species are on plain  
wooden stands & not in groups.

The collection of mounted mammals is good  
and the condition of the specimens excellent.  
Indeed they are quite as well mounted as  
the birds.

June 22  
(hp 3)

Chester. Clear and warm, becoming cool with light breeze.

I left Liverpool for Chester by the 5 P.M. train. After passing through a succession of tunnels and a wide belt of suburbs we were at English fairly in the country and I had my first sight at English fields, meadows, woods, lanes and hills. The field were far more extensive than I had expected and reminded me somewhat of those in our Connecticut valley but everything was really very different. There were great stretches of mowing alternating with grain and potato fields. The grass in the mowing fields is unlike ours. It is shorter, finer, and much denser, more like the fine fine-like grass of our salt meadows but taller than this. It was almost wholly free from weeds although I saw a little white-weed in places and some remarkably tall burreed. There were occasional patches of wild mustard in the oak fields.

The railroad embankments were all covered with grass like the fields, no bare sandy or clayey banks as at home. Wild pansies, red clover, English daisies and bird's-foot trefoil in bloom in great profusion on all these slopes.

Birds were flying about over these fields, nearly all total strangers to me. One mounting with waving flight I took for a Skylark. Others in flocks about cattle in pastures were perhaps Starlings. A big-headed Plover-like bird sitting alone in the middle of a field was probably a Lapwing. I saw and positively the Blackbird, Rook, Chiming Swallow, and Swift. Once the train stopped & I heard strange bird voices on all sides in the hedge rows.

1891.

England

June 22 Cheshire. The ride I saw about as many birds as would be seen within a similar space under similar conditions at home. I had expected to see many more.

I found C. & E. R. S. at lodgings at "19 White Friars, Chester. After dinner I walked down the narrow street pausing to watch the Swifts which were flying overhead in great numbers. Their flight is much less rapid & erratic than that of our bird, but generally similar in character. The shape of the wings is the same but the tail is long & forked. Colors almost exactly the same. The note recalls our Cedar Birds with the metallic quality and emphasis of the King Bird's added. Near the end of the street a dozen or more of these Swifts were whirling about a low brick building occasionally sweeping upward and alighting just under the projecting eaves where they clung against the perpendicular wall. Some House Sparrows were peeping out at them from a row of crevices. None of the Swifts entered these crevices & I could not make out what they were at.

There were several Roost's nests in elms in a garden but no Roosts. No small birds seen or heard except House Sparrows which were numerous everywhere but less so than in Cambridge.

Crossed the Dee by the Grosvenor Bridge. A great oblong field below on the right thronged thickly with cows and boys playing cricket. I could hear no birds except Swifts. Just beyond the bridge I left the street, descended & crossed a deep wooded ravine & ascended the slope beyond. A Thrasher-like song coming from somewhere in the distance. Followed up the

1891.

Bedford.

June 22  
(1891)

Chester. Sound, lost it, then heard it coming from several points at once. I was now in a broad street shaded by a double row of horse chestnuts in full bloom with gardens and shrubbery on both sides, the houses, all of brick overrun with ivy, about as numerous as near my place in Cambridge. The birds were singing in the horse chestnuts, over directly over me. I tried in vain to get a sight at them. Song much like our Thrasher's but more broken and with more apparent mimicry. I recognized it at once as that of the Song Thrush. Burroughs describes it well. I asked a countryman, a boy, an old man and two young men what the birds that were singing were but not one could tell me certainly although all agreed that they were either Blackbirds or Thrushes. There were positively no other bird voices except those of the Swifts which just at sunset collected in a swarm and whirled about in a great circle high in air as described by Gilbert White. Once I thought I heard a Barn Swallow's note. Saw a Heron, probably from the Eaton Park heronry, fly over in the gloaming heading towards the sea. Heard no crickets, frogs, toads or other voices. Saw a small white moth. The air was damp but warm, a light wind in the trees. It was broad daylight at 9 P.M. and light enough to read coarse print at 9.40.

I did not return to the house until 10 P.M. when the sky was still bright in the west.

1891.

June 23

Clear and warm with strong breeze. Evening cloudy with a dash of rain about 8 o'clock.

A Robin-like song at intervals in the early morning somewhere behind the house. Some of the notes very like our Robin's but the strain not continuous but with long intervals of silence between each set of eight or ten notes. I suspect the bird to have been an English Blackbird.

Spent the day shopping and visiting the Cathedral. Swifts in great numbers about the latter and doubtless nesting in some of the crevices of the walls.

Took a short walk just after the shower in the evening. Hoped to see Frogs and Salamanders out in the gardens but not a sign of either. Near the foot of Gray Knies heard a bird making a great racket. Among various strange harsh or guttural calls it occasionally interpolated a pip very like our Robin's & I felt sure it must be a Blackbird which proved to be the case. It was sitting on the top of a chimney. Yellow bill and wholly black plumage, a striking bird. Scarcely had I got a good sight at it than it started with a laughing cry almost precisely like that of our Robin when it talks away and plunged into some thicket. I heard a few more calls but it would not stop.

The Swifts are fine birds, as large as our Purple Martins. They literally swarm over this town. They do not cover nearly as much space as our birds but sail, float & circle long over our spot.

June 24 Chester. - Morning sunny and warm. Afternoon lulling with a succession of thunder showers, each very short the rain less heavy, the peals of thunder less crashing and reverberating than in America.

At 8 P.M. I took the tram cars out of town over the Grosvenor bridge. There were many swifts flying low over the houses and I saw one skim down the street close to the pavement and turn suddenly into a narrow alley.

I left the car near the entrance to Eaton Park. Four large streets besides the Park avenue came together here forming a sort of square. On two sides there are groves of rather large trees with open, grassy ground beneath, on the third side a thick plantation of oaks, lindens and maples with dense undergrowth, on the fourth side Eaton Park with tall trees in groups and rows and much ornamental shrubbery. The foliage was exceedingly dense. The air was fresh and damp after the recent showers and laden with spring odors. There was not a breath of wind. The sun shone dimly through the mist that hung over the landscape and finally set in a cloud. Altogether it was a perfect evening for bird singing and the birds appreciated and acted upon this fact.

The air fairly rang with their voices. From far and near and on every side came chips, calls and songs all strange to me. I did not feel sure even of the song thrush after I caught one of the songs on the

June 24 Chester. - act as he had hight up in a linden  
(no 2) on a horizontal branch, and saw plainly through  
my glass that he was a Blackbird. After a  
little, however, I disentangled the songs of these  
two species and became reasonably sure of them.  
The Thrush has much the louder and more  
penetrating voice and his performance is more  
brilliant and varied. It is however, less sweet  
& musical to my ears. The <sup>song</sup> bears a marked  
resemblance to that of our Throater and the notes  
- at least many of them - are similarly given in  
threes. Some of the notes sound like imitations of  
those of other birds. These Song Thrushes were  
literally swarming here. There a pair were constantly  
in hearing at once wherever I went.

The Blackbirds were less numerous but still very  
common. They are delightful singers. The notes  
are <sup>not</sup> given in a continuous series like those of  
our Robin, <sup>but in disconnected series.</sup> Some of them recall the Robin's song  
but there is no close resemblance. The performance  
as a whole is inferior to that of our bird. The  
notes are more confused and less full and  
rounded. The bird sings <sup>at intervals of 3 or 4</sup> ~~numerous~~ at a time ~~often~~  
~~without~~ <sup>without</sup> stopping. Sometimes it would fill the  
intervals between two song periods with a medley  
of loud calls and chirps among which the  
prip and laughing flight-note of M. migratoria  
were very closely duplicated.

An unseen bird at the top of a tall oak  
uttered, at frequent intervals a loud, metallic,  
exceedingly monotonous & unmusical song which

June 24 (No 3) Chatter, - sounded like chee-chit-chee-chit-chee-chit,  
chit-chit-chit-chit-chit. Of course it could  
 have been nothing other than a Chiff chaff.

At wider intervals and more irregularly a strong,  
 sweet, flowing song came from the interior of  
 the woods. In general character it resembled  
 the song of our Orchard Oriole and some of the  
 notes were practically identical. I took the  
 author to be a Chaffinch (see Burroughs Impressions)

Twice in some dense shrubbery very near me  
 I heard a song that recalled our Winter Wren.  
 It had the same jinking, lyrical quality but  
 was shorter and less luxuriant. The bird must  
 have been either a Wren or a Redbreast.

A Ring Dove cooed many times in  
 succession, at brief intervals, on the edge of  
 some dense woods giving the notes precisely  
 as I have heard them from caged birds.  
 (Coo, coo-hoo-hoo). Its voice was hoarse and  
 characterless compared to that of our Carolina  
 Dove.

There were several other songs which I  
 did not succeed in identifying and which  
 made no lasting impression on me. One,  
 I remember, resembled that of our Goldfinch  
 and may have been the song of the  
 European Sparrow.

High in an oak on the end of a dead  
 branch sat a little bird which I identified  
 by my class as a Spotted Flycatcher. Its  
 short flights up and out after passing moments





1891.

June 24 (no 5) Chester. At the height of the bird concert this evening I was struck by two points of difference between what I heard and what one would hear under similar conditions in almost any part of America. The first is that while there were quite as many birds singing at once as one would be likely to hear anywhere at home the number of species represented was very much less. Thrushes, Blackbirds, Chiff chaff, Wrens<sup>?</sup>, Chaffinches<sup>?</sup>, and two or three (not more) unknown. The Thrushes and Blackbirds made up fully three fourths of the choir. The second point of difference is that all the voices were loud and ringing. There were none, for example, which could be fairly compared with those of our Vireos and Warblers, no low soft trills or warbles, nothing of the spiritual character such as is represented by the song of our Hermit Thrush and Bachman's Finch.

A roughly dressed man whom I met told me much about the birds of the region. He says there are no Nightingales. One was reported last year in some woods near an inn not far from Chester and hundreds of people went to hear it but at length it transpired that the innkeeper had hired a man who could imitate the bird very closely and this fellow night after night concerted himself in the top of a dense tree and delighted the numerous people who were taken to the place to hear the rare bird.

1901.

June 25 Chester.. Cloudy with low hazing, dark sky and heavy rain, coming in showers some of them accompanied by very tame thunder & lightning.

At 8 P.M. I went to Grosvenor Park which lies in the heart of the city on the banks of the Dee. It is beautifully laid out with winding walks bordered by shrubbery and flowers, with occasional trees scattered about or planted in clumps, and extensive lawns. Along the river bank and about the picturesque ruins of St. John's church there are many tall, old lindens.

I found at least three different Thrushes singing here and got a good view of one of them as he sat on the topmost twig of a hawthorn. He is the first that I have seen and by far the best singer that I have yet heard. The Thrush is certainly a fine singer. I rate him above the Brown Thrasher and next below the Mockingbird. He has much more variety than the former and is less of a mimic than the latter (I am not sure that he imitates other birds at all). No bird that I have ever heard before utters his notes with such clearness and precision. Much variation in the song of different birds.

There was also a Blackbird singing, sitting on the topmost spray of a low tree. The song lacks spirit and emphasis but is very sweet & musical. It reminds me by turns of the Hooded Merganser, Olive-backed Thrush and Scarlet Tanager. It is about as long as that of the best named bird. It has as Burroughs says a "doler far niente quality". The bird seems to be in a reverie. Different individuals sing nearly alike.

## Eaton Park

1891.

June 26 Chester. Early morning sunny; middle of day cloudy and threatening; light showers in late afternoon with fitful gusts of wind. A clear sunset.

To Eaton Park by cab at 2 P. M., Mr. Newstead with me. The avenue from the lodge gate to the Hall is said to be nearly 3 miles in length. It winds slightly and is a broad, smooth, hard road bordered by shrubbery, beds of flowers, lawns, and extensive woods, the last dense and natural looking with thick undergrowth. The most numerous and characteristic trees were English oaks, lindens, sycamore maples, English elms, witch elms, and Scotch pines with a mixture of hawthorn and mountain ash.

Soon after entering the park we began to see Rabbits scattered about singly and in little groups on the lawns near the wood edges into which they transferred as we advanced for, contrary to my preconceived impressions, they are very shy. I was also surprised at their close resemblance to our Lepus sylvaticus. They are of about the same color, their ears do not appear much longer, and they run in the same manner and quite as swiftly their white-lined tails flashing at each bound. Most of those that we saw were young about two-thirds grown and of about the same size as a full grown L. sylvaticus. The old rabbits were somewhat larger. They have a habit of sitting erect on their hind legs, when they are on the watch for danger.

Soon after passing the second or inner gate we saw three Pheasants, all males, feeding in the middle of a lawn. They looked much

1901.

June 26 Chicks as large as Turkeys and moved in much the same manner as Turkeys do when feeding on grasshoppers. It passed within 100 yds. without alarming them.

Within this inner gate rabbits were simply running. The turf was studded with them and they were sending for their holes in droves at times.

Near the Hall at least 100 Fallow Deer were feeding entirely unrestrained by any enclosure. They kept closely together in bands of 15 to 30 each. The bucks had horns in the velvet. There were two so-called black individuals — really of a slaty mouse color. There was much variation in the color of the others; some were profusely spotted with white, others plain fawn color. They allowed me to approach within about 20 yds. then made off rapidly some trotting, other bounding. They are plumper, more graceful animals than our deer. less mischievous & angular in shape <sup>than</sup> those of Roman monuments.

During this drive we saw & heard a great many small birds but identified nothing save Thrushes, Blackbirds, Starlings, Robins and Rustlers.

In front of the Hall I saw my first Wagtail (the Pied Wagtail) a graceful, long tailed bird walking about on a gravelled path. Its gait recalled that of our Titlark and it wagged its tail similarly but much less frequently. Colors black & white.

I also saw my first Jackdaws here, four or five of them swooping about a building, finally alighting in a tree. Their notes are most

1891.

Wednesd

June 26 Chester - an Corvin in character varying from a whistle (phen) to a deep keough very like that of our Green Heron. Their flight is dashing and erratic.

Swallows in large numbers were skimming close over the lawn and flying about the gable ends of the stable and out-house where nearly every suitable ledge or niche supported one of their nests those being built under the eaves or other projections of the roof precisely in the manner of our Barn Swallows. The bird's flight call and musical twitter are in every way exactly the same as those of H. cyathogaster. There was one House Martin's nest plastered against a vertical stone wall but it was occupied by a House Sparrow.

Following a winding walk shaded by large trees and bordered on one side by a wall covered with ivy we entered the garden. Thrushes were singing on every side; we saw a little family party of them or four Marsh Tits which chirped very like our Parulae; in the tree-tops Willow Warblers were singing. The last are beautiful singers which I heard here for the first time. I also saw my first Robin by this garden wall a singularly tame, mild-eyed, confiding little creature which permitted an approach to within two or three yards. Its note was a sharp, metallic chirp almost if not quite identical with that of our Cardinal. I did not hear the song on this occasion.

The gardener took us through several walled enclosures filled with greenhouses and flower beds with apple trees trained on trellises and

1891.

June 26 Chuska. - pear trees clipped to resemble bee hives. The  
(70) pear trees bore half-grown fruit and blossoms on the same tree.

There were no birds in these gardens except Thrushes and despite the profusion of flowers, no butterflies, nor bees.

After passing around the Hall (a modern palace of rather ugly design) we came out on a lawn and crossing it followed a drive way down a steep slope to a pond. On the way I saw my first Mead. Thrush, a bird nearly as large as a Pigeon, with coarsely spotted breast. It was feeding on the turf and hopped in a bounding, rather awkward manner.

The pond proved to be a long, narrow, winding sheet of water covered in places with lily pads and Polygonum (the latter in full bloom, its purple heads very like those of the Utricularia species) and bordered by a thin fringe of tall sedge & rushes. There did not seem to be nearly cover enough for Gallinules yet we saw two of these birds here and another further on. One was walking about on the turf several yards from the water to which it ran quickly, the other two swam across the pond. All three looked exactly like our species save that the red frontal patch appeared smaller and less vividly colored. They acted very shy. Newstead tells me they dive nearly as adroitly as Grubers. It seemed difficult to explain their disappearance in any other way for the rushes were sometimes thick enough to conceal them.

1891.

June 26  
(No 5)

Chesler. There were two Mute Swans (tame birds of course) in this pond, one of them accompanied by a cygnet only a few days old. No other water fowl seen but a Bald Coat heard. It uttered a single loud note which I should have taken for the shout of a boy had not Mr. Newland been with me.

Leaving the pond we took a cart path which wound through a dense, natural thicket of alders some of which were old trees 12 to 15 inches in diameter and 30 to 35 ft. high and came out into a long broad meadow bounded on one side by a trapping row of trees and bushes which marked the shores of the Serpentine, as the pond just described is named, on the other by a homely piece of woods, chiefly English oaks and ash trees intermixed with white willows, which formed a long, straight wall of solid foliage of a lighter green than that of the park. The grass in the meadow was knee high (it is seldom higher in English mowing fields) and plentifully intermixed with buttercups, white weed and purple.

Sure for the presence of the last named plant and a glimpse of the Hall through the trees behind I might easily have fancied myself in one of our Massachusetts meadows. Indeed I caught myself listening for Bobolinks more than once. The place would have suited them perfectly.

As we were crossing this field picking our way carefully for there were concealed pools of water among the grass a female Mallard came flying overhead and circling with loud



1001.

June 26  
(No 6)

Chester. - quacking descended into the woods on our right. The Seal also said to breed here but we did not see ~~it~~ any.

These swampy woods harbor a heronry which is carefully protected and fostered by the Duke and to visit which was the chief object of our trip to day. As we were approaching several old Herons came in from distant fishing grounds along the inner retired reaches of the Doe and circling once or twice swept down majestically among the trees. They looked much smaller than our A. herodias but otherwise exactly similar and the flight call was almost if not quite precisely the same, a nasal aink or haink. We could hear young birds uttering a chattering cry which, when the old Heron arrived at the nest with food, swelled into a perfect uproar resembling at times the voices of hungry twins, at others the roar of escaping steam.

Crossing a wide ditch on a slippery log and following the direction of these sounds we soon came in sight of a number of nests <sup>all</sup> in the tops of large white willows 30 or 40 ft above the ground. One tree held four nests, some of which were very large and bulky, but only one seemed to be occupied. An old Heron was standing on its edge and three or four young about our garter grown squatted in the middle of the platform just showing their heads above the rim. As luck would have it the missing parent arrived with a fish just as we had settled ourselves comfortably about 40 yards from the tree. The

1891.

June 26

(See p. 11)

Chuska. looked keenly about for a moment then bent down over the young each of whom with upstretched neck and flapping wing thrumps was begging clamorously for the prize. It was finally dropped or rather thrust into one of the open mouths when the uproar at once subsided. The fish would have weighed at least half-a-pound.

For several minutes both the old Herons stood on the nest close together preening their feathers. The young every now and then should reach up and seize the end of the long breast plumes of their parents tugging at it playfully. Both old birds frequently inserted their bills in the mouths of the young which were stretched up to receive them and thrust them up & down or shook them side ways with some force. It looked as if they were feeding them by regurgitation. They also fondled them prettily with their bills. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitudes which these beautiful birds assumed. Their long slender necks were almost constantly waving or twisting about, now lengthening now contracted. The occipital and frontal plumes were sometimes raised, sometimes pressed down out of sight.

Finally one bird (the one that had brought the fish) flew off towards the river. We waited 45 minutes but it did not return. The other bird remained in the nest all the time was in sight of it. Other Herons were frequently passing overhead to & from

1891.

June 26  
(No 8)

Chester. Their nests. Some of them saw us and  
shook off as suddenly as if shot at. One came  
to its nest repeatedly but although it bore a fish  
in its bill it alighted only once and then im-  
mediately flew again before feeding the young.

Upon entering these woods I found that they  
were intersected in every direction by a net-work  
of ditches filled with stagnant and nearly black  
water and bordered with tall grass and rushes  
of strange (to me) appearance. The ground between  
these ditches was hard but covered with pools of  
shallow water from the recent heavy rains and everywhere  
concealed by a rank growth of blackberry bushes  
and tall nettles.

The most abundant song birds were Willow Warblers  
and Thrushes. There seemed to be one of each for  
every three or four trees and their songs made a  
perfect medley like that to be heard in a bird flower,  
a continuous volume of sound. The Willow Warbler  
is by far the best singer I have yet heard. Its  
song bears a marked resemblance to that of our  
Tree Sparrow having the same wild, sweet ring  
but it is more varied and finer in every way.  
It ends with a "dying fall". Newstead does not  
rate it high and says that few people know  
the bird at all. He heard it everywhere to day  
but most numerous in these woods.

As we were watching the Herons a Lark Sparrow  
cooed repeatedly near us. Its coo is very low  
and slight a rolling or tremulous hoo-oo-oo-oo  
all on the same key. A cock Phasianus

1891.

June 26  
(No 9)

Chistes. uttered its sharp, rattling alarm cry at intervals. Moon hens also called occasionally in the woods where they are said to nest very numerous along the ditches. Their notes are similar to those of our Gallinula but yet all <sup>are</sup> more or less different. The keep cry was the nearest to our birds.

As we entered the woods a Jay flew past us uttering a loud cha-cha-cha-cha very like that of Aphelocoma floridana. In a thicket near the ditch we heard and saw a White-throated Warbler singing. Its voice is rough and disagreeable to my ears, a loud, conscious songster.

I found a Thrush's nest containing two eggs. It was built in the fork of a young ash very like a Wood Thrush's. The parents' feathers were scattered profusely in and about the nest. Nevertheless, I thought that she had been seized and killed by a Hawk while sitting.

Besides the birds just named we heard or saw in this swamp a few Black birds, a Robin, Crows, Jackdaws & Wood Pigeons were also seen flying over. The singing birds numbered only five species viz. Thrush, Blackbird, Yellow Warbler, White throat and Hermit Dove. In such a piece of woods in Massachusetts at such a time one would be sure of hearing at least a dozen different species. There was quite as much if not more noise here, however.

Concerning the heronry (it is said to contain about 40 inhabited nests this year but I believe this to be an exaggerated estimate)

1891.

June 26 Cheshire. with much reluctance we retraced our steps along the shore of the pond and took a beautiful, winding avenue which led around the side of a hill covered with fine beeches and an undergrowth of rhododendrons in bloom, past an artificial pond of large size bordered by overhanging willows, through a heavily wooded glen to the Dee where in a grove of beeches near an iron bridge we awaited the steamer. On the way we heard a Wren in good song. The form of the song is identical with that of our Winter Wren but the notes are far less sweet and musical and the performance is barely more than half as long. One familiar with our bird would recognize it at once but the two songs could not be confounded. That of the British bird is far inferior in every way.

There was a Kinglet in a larch near the river (its tree-tree-tree seemed to me identical with that of *R. satrapa*) and a beautiful male Chaffinch hopping about under the beeches, very tame (the visitors feed the birds here with crumbs) uttering a loud metallic spink, spink. There was also a Robin chirping & hopping about in a holly.

The steamer, a pretty little propeller built strongly enough to cross the Irish Channel however, soon arrived and we started for Chester sitting in the bows in spite of the rain which came down in brisk showers. The river is a little broader than our Concord but much less crooked. The banks are fringed with willows

June 26 Chester, and oaks with many open stretches of  
pasture meadow where cattle and rabbits were  
grazing. A sharp bend with a wooded bluff on  
the left was very beautiful indeed but as a  
whole this river scenery does not compare  
with ours. The water was muddy but it is  
said to be clear when there have been no  
recent heavy rains. The current was swift.

Birds were numerous everywhere. In addition  
to those seen elsewhere I made the acquaintance  
of the Red Warbler, the House Martin and  
the Sky-lark. The Warbler was singing in bushes  
along the river; its notes were fresh and  
stirring, reminding me of those of Ammodramus  
canadensis. The Martins were flying about over  
the river; their motions are slow like those  
of our Barn Swallow, their notes very like  
the Sand Martin's. The Sky-larks were soaring  
and singing - a wonderful performance quite  
equal to what I had pictured it. We  
saw one rise fully 1000 feet above the earth.  
The flight lasts at least two or three minutes  
and the song ceases for an instant  
while the bird is in the air. The whole thing,  
especially the final arrow-like descent to  
the earth, recalled the Woodcock's flight but  
the Sky-lark floats instead of plunges down  
most of the distance. Three were up at one time.  
I was disappointed in the song but I did not  
hear it well; there were too many other sounds.  
Reached Chester at 7 P.M.

Delamere Forest.

1891.

June 27 Chester. Most of the day cloudy and stormy with high winds; occasional bursts of sunshine.

To Delamere Forest by train at 12.20 P.M., Mr. Newstead acting again as guide and instructor.

On reaching our destination we first walked down the road to the edge of an enormous grass field over which several Sky-larks were soaring. Again disappointed in their song but I did not hear it satisfactorily; there was too much wind.

Crossing the railroad by a bridge we heard in a grove of Scotch pines a shrill whit, whit cry like that of Empidonax minimus. Newstead pronounced the bird to be a Redstart and presently on our him, a beautiful creature. He sat motionless on a dead twig in a crouching position occasionally darting out after a fly & returning to the same perch. No fluttering of the tail, none of the animation of our Setophaga!

A Willow Warbler and a Chaffinch were in full song in these pines. I heard the latter yesterday in several places but not satisfactorily. It is a fine singer the notes rich and sweet, delivered very rapidly and ending in a peculiarly abrupt manner. The quality of the voice resembles that of our Water Thrush or Mourning Warbler. I now know that the mysterious songster that I used to hear just over the garden wall at the Hagers' in Charleston was a Chaffinch. Following a road bordered on one side by hedge rows and a field, on the other by second-growth, rather scattering oaks 20 to 30

June 27  
(Sun)  
Christen. Just in bright we came to an extensive  
woods composed almost wholly of Scotch  
pines of fair size with a sprinkling of  
Norway Spruces, birches and mountain ash.  
The ground was level and swampy with  
many ditches filled with black, stagnant water.  
The pines and spruces grew rather closely  
together and effect of the peculiarly dark  
foliage of the former was positively depressing.  
The ground beneath these trees was nearly  
everywhere covered with beds of rank bracken  
(like ours), and brown into which the forest  
sank deep at every step. There were many  
lopped off pine tops lying about for the  
trees are cut down as soon as they attain  
a marketable size (the forest belongs to  
"the Crown").

As I stood in a wood path near the  
middle of this swamp I found it difficult  
to realize that I was in England. The  
place had a wild, half-savage look like  
that of a Maine or New Brunswick Caribou  
bog but it bore no real resemblance to any  
forest that I have ever seen before. The  
dark, almost black look of the pines and  
the ubiquitous waist-high ferns were the  
most impressive features.

We heard Magpies in three different places  
and caught glimpses of two, besides finding  
a dead one that the keepers had recently  
shot. They are exceedingly shy but desperate.



June 27] Chatter. the most bitter presentation not uncommon.  
(No 3) This note is a low, chattering sound.

Jays are also common here. We saw at least five or six. They are less wary than the Magpies but still very alert and difficult to approach. Flight like our jays but heavier. The bird looks light brown when in the trees and shows a broad white patch on the rump when flying. Heard only one scream to day. They seemed to me to move about among the branches much less than do our jays.

Heard a number of Robins singing and studied the song closely. It is given in bars like that of Bachman's Finch to which some of the notes bear some resemblance. Others recall those of our Purple Finch. The bird sings in a leisurely manner and for many minutes with brief pauses between each set of notes, about in the manner of the Hermit Thrush for instance. The song is wonderfully varied the same set of notes being seldom repeated save at wide intervals. Most of the birds heard to day were perched on the tops of bush heaps.

Another Kinglet to day in the Scotch pines. It sang repeatedly. I could not detect much difference between its notes and those of Solitaire save that the preliminary or opening part of the song was briefer. I should certainly have passed it without suspicion as our Kinglet had I heard it in New England. Also heard another Wren. Its song precisely

1891.

June 27

(Note)

Chatter - like the one yesterday. After a little search I found it flitting among some fallen tops acting precisely like our Winter Wren.

In an opening of about an acre in extent with grassy, hilly surface ditched and sprinkled with a few bushes, pines and hawthorns we came upon a bird which at first puzzled Newstead. He finally decided that it was a Tree Pipit. It was as fine a singer as I have yet heard in England excepting only the Yellow Warbler & Robin. The song was very varied. Sometimes it resembled the Skylark's, again the Canary's. The ending, a plaintive peer, peer, peer, peer was very sweet and plaintive. The bird sang on the tops of the trees and in the air, mounting to a height of about 40 feet and shooting down like a parachute with tail spread and wings held spread and pointing upward reminding me a little of a Chat (Sylvia).

I saw a pair of Squirrels, very first. They ran nimbly from tree to tree over the ground making short excursions up some of the pines. Ear tufts prominent. Fur loose and deep. Their motions seemed less animated than those of our Red Squirrel, about like our Gray Squirrels but less graceful. Neither animal made any sound.

I also saw a Stoat. I was sweeping near a fallen pine top and had already called.

1891.

Early

June 27  
(No 5)

Cluster - saw a pair of Jays and a Blackbird when the Stout appeared coming directly towards me with long, eager bounds. When within ten yards it made me out, stopped stretched up its long, slender neck, turned and galloped back. It appeared to me stouter than our Wrens, about like our Minck. Color reddish brown with tail black. Tipped.

The characteristic birds in this forest were Willow Warblers, Robins, Blackbirds, Cliff chuffs, Chaffinches, Jays, Magpies, Kinglets, and Hooded Pigeons. No Thrushes seen or heard among the pines. A pair of Minck Thrushes holding a Magpie on the outskirts. A Great Tit heard calling (note reminded me of our *P. bicoloris*) and a Long-tailed Tit seen. The note of the latter fine & feeble like our Chickadee chirp. There are no Pheasants in the forest and Rabbits are not numerous as the game not being strictly preserved. Hooded Pigeons common, seen flying overhead every little while. Started our bird from her nest, a bulky structure as large as our Blue jays' placed in the top of a small pine. Did not examine it.

Leaving the wood we recrossed the railroad by another bridge. A pair of White Throats in a hollow, the ♂ pouring out his coarse and offensively loud, intrusive notes, the ♀ anxious about eggs or young crouching about them like in a hedge holding us in tow.

131  
June 27  
(No. 6)

Chester, metallic tones.

A Pied Wagtail in the road. Very graceful bird. Flight slow and deeply undulating the long tail streaming out behind loosely. Flight with a chattering cry.

Return to station passing a colony of Sand Martins about their holes in a red sandstone bank. About 50 pairs. Notes exactly like those of our birds.

Follow a road out into the open country. Sky-larks singing occasionally but too much wind to hear them satisfactorily. A Bee-eater White-throat mounts from a hedge and sings in the air very like a Tree Pipit but the song itself resembling a Sky-lark's closely, in fact evidently copied from it, a finer pattern & melody from it as it were.

A Gray Wagtail alights in road over us and runs about chasing small flies; very active graceful bird largely yellow beneath. Newstead pronounced it a female & says it is not common. It piped exactly like our Tit-lark as it flew off.

Yellow hammer common along the hedges bordering this road. I saw them also in the scattered oaks. A pretty bird with short, feeble song ending with dee, dee.

At least 500 Hooks circling over a pine grove and cawing finally alighting in the trees. Newstead says they have a nest there. This was I heard and was

June 27 (No 7) *Chrota* - guttural than that of our Crow, which they resemble very closely in general appearance whether flying or standing about in the fields. The wing beats are perhaps a little quicker but no one, certainly, would notice this or any other difference were a half dozen Hoots to fly over him and alight in one of our New England pastures provided they kept silent. Their peculiar caw would betray them at once, however.

Along this road I saw my first fox glove. It is indeed a beautiful flower, quite deserving of all the encomiums that Burroughs bestows on it. It grew only sparingly here, a plant or two in a place, usually on the side of banks. There was also gorse, very prickly, just coming into bloom, the flowers yellow; broom, of similar general aspect but without prickles, covered with masses of yellow flowers very like those of the gorse; and a little heather with the purple flowers opening at the ends of the sprays.

In a hollow filled scatteringly with young oaks we saw another Her Pipit. It was sitting on a dead branch singing at frequent, regular intervals. In form, as well as general coloring it reminded me of our Oven-bird and it had the same way of sitting in a crouching attitude very still turning the head from side to side. It also walked out on a twig in a similar manner. But the song! I wish our Scissors had such a song.

1891.

June 27 Chester. - Thus far I have not seen or heard a toad or frog although I have looked sharply for both. Stranger still I have not seen a single butterfly! Nestled says all these animals are scarce, in this locality at least. Small white or grayish moths are numerous enough. The pine woods to-day were swarming with a species ~~the~~ larvae of which feed on the pine needles. I have also seen one dragon fly, a blue bodied Aesop, and one humble bee the latter a sturdy built, heavily-furred, rusty brown species a little smaller than ours.

England is popularly reported to have no mosquitoes. This is a mistake. We saw three in the kitchen yesterday and one in the pine swamp to-day. They were of two very different kinds, one kind very nearly like ours, the other fully four times as large and built after the typical British fashion with stout body and short legs. The latter was light brown in color and I think furred. I saw both kinds in the act of biting my companion. There is also a wood fly something like our deer-fly which is said to bite savagely. We saw one yesterday.

The total number of species seen & heard to-day was thirty. These included 3 Thrushes, 1 Redstart, 1 Robin, 5 Warblers, 1 Kinglet, 2 Lts, 1 Wren, 2 Wagtails, 1 Pipit, 3 Swallows, 2 Finches, 1 Bunting, 1 Starling, 3 Corvidae (Jay Magpie & Rook), 1 Hawk, 1 Swift and 1 Gull.

We returned to Chester by the 6.10 train.

1891.

June 27  
(no 9)

Chester. In the evening after our usual 7 o'clock dinner I took a tram-car to Grosvenor Park and spent something over an hour there. There was a good deal of wind and the weather was cold with a clear sky. Three Thrushes were singing steadily and I heard a few notes from a Blackbird. Near the eastern end of the Park in some dense shrubbery I heard a Robin and a little later another struck up behind St. John's church. After going through the Park again and pausing for many minutes in a lane to watch some snails go to bed under the eaves of a brick house I started homeward along the street below the church. The Robin was still singing then although it was now nearly dark. He sat on a dead branch 30 feet or more above the street which was literally crowded with people and carts, his <sup>body</sup> breast turned towards the light in the west, pouring out his very soul in a rich flood of song. Like the birds heard this afternoon he delivered his notes in bars with brief intervals between but unlike them he repeated the same sets of notes many times in succession. His voice was clear and strong above all the noise and hubbub of the street. It was at times too shrill and incisive to be wholly musical but it held our spellbound, nevertheless, despite the annoyance that every upturned face attracted. I stayed in fact until the bird stopped singing and flew down into a neighboring garden. The Thrushes were still singing when I left. They are the latest of all the evening songsters here.

1891.

Chester England.

June 23

Chester.-- A dark lowering day with occasional showers.

I did not go out from morning to night my time being spent in writing and packing. Jackdaws are calling at intervals somewhere behind the house. A cricket chirped steadily in the back yard. It is the first that I have heard in England. So far as I could make out the sound was precisely like that of our black house cricket at home.



Railroad Journey

June 29 Chester to Hereford. Most of the day sunny with clear air and sky that I have seen before in England. Clouds gathered in the late afternoon, however, and there were several brisk showers about sunset.

Left Chester at 11.10 A.M. by Great Western R.R. and reached Hereford at 1.45 P.M. The scenery was very attractive the country hilly or rolling, some of the hills really low mountains (one is said to be 1600 ft high) trees as a rule and either green pasture land or covered with gorse and broom. The lower hills were often wooded. We passed one stretch of woods fully 5 miles long, the trees oaks, larches and spruces intermingled. There were streams at frequent intervals, nearly all shallow & rapid, one beautifully overarched by trees. The greater part of the country was open grass land, either mowing fields (the grass uncut as yet) or pastures, many of the latter moist, but never at all swampy or marshy, meadows. There were occasional tiny pond-holes (pits they are called in England) a few rods across with a narrow encircling belt of rushes but not one real pond the entire distance. In fact I have yet to see a natural pond of above an acre in size in W. England.

A striking feature of the landscape was the abundance of fine oaks and elms which shaded all the roads and lanes and were scattered about over the fields & pastures. The English elm in England is quite as varied in shape as our elm and its foliage is undeniably more beautiful. Many trees assume the "weeping" habit of the American elm. We saw a good many apple and pear orchards, the latter trees as large as the former. The foliage of

June 29  
(No 2.) Chatter to Hereford. - The apple trees in England is curiously  
thin. The trees themselves are large and vigorous looking  
but one can look directly through their tops. This seems  
to be due to the fact that their leaves are smaller and  
fewer than with us. As a rule the trees grow taller and  
"weedier".

Birds were exceedingly numerous along the railroad,  
Rooks and Starlings predominating in numbers. Nearly  
every pasture contained twenty to fifty of the former and  
the latter were continually rising from the mowing fields  
in flocks of a dozen to fifty or more. Their evolutions  
remind one of those of our Blackbirds but their  
flight is like that of *Streptopelia*.

Lapwings were also numerous. We usually saw them  
sitting motionless on the turf in pairs, apparently  
paying no attention to the train. They were all in  
meadow pastures, none on ploughed or cultivated land.  
Some fields contained several pairs each and in  
one fully 30 birds were assembled in a flock.  
A few birds rose and flew a few rods showing a  
conspicuous white rump and broad short wings.  
The appearance of the bird in the air is curiously  
Owl-like. Sitting it is an overgrown Plover or  
black and white markings.

I saw my first Partridge running swiftly over  
a pasture and a Moorhen (*Gallinula*) feeding on  
smooth, close cropped turf several rods from a little hut  
and not thirty yards from the railroad. It did  
not even raise its head as the train passed.

A Heron (*A. cinerea*) rose from a meadow where  
there were several ditches bordered by rushes.

1891.

June 29  
(No 3)

Chute to Hereford. after flapping lazily a few rods dropped its legs and alighted again.

Of the smaller birds I saw many Skyloaks, Yellow Hummers and Chiffchaffs besides others which I could not identify.

Wood Pigeons were rather numerous rising from grain fields or flying high on their way from one wood to another. I think I saw a Magpie flying into the edge of some woods.

Swifts were seen in small numbers about the villages. They were swarming at Hereford, especially late in the afternoon near the river.

Hereford proved disappointing as far as birds were concerned. It has few gardens and no parks as far as I observed. I saw only Swifts and a few Jackdaws and heard but one Thrush and one Blackbird until I crossed the river Wye and got out into the country. Following a foot path along the river pausing occasionally to watch the Swifts that were darting overhead and equally numerous Sand Martins skimming the water I came to a narrow lane bordered by masses of elder bloom. In an orchard on the right a Titmouse with a broad black stripe ~~extending~~ from the throat down the middle of the breast to the belly was uttering a fine, incessant chirping. She had a small green caterpillar in her bill & evidently had young near at hand. I took her to be *Parus major*. A Willow Wren and Thrush were singing in this orchard.

The lane opened into a field which I

June 29  
(No 71)

Hereford. - crossed by a foot path and after climbing two stiles found myself in the main road by which I returned to the town. On the way I saw my first British toad. A boy had just dragged it from a hole under a wall and was teasing it with a stick. It nearly if not wholly lacked the warts of our species being apparently almost as smooth skinned as a frog. It was light brown in color with a strong pinkish or fleshy tinge on the back. It was somewhat plump & more agile than our toad.

In a lane, down which I walked a few steps, a Chaffinch was in full song in an oak. I also saw a pair of Spotted Flycatchers in a narrow alley just behind the Cathedral perched on the peak of a tiled roof one of them occasionally alighting on a chimney pot both actively engaged in bug catching. Their attitudes and manner of darting out & returning to the same place resemble closely those of our Wood Pewee. They jerk the tail up slightly at frequent intervals but this motion is not very conspicuous. They are pretty birds and very tame & confiding. Most of the small birds in Hereford as far as I have observed as much shyer than ours. The Spotted Flycatcher & Robin are exceptions to this rule.

The English Blackbird is an exceedingly suspicious, wary creature. I actually have not had a really good one of one yet although I have seen hundreds or more.

1891.

June 30

Hereford to Tintern. Cloudy & showery with occasional gleams of sunshine. Cool.

Left Hereford at 7.45 A. M. and reached Tintern at 1 P. M. The railroad follows the Wye closely the entire distance, down a winding, narrow valley walled in on both sides by high, steep, rocky, more or less wooded ridges. The rock is limestone; the woods are continuous for miles in places and mainly of beech and oak intermingled with yew, the trees of fair size. The scenery resembles that of the Deerfield Valley, Mass. but is less wild.

Opposite a bare, vertical cliff I saw many great Harts hawking and soaring over the river. Rocks numerous in the intervals fields but no haywings.

Tintern Abbey. We put up at an inn directly opposite this fine old ruin. The Wye valley at this point is very narrow the only level ground being a belt of meadow along the river from which the land slopes steeply, almost precipitously in places, to the crests of the long parallel ridges which are less than half a mile apart and at least 600 feet above the river. The houses of the village are strung in a double line along the road which skirts the right bank of the river for half a mile or more. Above them the slope is densely wooded with beech, oak, yew & larch with a few grass fields and orchard. The water of the river is brackish and muddy, the tide rising six or eight feet here. The woods are dense and perfectly natural looking but the trees are small and this general appearance that of second growth or sprout woods 15 or 20 years old.

1891.

June 30

Finsbury Abbey. Spent the afternoon at or near the house.  
 A pair of Spotted Flycatchers feeding young in the nest  
 among the ivy on the east wall. I could not reach or  
 even see the nest but the birds always flew to the same  
 spot and I heard the young chirping. These Flycatchers  
 resemble our Wood Pewee closely in flight, attitude and  
 motion. I hear only two notes one single, the other  
 double, the latter bearing some resemblance to that of the  
 King bird, both sharp & metallic but much softer than  
 the King birds. They are gentle looking birds and seem  
 to lack wholly the irritable, pugnacious disposition  
 of our Flycatchers although they are, <sup>equally</sup> alert and  
 energetic in their pursuit of insects. They often perch  
 low down and occasionally alight on the ground.  
 A beautiful ♂ Redstart flew into an apple tree and  
 then into a birch on the lawn remaining in both  
 trees for some time chirping incessantly. The chirp  
 is a rather loud petulant woit about midway between  
 the whistle of E. cinereus and the peep of E. flaviventris.  
 It resembles the peep of the Chaffinches somewhat but  
 is less sharp & clear. This bird does not behave in the  
 least like our Redstart but rather reminds me of the  
 English Robin sitting steadily motionless for a minute  
 or more in one place, then flying to another tree,  
 - a sedate, phlegmatic bird without a trace of nervous  
 energy in its make up.

Blackbirds very numerous, their songs coming from far  
 and near almost incessantly. A few Robins & a  
 Chiff-chaff singing. Only one Willow Warbler and no  
 Thrushes. Two ♀ Chaffinches on the gravel walk,  
 very tame, hopping about pecking up crumbs. In

1891.

June 30

No 31

Tindern Abbey. in apple orchard across the road. I found more Spotted Flycatchers, one pair feeding young in a hole in an apple tree. Also several Warblers representing at least two species new to me. One I took to be the Garden Warbler. The other does not agree with anything described by Col. Irbys. I noted this description on the spot: "Sylvia. ? ♂(?) Above

Two Warblers  
new to me

ashy brown nearly uniform; sides of head below eye with underparts ashy white; chin (but not throat) dark slaty. No wing bars and no white in tail. Note chet. ♀(?) Above greenish-slate; beneath ashy white tinged strongly with yellowish green on breast, throat, and sides of neck; chin (but not throat) ashy brown. Note peep.

These birds kept near together and from the similarity in shape and position of the chin marking I judged them to be a pair although their notes were very different. Both chirped at me incessantly and showed much anxiety as if for a nest or young.

Starlings, Swifts, and Jackdaws were continually flying about the old Abbey. At 7 P.M. at least 200 of the last named arrived over it at a great height and came pattering down like paracletes. A queen fired on the top of the ridge behind the house about two hours later started an even larger number from a larch plantation where they had evidently gone to roost. They rose high into the air whirling about like a swarm of bees and finally disappeared over the ridge. At least I heard what I took to be a Thrush screaming and a Sandpiper whistling, both over the river below but I did not see either.

## Trip to Raglan Castle

1891.

July 1 Tintern to Raglan Castle Cloudy with steady and at times heavy rain for the greater part of the day the sun coming out bright and hot for an hour early in the afternoon. Drove to Raglan Castle over the intervening ridge, returning via Monmouth and thence down the Wye Valley Road.

For the first four miles the road followed the course of a small brook up a steep ascent for the most part covered with birch, oak and larch woods which form part of the Duke of Beauford's extensive forests. These woods were dense and wild, some of the trees of large size, many with masses of ivy clinging to the trunks. The ivy also covered much of the ground where the ever-abundant and luxuriant bracken left it breathing room. Blackbirds, Chiff-chaffs and Tree Pipits were the most numerous birds. I also heard Robins at frequent intervals and in a larch grove, a Magpie. At length we reached the top of the ridge and looked out and down over a vast extent of open country divided by hedges into innumerable rectangular fields giving the <sup>landscape</sup> country a checker-board appearance which detracted much from the beauty of the view. We were reminded forcibly of Western New York. The road wound down a succession of long gentle slopes between the inevitable hedge rows of hawthorns mixed with wild roses, ~~and~~ blackberry and honeysuckle all in bloom. The blackberry blossoms white or pale were pink, the honeysuckle yellow. No birds singing except Yellow Hummers perhaps because it was so rainy.



Exp. to Raglan Castle.

1891.

July 1  
(Thurs.)

Raglan. - After lunch at a small inn in the village I walked down the street and turned into a meadow pasture where swine were grazing and Rooks and Starlings feeding on the turf. Thrushes were singing in a cluster of cypresses and I heard the soot of a Redstart and soon after saw the bird, a ♀, perched on the dead branch of a yew by a wall in which its nest was probably concealed.

When we reached Raglan Castle at 2.30 P.M. the rain was pouring steadily but half-an-hour later the sun came out clear & hot and there was a grand burst of bird music for the beautiful old ruin with its masses of ivy and surrounding elms, oaks, yews and hawthorns peopled alive with birds. Jackdaws, Swifts, Swallows, House Sparrows, and Spotted Flycatchers were nesting in the crevices of its crumbling walls; several Willow Warblers, Robins, Thrushes and a Cliff-Chaff were singing in the trees and on the turf within the court I saw four Weytails, two Pied, the other two Yellow-breasted & I think Gray Weytails. A note which I have not heard before was uttered frequently by several birds concealed among the ivy. From the general character of the note and a glimpse which I had out one of the birds I concluded that they were probably Tree Sparrows a species which I have not hitherto met.

The tops of the castle walls and towers sustained a rank growth of grass among which Herb Robert, wild juncos and even wild roses bloomed profusely. I think some of the Willow Warblers had nests

July 1  
(1882)

Raglan. - on the tops of their walls. One came repeatedly to the top of the Yellow Tower which we were then. The various small birds were most numerous in the ash trees and clats which overhang the old wall. Near the main entrance to the castle I saw a hawthorn fully 5 feet in diameter at the base of the trunk.

On the road to Monmouth we heard many Thrushes, Blackbirds, Robins and Yellow-hammers besides a few Tree Pips, ~~two~~ Cow-birds and a Chaffinch. The latter species must have nearly ceased singing for this is the only one I have heard of late although I see them daily. A Cuckoo was seen along this road.

A shed in the yard of the Duke's head keeper was literally covered on the side towards the road with Jays, Magpies and other "vermin" which I did not recognize as in whirled by. Of the two birds just named there must have been fully 25 or 30 each, nested in rows, a bad sight to me but doubtless a source of much profit to the keeper.

At Monmouth heard a Skylark singing over a field near the town.

The road from Monmouth to Fintona, follows the river closely and the scenery is very picturesque but inferior to much of our New England scenery with which it must be compared.

Saw a few House Martins skimming the river and multitudes of Swifts - at least 1000 of the latter during the day. At Fintona they were mostly

July 2

Lintern.. Early morning and late afternoon clear, middle of day cloudy with the usual showers.

Spent most of the forenoon in the lobby feasting my eyes on the many beautiful and impressive details of architecture of this noble old ruin. The roof fell in centuries ago and there is no glass in any of the windows so the birds have free access. They find innumerable nesting places in the crevices of the walls or among the ivy which clings to them in wonderfully dense, luxuriant masses, and the place is a perfect aviary. Swifts, Jackdaws, Starlings and Blackbirds were coming and going continually. The nests of these birds were mostly high up. The Jackdaws nest chiefly in large, square holes which are pierced at regular intervals quite through the walls, probably for the reception of cross beams, none of which remain. The Swifts and Starlings were entering the smaller, irregular crevices between the stones. Low down but yet always out of reach the Spotted Flycatchers had nests. The Blackbirds also nest low down, always in masses of ivy. Besides these species there was a pair of Pigeons of about the color and size of our common blue throat Pigeon. I stalked the ♀ from her nest in a crevice of the wall among ivy about 20 ft. above the ground and saw her as well, perhaps, as the ♂ also fly to and from the ruin always at a great height and very swiftly. I took the species to be Columba aenea. The old Scotch woman who has charge of the building called them Blue Rock Pigeons. She also told me that Barn Birds nest here regularly. She frequently sees or hears them in the evening and about three weeks ago found

1891.

Woodland.

July 2  
(No 2.)

Tuilum, two young unable to fly on the ground within the Abbey. They had probably fallen from the nest which the thought was in some way near the top of the wall. I watched and listened for the old birds both last evening and this until it was nearly dark but heard nothing and saw only a few bats.

I have rarely seen anything more impressive than the arrival of the Jackdaws at this ruin each evening a little before sunset. During the day there are always more or less of them perched on the tops of the walls and arches or entering and emerging from the holes which contain their nests but at no time are more than ten or a dozen in flight.

At about 7 P.M., however, the evening flight appears - fully 200 birds at an immense height in the air and in a close flock like Starlings, their mellow, whistling calls which closely resemble the flight-note of our Martin but are deeper and richer in tone filling the air. Then one after another in quick succession they shoot down five or six hundred feet nearly vertically but ~~not very swiftly,~~ rather like parachutes, wings held above their backs tails spread and raised. The first part of the descent is straight and not especially swift but as the bird gains momentum it glides down the sky inclining to one side or the other and describing a broad spiral to check its speed just before it reaches its perch. In less than a minute the entire flock has made the descent and clustered in table masses

July 2  
(No 3)

Titmouse - on the tops of the highest cedars. After remaining here for ten or fifteen minutes whistling, gabbling and occasionally cawing in low, cracked tones - for the Jackdaws can caw when it chooses - crowding over another and squabbling more or less, they finally take wing all together carrying off the local birds with them, for as far as I could learn no Jackdaws spend the night in this ruin. They roost on the crests of the ridges in larches or yews, apparently choosing a different place each night probably because they are somewhat persecuted by the keepers. To attain the elevation of the ridges they rise in a great spiral and before going to bed indulge in various beautiful evolutions sometimes soaring in circles crossing and recrossing each others paths like winged ice bells, sometimes whirling and twisting over a wide or narrow of space ~~like~~ in the manner of vireos. Although apparently rather shy they occasionally visit the apple trees directly in front of the hotel where they watch for an opportunity to pounce upon and carry off pieces of bread or other food.

The Jackdaw is decidedly the prettiest and most interesting Crow that I have ever seen. Its gray nape contrasts pleasingly with its otherwise subtle plumage, the form is preeminently trim and well-proportioned and all its movements are easy and graceful. It frequently puffs out the feathers of the head and neck giving them quite a puffy appearance.

There are some birds about the house which I

July 2  
(No 3)

*Turdus*. have not been before and which I cannot identify, evidently a species of Finch or Linnets with deeply undulating flight and call note very like that of *Loxia leucoptera* uttered incessantly when flying. I have not as yet seen one perched. Perhaps a strange song made up of twitters and low trills which resembles that of our Goldfinch and which I hear early in the morning proceeds from this species. Is it the European Goldfinch? (Greenfinch).

There are also a few Hedge Accentors about, singularly tame, slow moving Sparrows colored about much like our Swamp Sparrow. I came on one in the grass yesterday and watched it for some time standing within less than ten yards yet it did not seem to notice me, a rare trait in this country for British birds as a rule are much shyer and even alert or suspicious than are our American species. This "Sparrow" has a feeble sputtering song which I heard yesterday for the first time, singing the bird plainly as it sat on the top of a bush. Its (the song) resembles closely that of a young Song Sparrow just learning to sing. The Hedge Accentor well deserves the first half of its name for it is almost invariably found in or very near hawthorn hedges. It is a retiring, inconspicuous bird with many traits which recall our American Sparrows, especially Linnets' Finch.

I have heard no Thrushes near the Abbey but they occur both above and below it within a quarter of a mile or less. Blackbirds are numerous and still singing freely.

July 2  
(No 4)

Linton. Willow Warblers are either scarce here or they have ceased singing. I hear a Chiff Chaff at all hours of the day in the orchard above the house and in the same place a Tree Pipit. The orchard below the house is alive with birds mostly Warblers of two or three species already referred to, Spotted Flycatchers, and Tits, the latter as far as I can make out, all Larus naevius, a fine, highly-colored species with greenish under parts and a conspicuous black stripe down the middle of the breast. It is shyer than our Chickadee and much less active moving among the branches nearly as clumsily as a House Sparrow but occasionally hanging back down at the end of a twig. It is nearly as big as a House Sparrow. The call note is near like that of our Chickadee but the song which I heard in Delaware Forest resembles that of our P. bicolor.

House Sparrows are numerous in the town and swarming about the old Abbey where they nest in the ivy and crevices in the walls. The notes of the British bird are certainly different from ours, shriller and more chirpy. These Sparrows are much more wary than in America although they come to the gravel walks and into the door yards freely enough.

Robins are common here but they are not singing at all freely. I see & hear them oftentimes in dense shrubbery on the hill sides but they also occur in the gardens in limited numbers. Swallows are occasionally seen flying over the valley. No Sky Larks

Trip to the Wynd Cliff.

July 2  
(no. 5)

Winter. In the afternoon we drove to the Wynd Cliff an eminence nearly 1000 ft. high, sloping back over open country and plantations, towards the river descending by a sheer precipice for several hundred feet and below this by steep slopes or terraces the entire side towards the river being wooded wherever a tree can find foothold with beeches, oaks, larches and yews. We have higher cliffs in New England but none wilder and more picturesque.

We drove to within about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile from the top, then took a foot path which zig-zagged up by easy grades through the densest possible woods of young trees. Saw a brood of six or eight Tits which made a hissing sound like young Chickadees. They were of medium size, short-tailed, with ashy brown or grayish backs & heads. No black on throat or crown but a bright-shaped bar on occipitals. (Blue Tits often make a hissing sound.)

From the top of the cliff we looked down on a checker-board country with the muddy Wye directly beneath us and the equally muddy, much broader Susque in the distance. The Wye looked very like a broad, winding road, not in the least like water. The cliff with the woods at its base was to my eye the only really attractive feature of the scene. As we approached the edge a pair of Kestrels started out directly beneath us screaming precisely like our Sparrow Hawk but louder. One of them rose to about our level and within 60 yds. hovered for a minute or more, facing the wind which was rather strong at the time, and beating his wings only two or three times although



July 2  
(No 6)

Intern as I could plainly see, their adjustment, and that of his tail also, was constantly altered slightly. I have seldom seen anything more beautiful.

The ♀ flew to one of the trees (a yew) projecting out from the cliff and sat for some time on a dead branch arranging her feathers, ~~and~~ giving me an excellent view. In flight as well as shape and proportions these Hawks are the precise counterparts of Falco sparverius although, of course, much larger and somewhat differently colored.

The growth on the top of the cliff was chiefly of larches with a few birches or oaks and an occasional yew, all the trees of rather small size but growing thickly with occasional openings filled with tall bracken. Several Robins, a Cliff Chaff, and the sweetest voiced Blackbird that I have yet heard were singing near us. The Blackbird's song, partly, probably, because of the peculiar surroundings, reminded me so forcibly of that of our Indus Swainsoni that it was not difficult to imagine that it was really that of the latter. The Robin's songs, heard among these wild larch woods, also recalled our Purple Finch's to which, indeed, some of their variations bear, at all times, a strong resemblance.

Both of these songsters, in fact, would slip easily into place in our New England woods. Not so the Cliff Chaff, nor the Sky Lark which at one time soared above us from some neighboring field and deluged the air with its intricate trills, trutters and cheeps for at least three minutes without the slightest pause. Its song was varied by the

1891.

Friday.

July 2  
(no 7)

Titmouse... mind as usual but I got it better than I have at anytime before this. It still disappoints me despite its several unique and attractive features. Perhaps like the warble of our Bluebird it must be first heard in youth to be appreciated in middle life. I can easily understand how early associations might make it the dearest of all the early summer sounds.

While we were sitting on a bench near the edge of the cliff a man suddenly appeared following the path into the opening and walking rapidly. He was a young, vigorous fellow with a frank, open, yet somewhat sad expression of face and a peculiarly free, independent bearing. I knew him at once for a woodsman and suspected from his velvet coat and trousers and long, laced hunting boots that he was one of the Duke's keepers, which turned out to be the case. He told us that the neighboring woods and fields contained Pheasants, Partridges, Hares and Rabbits all of which are strictly preserved. A few years ago not more than 300 Rabbits were killed each season. Last year the yield was over 4000 and this there will be still more. He attributes the increase of game to the destruction of "vermin" among which he classed all Hawks and Owls, Magpies, Jays, Carrion Crows, Storks, "Fidgets" (Polecats), and Badgers. All of these animals are persecuted mercilessly yet, as he freely admitted, the Magpies, Jays & Crows do not seem to be materially diminished in numbers and Hawks are far from scarce. He had kept shot a Hite only two weeks ago as it was dealing about the

1891.

July 2  
(No. 8)

Linton. Cliff near where we were standing. It is the only one that they have seen for years. The Carrion Crows are common still and are very destructive. The worst Hawk is the "Blue Hawk". The Sparrow Hawk is also very bad and the Forest by no means harmless. They shot nine Hawks, mostly young birds, in one large plantation last summer. The greater number are taken in steel traps placed on the tops of poles. Some keepers use a net which is strung across a "side" (wood path) so as to fall & entangle the Hawk when he strikes against it. The Magpies are left until the young are nearly able to fly when the parents are ambushed and shot and the young either killed or taken alive and sold. It was to me an interesting commentary on the subject in hand that while we were discussing it the Forests were flying about nearly within gunshot and every now and then a Jay screaming or flitting across an opening. I called the keepers attention to both birds but he merely remarked that he would have the greater part of them before the season was over. He spoke of all "vermin" with a quiet but intense hatred and evidently would have been a difficult subject for Dr. Warren to convert. He reminded me forcibly of a Maine trapper and was evidently in many ways quite as keen and observant and good a woodsman. When he finally left us, after protesting my silence with the usual English raising of the forefinger to the cap, he plunged at once into the bushes and disappeared as swiftly & silently as he came.

July 2  
(No 9)

Twiturn. After dinner I strolled down past the old Abbey to the river. The evening was perfectly clear and as cool as an early October evening at home. Blackbirds were singing in every direction and in the woods on the opposite side of the river a Robin and a Hood Pigeon could be distinctly heard at intervals. The coo of the Pigeon was the same as that which I heard at Chester on June 24<sup>th</sup>. I have not heard it since before to night. It is hoarse and low and far from musical.

The Swifts had not all gone to bed until 9 o'clock when the Bats were out. I see two different species, one the smallest that I have ever met with, the other as large as our common small bat. There is nothing peculiar in the flight of either.

In one of the gardens behind the Abbey a female Redstart was chirping excitedly and continually as I passed. Two swallows were crossing the lane. I do not see as many of the latter as I had expected. Thus far I have seen only four butterflies, three being our common Cabbage Butterfly and the fourth a small Brown species.

There were no insect sounds whatever this evening. Indeed a cricket which chirped occasionally in the yard behind our house at Chester is the only insect that I have heard.

In the middle of the night during a brief waking spell I heard ~~my~~ first Sandpiper. It gave four notes in exactly the form of the Greater Yellow legs but the pitch as high as our Pet. warbler's & the tone like that of a Robin.

1891.

July 2  
No 10

Lark. I have never heard a call from any coon  
that approached it in musical quality. It made  
such a deep impression on me that  
I can recall it now with perfect distinctness  
although I heard it only three or four times. The  
bird was evidently flying about high in air &  
must have passed directly over the house. Both  
this evening and last just after sunset I  
heard what I took to be another call of this  
Sandpiper on the further bank of the river, a  
petulant kee, kee repeated a great many  
times in succession and almost exactly like  
the corresponding cry of Actitis macularia. The  
bird appeared to be on a cluster of rocks exposed  
by the tide but I did not see it.

1891.

Tintern to Wells, England.

July 3.

Save for an hour (1-2P.M.) of cloudiness and a brisk shower the day was perfectly clear and the atmosphere as free from haze as it often is in New England. The weather has been very cool of late .

By rail from Tintern to Wells -9.15 A.M. -12.35P.M. The country, after leaving the Wye and passing through the tunnel (four miles long) under the Severn, is completely level. The fields were glorious with wild flowers many new and strange to me. I saw few birds except Rooks, Starlings, Sky Larks and Yellow Hammers. A Shrike, the first I have seen, with red back and a black bar through the eye sat perched on the telegraph wire and permitted the train to pass without flying. Some House Martins were collecting mud about the edges of a puddle in the road near a station where the train stopped and taking it to their unfinished nests under the eaves of a low stone building acting precisely like our Eave Swallows when similarly engaged. No Lapwings seen on this trip.

Wells. At 9 P.M. started for a walk. Passed half way round the extensive grounds of the Bishop's Palace following a broad path shaded by superb old elms which dipped the drooping ends of their lower branches in the waters of the wide moat on the left. To the right stretched open fields with distant lines of trees and some woods crowning a hill.

1891.

Wells, England.

July. 3.

(no. 2)

It was a calm , beautiful evening but the only birds which I could hear singing were two thrushes. A swarm of Swifts were circling about the Cathedral towers and a few Jackdaws coming to their roosts there from the open country.

The only water fowl in the moat were a number of curious looking, small, jet black tame Ducks a few white ones with a male Pochard, the last named evidently wing-clipped.

In the main street of the town I saw two inhabited nests of the House Martin plastered against the stone walls of a store just under the eaves.

1891.


Eggs

July 4 Wells. Cloudless without a trace of haze, the sun warm, the air in the shade delightfully cool; little wind.

He came here from Austin by rail yesterday, a three hours journey. The intermediate country is generally level and rather arid but very fertile with a succession of hedge bordered fields and many small, quaint towns. Birds were scarcer than I have found them yet. I saw no *Scoptes* and but few *Rock*s comparatively. A species new to my list was a small *Striker* with very red back and a distinct black line through the eye, *Lanius minor* I suppose. It was sitting on a telegraph wire and allowed the train to pass without flying, giving me a good view.

Last evening I walked around the outside of the moat which surrounds the Bishop's palace. No birds singing except two or three *Throats*. Swifts and Jackdaws flying about the Cathedral.

This morning I went to the market place, a paved square surrounded by blocks of houses and stores and filled with a noisy throng of farmers, for it was market-day. Nevertheless two species of Swallows were flying about over the heads of the crowd and going into and from their nests at regular intervals.

There were two nests of the House Martin built against a vertical stucco wall close up to the flat, right-angled eaves, the wall forming the back, the eaves the top of the nest thus:  A small hole left in the rear of the nest served as an entrance. Every day



July 4  
(no 2)

Nests. else the rim appeared to be quite as tightly plastered to the eaves as was the back to the wall. These nests were somewhat larger than those of our Barn Swallows but they were very similar to them in general appearance. Yesterday I saw half a dozen or more built precisely like those just described save that the wall to which they were fastened was of rough stone. The tops were attached to wooden eaves in the same way. Some of the nests were unfinished. The birds were collecting mud about a puddle of water crowding together and fluttering their wings above their backs precisely in the manner of our Barn Swallows. The only note which I have heard from the House Martin is exactly like the ordinary flight note of *Petrochelidon lunifrons* but the former bird reminds me most of our White-bellied Swallows to which it bears a strong general resemblance in color save that the rump is white. It seems to be particularly attached to the neighborhood of rivers and ponds.

The Swallows (*H. rustica*) had at least three inhabited nests (with young), built on rafters in an open shed in the market place. The nests were exactly like those of our Barn Swallows in every way. The birds are also nesting in many of the towers of the Cathedral and in the ruins of the Bishop's palace, flying in and out through the old loop-holes or openings which once contained windows. I have as yet seen no evidence of their nesting in chimneys.

1891.

July 4  
No 31

Wells. In fact I have not thus far seen a single chimney, either in city or country, which has not been crowned with a narrow-topped chimney pot down which it is not likely the birds would venture.

In flight, notes, and general appearance the Swallow of England is indistinguishable from our Barn Swallow. As a rule it is whiter beneath but I have seen some with strongly reddish under parts. The broad steel blue collar can be made out only when the bird is perched. It is very much more numerous than our Barn Swallow and inhabits the cities more.

At noon I went to the Bishop's Palace and by payment of the customary fee obtained ingress to the grounds. There is a large building in good repair and occupied by the present Bishop and some picturesque ruins overrun with ivy and inhabited by Starlings, Swifts, Jackdaws, Swallows, Sparrows, and Spotted Flycatchers. The grounds comprise 5 or 6 acres, chiefly lawn with gravelled walks, a few flower beds and shrubs and several fine trees. The whole is enclosed in a stone wall about 20 ft. high and very thick - the old fortified wall with watch towers, embrasures and loop holes, all in perfect preservation. Outside this wall is a moat about 60 ft. wide and filled with water fairly clear but choked in places with various aquatic plants. Owing to open character of these grounds they contain but few small birds save Thrushes and the species already mentioned as frequenting the ruined walls but passing through a double line

Jekyll  
(No 1)

Wells. or wicket and recrossing the moat by a narrow footbridge I entered an old garden more beautiful than anything I ever imagined. It was shut in on one side by the moat with its wall, on another by the Cathedral and what I took to be a chapel, while the other two sides were enclosed by a stone wall fully 12 ft. in height against which were trained, like so many vines, peach, pear, apple, plum, & cherry trees and current bushes, all bearing green fruit. A perfect labyrinth of grained paths, bordered by flower beds or by apple and pear trees which entangled their branches just over one's head, gave access to every part of this garden which must have contained at least 8 or 10 acres of enclosed ground. In places there were beds of vegetables. There seemed to be no weeds anywhere (I have yet to see any in an English garden) but the various cultivated plants, flowers, shrubs and trees grew in rank, wholly untrained and unattended profusion. No clipped hedges or formal flower beds, no box borders but simply a wealth of flowers and foliage.

On the side towards the Cathedral is a long, narrow pond, walled in on every side and fed by the Springs or "wells" from which the town derives its name. They ~~supply~~ are near the east end of the pond and resemble some of the Sulphur Springs of Florida being circular pits in the bottom apparently of great depth. The water is very clear and the flow sufficient to supply a large brook which escapes at our end and over an artificial fall of stone slips into the moat. The pond is

1891.

Friesland.

July 4  
(No 5)

Wells. is perhaps 200 ft. long by 30 to 50 ft. wide. Except in the springs the water is not over 2 to 4 ft. deep.

It contains at present two Winter Swans, eight or ten tannal(?) Ducks nearly or quite black in color and of peculiar appearance, two adult ♂ Pochards (with clipped wings) and a pair of Gallinules. I saw no fish although I looked for them closely.

The Gallinules find shelter under and among some bushes which appear to be rooted in the bank above the wall but which lean their drooping tops and branches in the water forming a belt impervious to the eyes extending about 150 feet in length along the western shore.

My first visit to this delightful place was brief but after lunch I returned and spent three hours (5 to 8 P. M.) wandering about and watching the many interesting birds. I have seen nothing like the number and variety in one spot before; it was quite equal (at least in point of number) to what one finds in some sheltered nook in America at migration time. Yet these birds were of course all summer residents, many of them feeding broods of young just from the nests. The trees and bushes were fairly swarming with them. There was not much singing (the season is too far advanced, evidently) but the air was continuously filled with chirps, calls and scolding notes many of which were quite new to me.

Indeed much of the time I was in a state of hopeless if delightful bewilderment. With the aid of

July 4  
(No 6)

Wells. my glass and Leby's excellent key list, the first almost constantly at my eyes, the second open in my hand, I however identified more or less satisfactorily the following species:

Song Sparrow, Blackbird, Robin, Hedge Sparrow, Lesser Whitethroat, Garden Warbler, Blackcap (one ♀), Chiffchaff, Willow Warbler, Wood Warbler, Great Tit, Blue Tit, British Coal Tit, Wren, Spotted Flycatcher, Swallows, House Martin, Greenfinch, House Sparrow, Chaffinch, Starling, Jackdaw, Kestrel, Swift and Moorhen or Gallinule; in all 25 species, a large number, surely, for such a time and place.

The Warblers were especially numerous. I find them a most pressing group to work out by the aid of a glass only. They are also very similar in size, shape, color and motions and they are so active, restless and retiring that it is almost impossible to get a plain view of them. The Chiffchaffs and Willow Warblers sang a little late in the afternoon and I heard a third Warbler song new to me which I attributed to the Garden Warbler. It made no distinct impression but as I recall it was much inferior to the song of the Willow Warbler although of the same general character.

This Garden Warbler's chirp is a plaintive peep of much the same quality or tone as the peep of our Emp. flaviventris. A Lesser Whitethroat with young uttered a hard, dry peep, peep and also a scolding teheey.

The Cole Tit closely resembles our Carolina Titmouse. All the British Tits that I have seen utter a

July 4 Wells. - fulda teher, or teher-dee very like that of  
(no 7) our Chickadee when nesting. Now give the full  
chick-a-dee-dee-dee note. The Palm Lark has a low but  
rather pleasing warbling song of four or five syllables.  
I have done the Heus injustice. The song is one  
of the very finest to be heard in England and  
nearly if not quite equal to that of our Winter  
Wren. It resembles that of the Cotton closely  
in form but is more warbling and less like the  
notes of a music box. Perhaps the bird I heard  
this afternoon was an exceptionally fine singer!

A little bird about the size of a Black-cap Warbler  
but rather stouter, above ashy brown, beneath ashy  
white, cheeks gray, crown, and chin and throat  
jet black, no wing bars visible, perched on a nuttree.  
It kept in the tops of some low yew trees and  
was exceedingly active, hopping lightly from twig to  
twig and fluttering its wings like a Kinglet. For  
long periods at a time it sang at brief intervals  
uttering a shrill, wiry pitse, pitse, pitse, pitse.  
pitse closely similar to that of our Minstrel.  
It behaved like a Warbler but the form &  
markings suggested a Titmouse. I by giving another  
Warbler was fit that agrees with it.

The Greenfinch is the bird with undulating  
flight & cross-bill like call note that I heard &  
saw at Linton. There were several pairs with  
young just out in this garden. The song of  
the male is composed of twitters, trills and  
chanting notes some of which closely resemble those  
of our Goldfinch. It is very pleasing but not

July 4  
(No 8)

Wells - a song of high musical quality.

Towards sunset the Thrushes sang freely, the Blackbirds a little. I also saw a Hedge Sparrow sitting on top of a bush singing precisely like a young Song Sparrow. I am surprised to find on re-examining my books that this bird is not a Sparrow at all but allied to the Robin & Nightingale.

The Gallinules showed themselves freely during my stay but were exceedingly wary and cunning retreating at once into their bush shelter whenever I moved a stick to approach them.

I saw one of them dive repeatedly in about two feet of water. It gave an upward and forward leap nearly clear of the surface and remained under several seconds. When I drew it off it quickly returned & began diving in the same spot. On examination I found that there was a quantity of Indian corn on the bottom at this place. Could the bird have been eating it?

After the sun had sunk below the Cathedral and the gardeners gone home the Gallinules became much more venturesome, freely swimming over all parts of the pond, attacking the same Ducks and driving them away easily. They swim precisely like our bird and I do not think they could be possibly distinguished from it when living although the red of the bill & frontal plate seems to me less vivid & extensive. At length one of these Gallinules began making regular excursions across the pond into the

July 4 Wells. flower beds. It would fly up to the top of  
(no 9) the stone coping, cross the gravel path and  
disappear among the plants whence, after a  
half minute or less, it would emerge carrying a  
single long blade of dead grass in its bill  
and plunging into the water would return to  
the thicket of bushes where it must have had  
a partially finished nest. After several of these  
excursions it sought recreation by sauntering slowly  
along the gravel walk that skirted the edge  
of the pond, picking up food or perhaps small  
pebbles(?) at every few steps. Its motions were  
very Rail-like and it constantly jerked up its  
tail. It followed the path for fully 100 feet.  
I heard only one call from these birds a short  
ke-rup.

A family of Norway Rats had discovered the corn  
in the pond and despite the depth of water (fully  
two feet) were helping themselves freely. Big rats &  
little rats, sometimes singly, often two together, came  
scuttling across the turf from a thicket, found a  
moment on the edge of the stone coping, then  
plunged into the water and down directly to the  
bottom where they crawled about filling their mouths  
& throats with the corn. On reappearing, they came  
to a certain place where the wall was broken down  
& easily scrambled out and ran back to the  
thicket. I watched until one big fellow dove  
and then ran to the wall directly above him.  
As he came up he tried to climb the wall at  
the usual place but I pushed him back with



July 4  
No 101

Wells.. my foot when he at once down and crossed the pond to the bushes, most of the way under water.

It was interesting to watch the Pochards diving in this perfectly clear water. They sprang forward by a powerful stroke of their broad feet and went straight down to the bottom where, standing on their heads as it were, they tugged away at the water plants, maintaining their position by incessant, vigorous upward strokes of the feet. The wings were not used in the least or even opened out slightly (as I have already noted at least one wing of each bird had been clipped). When they wished to return to the surface they merely stopped kicking when the buoyancy of their bodies brought them up with great speed. The effort required to maintain the position at bottom was much greater than I had supposed. The paddling was incessant and made the water boil on the surface. The birds were apparently eating the aquatic plants. They worked around the edges of the submerged bed of corn without touching it.

Later in the afternoon there was a steady flight of Starlings & Jackdaws to the Cathedral & ruins. Swifts also appeared in great numbers, 30 to 50 being almost constantly in sight. Altogether it was a red letter day of seeing for me - this afternoon in the Bishop's garden.

1891.

July 6 Wells to Lynton: Most of the day cloudless with strong W. wind, a few light showers in the afternoon.

Left Wells this morning and went to Minehead by rail, thence to Lynton by coach. The railroad passes the supposed site of Beaton and crosses an immense extent of perfectly level, low country once fens, now ditched and cross ditched very thoroughly and devoted to pastures thickly sprinkled with cattle and sheep, meadow like mowing fields, and cultivated fields. There are a few bits of the original fens remaining, just enough to give one some idea of what they may have been like, stagnant pools covered with duck weed crossed in every direction by the faint trails of Moorhens or Water Hots and bordered by dense beds of cat tail flags very like ours. In fact I saw several stretches which seemed exactly resembled the cat tail swamp at Port Pond. There were also bits of marsh of a somewhat drier character covered with a species of sedge and sprinkled with low bushes. Watched eagerly in hopes of seeing a Bittern but probably there are none remaining.

Leaving the fens the road at once enters a very hilly country with much gorse and some heather in the fields and occasional rapid and very pretty tree embanked brooks. I saw a pair of Partridges in one of the fields feeding just at once on the short turf within less than 20 yards of the track. At another place a female Mallard fluttered from a reedy gully in a ditch at the very foot of the railway embankment and reaching the turf of the ordinary field

1891.

July 6  
(No. 1)

Nests to Bygones about on the ground as if wounded.  
She must have had either eggs or a brood of young in  
the ditch.

As we approached Minchhead at a point where the  
railroad runs along the shore of the Sound I saw  
several Wheat-eats in a rocky field, flitting from  
hillock to hillock with wide spread tails.

During the railroad journey I also saw a Kestrel,  
a good many Wood Pigeons rising from grain fields,  
and a fair number of Rooks.

On reaching Minchhead we secured outside front  
seats on the coach and started for Bygones, 20 m.  
For the first part of the way the road, narrow  
as hard as flint, and bordered on both sides by  
tall, untrimmed hedges, led through an open,  
very hilly, but wholly cultivated country with  
frequent small villages of quaint tiled & thatched  
crooked cottages. Then we came to a frightfully steep  
pitch three miles in length which took us from  
a little above sea level to the top of a hill or  
rather mountain of 1400 ft elevation. A fifth horse  
was here added to our team and the passengers  
were invited to walk as far as they felt willing  
to do. I went about a mile and then took  
to the coach again. During this walk I saw a  
Woodpecker's hole in the trunk of a green tree  
(an ash) by the roadside. I also saw two butterflys,  
one a rather large brownish species, and heard  
in a wet hollow an intermittent low trilling  
sound not unlike the early Spring啼 of a  
toad. Small birds seemed to be very scarce.

1891.

July 6

July 6  
(No 3)

Mells to Lyngstone - Saw only one Green Finch and heard nothing but a Willow Warbler & a Chiffchaff. The high banked walls bordering the road were beatified in many places with heather just coming into bloom and with long lines of foxgloves often three or four feet tall.

On reaching the "height of land" we looked off eastward over a billowy expanse of rolling moors and great round topped hills extending as far as the eye could reach, covered for the most part with the olive green heather and wholly without houses or other signs of man's presence save the occasional small flocks of sheep. Here and there a deep ravine very similar to the "gulfs" or "coves" of American mountain regions extended far back into these hills its steep sides covered with forests of larch and Norway Spruce. Our driver told us that Red Deer and Black Game abounded but there are no Grouse. I saw two kestrels, hovering over ravines; a Green Woodpecker, which rose from the turf on the side of the road and flew off down a steep slope cumbly in the manner of a Colaptes; a Minchcat which was flitting about in a bed of gorse, several

Yellow Hammers, a Thrush which I took to be a Ring Ouzel and several rather large Pipits, (perhaps Anthus richardi) with white outer tail feathers which rose into the air like the Pipits and uttered a <sup>hoarse</sup> rather feeble but somewhat musical song, much like a part of the Sky-pie song.

1891.

Iceland.

July 6  
(No 4)

Wells to Bygton. The descent from these upland moors to the little village of Bygsmorth was rather gradual at first with frequent beautiful views of the sea, crinkled and foam-capped by the strong wind which, at times, actually rendered our breathing difficult. A Cormorant was flying along the edge of the cliff at one time, at another a Herring Gull soaring high above us. I saw no other birds.

The final pitch down to Bygsmorth is very steep but less so and very much less crooked and dangerous than the half mile of road which scales the almost vertical wall from Bygsmorth to Bygton by a succession of zigzags up one side of the bed of a small river that tumbles down over a series of cascades and is said to furnish good salmon and trout fishing.

Just as we turned into the street which leads past the hotel in Bygton I heard a sound as of the cawing of a thousand Crows united into one continuous roar and looking up saw at least five hundred Rooks circling over a small piece of woods which clings rather than grows on the hillside almost directly over the town.

The rushing wind drowned all bird voices this evening if indeed there are any birds in this cliff village of Bygton.

1801.

July 7 Lynton to Ilfracombe. Cloudy and cold, the wind blowing half a gale from the W.

It seems there are at least a few small birds in the terraced gardens of the cliff villages of Lynton. I heard a Chiffchaff singing early this morning in the top of a beech tree near my window and after breakfast saw a Robin and two Blue Tits in the back yard. The note of the Blue Tit is a hissing tee-dee the tone of which is much like that of Parus hudsonicus. All the other British Tits which I have heard have similar notes. The close resemblance of their call notes to those of North American Paridae is the more interesting from the fact that the chirping, scolding and call notes of most of the small birds which I have heard in England belong to are not only widely different from those of any American birds but seem to belong to a different type of sound. There are no tsips, tsups or tchups, nothing for instance that bears the most distant resemblance to the slight hissing calls and sounds, full chirps of alarm or anxiety which, with variations so slight as to be recognized only by an expert, are in almost universal use among the American Sylviidae and Troglodytidae. The chirps and calls of most of the British Warblers and Sparrows are either metallic like the sound of steel clashing against steel; chinking, like that of pebbles; or chattering like that of our Wrens. They seemed to all forward on the same models as the various calls of the House Sparrow although few, fortunately, are so abundant which means no better planning of tone than

1891.

England

July 7  
(No 2)

Lynton to Ilfracombe. - are exceptions to this rule, such as the Blackbird many of whose notes closely resemble our Robin's, the Swallows and Sand Martin whose voices exactly reproduce those of their American representatives, and the Titmice and Kinglets which approach closely their allies in our country. There are no exceptions, however, in respect to the absence among British birds of notes resembling those of our Warblers and Sparrows. Dealing only with the flight, call and alarm notes of the birds of England and America it seems to me quite possible to classify most of them <sup>broadly</sup> as follows: (1) Notes peculiar to the Old World of which those of the House Sparrow may be taken as the type. (2) Those peculiar to the New World with those of our Yellow Warbler and Song Sparrow (a dozen other species in either American Warblers or Sparrows would do equally well) as types. (3) Notes common to both continents as those of the Swallow, House & Sand Martins, Titmice and Kinglets. It is an interesting fact - doubtless a mere coincidence - that the call note of the English Robin almost exactly reproduces that of our Cardinal Grosbeak and the cry of the British Swift that of our Cedar Bird. The close resemblance which exists between the flight note of the Green Finch and that of *Loxia leucostera* is perhaps explainable through association with the Crossbills of Northern Europe.

To return to Lynton. The House Sparrow abounds in its shade trees & gardens but almost if not quite for the first time since leaving London

1891.

August 10

July 7  
(No 3)

Lynton to Ilfracombe. I miss the familiar and ever interesting sight of the sea of bays covering and soaring over the land. The opportunity this is not to be missed.

Then on a fine fall dows, and now and then a Herring Gull calling his way westward against the strong wind, now borne in over the town by a fierce gust then usual, swept sailing down in a long slant over the sea, finally, just off, alighting to rest on the foamy beach.

Later in the afternoon (5. 7.30) we went to Ilfracombe by coach. The road first rises by a succession of short but very steep pitches to the tops of the hills, following the course of one of the branches of the Exe; then leads for about ten miles along the crests of the ridges at length descending towards the coast by rather easy grades and entering Ilfracombe along a terrace cut in the face of a nearly perpendicular wall of rock washed by the sea. None of the country traversed is anything like as wild and elevated as that between Minehead & Lynton. The fact nearly all of it is in cultivated fields devoted to grass, grain or potatoes and divided by hedges into the usual check board patterns.

We saw two magpies during this drive. One was in the road, apparently feeding on horse droppings. He flew across a field and alighted in a hedge. The other flew across the road and disappeared over a hedge. Both had much trouble with their long tails in the strong wind.



1801.

July 7  
(No 4)

Lynton to Ilfracombe. when at times apparently came near upsetting the bird. They are beautiful creatures showing nearly as much white as black when flying. He did not get nearer than 200 yds. to either of them.

Small birds were very numerous along the road, chiefly Yellowhammers, Chaffinches and House Sparrows.

I saw a few Whinchats, and Blackbirds but no Thrushes.

Jackdaws and Rooks were feeding in greater or less numbers in nearly every field. Near Ilfracombe

I saw a small, prettier looking Crow which I took for a Chough although I did not recall and the red bill or legs. It was flying along the edge of the cliff over the sea.

1891.

July 8

Hydcombe to Clovelly. Cloudy with chill N wind and frequent light showers - a dismal day.

By rail this morning to Bideford via Barnstaple Junction. The railroad connecting these towns runs <sup>the left bank of</sup> along the river a tidal stream of some size with extensive sand and mud flats and salt marshes in places. Near the mouth there are extensive sand-hills, bare or covered with beach grass resembling closely, if not identical with, that of our Mass. coast. The salt marshes were very unlike ours despite the fact that they were sprinkled with similar shallow brackish pools and intersected by numerous deep-cut, very crooked, narrow creeks. Perhaps the difference in appearance was caused by the presence of hundreds of sheep which keep the grass cropped as short as that of a carefully clipped lawn but the ground looked harder than that of our salt marshes, in fact perfectly dry in most places.

The mud-flats were literally swarming with birds chiefly Hooks and Jack snaws with a sprinkling of Cormorants and Gulls and now and then a Curlew or a little family party of Common Sandpipers the latter looking exactly like our Spotted Sandpipers as, startled by the train, they flew out over the river skimming close to the surface with decurved, quivering wings. The Curlews paid no attention to the cars but solely went on feeding. In one of the pools, apparently brackish but perhaps fresh, I saw a Moorhen paddling about among some short reedy rushes. The Gulls appeared to be all *S. argentatus*.

1891.

July 8  
(1891)

Hfracombe to Clovelly. At Hidesford we took stage to Clovelly, a distance of twelve miles on a hard, smooth and very pretty road which winds through an open farming country with occasional patches of game preserves covered with dense woods. The road in most places is dug down eight or ten feet below the level of the bordering field the earth having been thrown out on each side forming banks of a total height of twelve or fifteen feet above the road. ~~and~~ the American built banks would be almost certainly bare & unsightly. Hops of gravel or sand. Here not an inch of soil is visible the face of the bank when of earth being <sup>covered</sup> with luxuriant beds of beautiful ferns or wild grasses mingled with innumerable wild flowers conspicuous among which are the tall, erect foxgloves. If of rock this is sure to be clothed with a curtain of dark, glistening ivy leaves. A hawthorn hedge invariably crowns the bank and cuts off all view of the landscape beyond save to those who ride, as we rode, on the top of a tall coach.

During this drive, despite the dreary weather, I saw and heard more small birds than on any previous day during this trip. The most numerous & represented species was the Chaffinch. This bird seems to be equally at home in a wooded or open country although when seen in the latter it is nearly always in or near hedge rows. It is fond of hopping about on the ground in the middle of roads and is so fearless that our horses to day nearly stepped on many birds before they would take

1891

July 8  
(No 3)

Ilfracombe to Clowley - wing. The young are now on wing in large numbers. They are largely of a yellowish color and at first I took them to be adult birds of some other species.

Next to the Chaffinch the Yellow Hammer was the commonest small bird along these roads and it was the only bird that sang at all freely. It is especially fond of perching on telegraph wires which it seldom leaves for a passing train. The song is very slight but rather pretty and not in the least like that of our Savanna Sparrows to which Bourcyles compares it. The first part is a somewhat confused, twittering warble to which, after a slight pause, the bird adds two notes in a lower key given slowly, very distinctly and with marked emphasis. Thus mm (warble); dee, dee. The effect is very odd. The warbling portion seems complete in itself and the pause is just sufficient to convince the listener that the song has ceased when, like an afterthought, comes the terminal dee, dee. Sometimes these added notes are omitted.

Besides the species just mentioned I saw about the usual number of Rooks, Jackdaws, Wood Pigeons, House Sparrows, a few Blackbirds, two Meise Thrushes (hopping about in a newly mown field), a Kestrel (hovers over a field), a Sparrow Hawk (my first, skimming along a hedge row, its form & flight exactly like that of one I saw below but the bird appearing larger, in fact nearly as large as *A. cooperi*) and two specimens of a bird new to me but which I took to be

1891.

July 8  
(Sat)

Alpacumba to Clowelly. Storm Cuckers. They looked much like Golden Plover but appeared to be of a light brown color. Both were flying over the fields at a very rapid rate.

In a ploughed field on top of a hill and not fifty yards from the road we saw two adult Herring Gulls stalks sedately about in the midst of a throng of Rocks. The driver told me that these Gulls feed much on ploughed land here frequently following the plough and picking up the angle worms which it exposes. The sight of the great white birds in such a place was not less new than interesting to me.

At Biddeford I saw a very few Swifts and there were several this evening flying over Clowelly in company with a perfect swarm (fully 200) of House Martins. The latter had either sought shelter from the strong wind in the ravine which contains this singular little town or, as is perhaps more likely, they were attracted by an immense number of insects which the wind may have driven from the open country into the lee of the cliffs. At all events they (the Martins) remained flying over the houses until it was nearly dark. I satisfied myself quickly that none are nesting in the village.

The only birds singing this evening were a Blackbird (very feebly), a Thrasher, a Wren and a Green Finch. I saw a few Chipping Sparrows and two Siskins. The latter are the first I have met. Their flight notes are very similar to those of our Goldfinch.

July 9 Clovelly. Forenoon cloudy clearing at noon, the afternoon cloudless with a calm sea just dimpled by a gentle N. E. breeze, the fair weather wind being they say.

In the forenoon we took the famous "Hobby Drive", starting at 11 o'clock. It is by far the most beautiful thing of the kind that I have seen in England. The road, three miles in length, is almost perfectly level and very winding, following closely the contour of the almost vertical and ~~discontinuous~~ heavily wooded cliffs but crossing several ravines by stone arched bridges. The woods are chiefly oaks & beeches with a few birches, larches and chestnuts. There are no yews and I think no pines. All the trees are old.

What becomes of the leaves in English woods? There is nowhere any trace of those of last year's growth. Under these oaks and beeches the ground was covered either with ferns or moss. The bank along the upper side of the road was shoulder deep with ferns, among which gleamed the brilliant spikes of the fox gloves.

A Robin and a Chiffchaff were the only birds heard singing in these woods. Lits were chirping in many places and I caught glimpses of a Warbler or two. On the whole the bird fauna disappointed me. I had hoped for Mistlethrush and Woodpeckers as well as Jays and Magpies but it seems that there are Pheasants, with the usual attendant game keepers thirsty for the blood of all "Vermin". At least one Hunter had checked these, however.

1891.

England.

July 9  
(No 2)

Clovelly.— After passing through the Hobby Drive we went on to Buck's Mills, a curious little collection of ten or a dozen houses in a busy nook by the shore on the banks of a brook which the road follows, down a narrow ravine. A keen singing and a number of House Martins carrying mud from a puddle to their nests under the eaves of a stone barn. There were none of these Martins about Clovelly to-day.

As we returned back through the Hobby Drive the sun was shining, lighting up the woods and giving them a still more beautiful appearance than that which they bore earlier in the day.

In the afternoon I walked in the opposite direction, to Clovelly Park, the property of a Mr. Havelyn. Paying the usual tax-pence at the gate lodge I entered a drive which follows the shore along the top of the cliffs with oak woods on the right hand clothing the steep descent and open fields stretching away on the left with the mansion house, an ugly modern structure, in the distance surrounded by a wide expanse of lawn sprinkled with groups of Fallow Deer.

In the oak woods I heard a bird new to me. It uttered a single, rather plaintive whistle (peer) which at a distance resembled the scream of a Blue Jay, nearer the whistle of the Pine Grosbeak. The authors (there were several at different places) of this cry kept in the tops of the trees. One which was feeding young gave me a fairly good view. It appeared to have a red breast and some red on the crown with white wing bars.

1891.

July 9  
(No 3)

Cloverly. - It was about the size of a Chaffinch and seemed to be a Sparrow of some kind but just what I cannot determine.

At a point where the path comes out on the brink of a naked cliff I saw a Kestrel and a Pigeon which seemed to have a nest in the rocks and which was of about the size and general appearance of a blue throat Pigeon. I took it for C. Texas as I could see no white on the rump. It flew very swiftly out over the sea.

As I stood on the brink of this cliff my eye caught something brown moving slightly on a narrow ledge about 20 ft. below and directly over the sea. To my amusement it turned out to be a Rabbit. It seemed to feel quite at ease and even sat erect for a moment on its narrow perch from which I could not discover any means of escape for a creature not endowed with wings but doubtless there was some path to the clover fields above. The ledge was fully 500 ft. above the ocean.

In a grove of large oaks I heard what I took to be a Woodpecker Tapping but the bird proved to be a Titmouse. It was on a dead branch in the top of the tree and for a long time behaved like a Gray Squirrel keeping on the opposite side of the branch and peeping around at me shyly.

I accordingly lay down on my back and waited. At length it got over its alarm and showed tail on my side being presently joined by its mate, both birds tumbling about the twigs fearlessly.



1881.

July 9  
(No. 4)

lovelly - in the manner of our Litta carolinensis but uttering, to my great surprise, a faint hissing call exactly like that of a Dendroica. Perhaps they also made a shrill, piping whistle which I afterwards heard in these woods but could not trace to its source. Newstead told me that the European Nuthatch makes such a whistle.

As I was watching the Nuthatches a movement among some tall, dense firs in the vale below attracted my attention and presently a doe thrust up her head and looked timidly around making a pretty picture. Seeing nothing she came out and trotted along a path at the base of a wooded slope. She was a third larger than the Fallow Deer and colored nearly like our Virginia Deer but with a black stripe on the side of the rump.

At 7 P.M. I started back. The sun was now low in the west and scores of Rabbits were feeding along the wood edges but they were so shy and their senses of sight and hearing so keen that long before I could get within gun range they would scamper back into the woods. Wood Pigeons were uttering their hoarse, deep cooing on all sides and the air was filled with Jackdaws flying towards some pine woods where there was evidently a roost. I heard nothing singing here but as I approached the park gates the notes of a Chiffchaff and a Wren came from the dense belt of trees along the road. There were also several Robins among the Spindalundones but none sang.

1891.

July 9

July 9  
(No 5)

Glaucous.— As I passed through the rhododendrons two birds began chirping very near me. I took them for Lits and was consequently somewhat surprised when they at length showed themselves to find that they were Creepers (Certhia familiaris). They looked and acted precisely like our species but their notes were different. One call was a sharp psip exactly like that of a Titmouse, the other a low psae more like the treep or creep of our Certhia but yet not to be mistaken for it. I heard both calls this morning in the Holly Den and also heard the bird that uttered them sing once very much like the American Certhia a fact which led me to suspect its identity although I did not succeed in seeing the bird.

Another British bird which I met this afternoon for the first time was the Carrion Crow (Corvus corone). A pair with their full grown young were flying about over the fields alighting in some oaks. One of the old birds followed me for some time coming almost within shot and calling incessantly. The call of this species is deeper and hoarser than that of C. americanus with something in the tone that suggests the caw of the Raven although the bird says "caw" distinctly enough. The flight and general appearance or form of the Carrion Crow are exactly like those of our Corvus.

There were fully 100 Fallow Deer feeding on the lawn in this park as I passed on my way back among them several "black"

1891.

V. 2. 1. 1.

July 9  
(No 6)

Clovelly, - and at least two from white ones. The fawns were frolicking about like lambs frolicking, or and chasing one another at full speed over the smooth turf, some of them running very fast, striking all four feet exactly together like Prong Horns. The older animals usually trot.

I saw a great number of large, jet black, shellless snails crawling on the grass patches in the park. When trod with a stick they quickly cover themselves with a viscid secretion which seems to exude from the pores over all parts of the body.

Butterflies are getting more numerous. I saw at least eight to-day. It is strange that there are so few in a country where wild flowers are a hundred fold more abundant than with us.

Litaniae are far more numerous and generally distributed in England than with us. I heard them everywhere in oak woods to-day and saw them whenever I scanned the tree tops long and carefully enough. The Blue Tit seems to be the commonest species here.

I also saw many Warblers high in the oaks. They are among the most silent of all birds seldom uttering any calls to one another except when anxious about their young most of which are now on wing. They are active little birds resembling our Helminthophila very closely in motions and manner of feeding near the ends of the branches. I saw two Woodpeckers holes & one bird, a Green Woodpecker.

1891

July 10 Crovelly to Bude. - Weather much like that of yesterday but was more beautiful after the clouds cleared away about noon and the sun came out lighting up the woods and the wonderfully tender blue (turquoise) sea, which was only just ruffled by the gentle N. E. breeze.

While walking about the town in the forenoon I saw several Hobbies and a Green Woodpecker, the latter flying.

Late in the afternoon as we were waiting for the coach to be made ready on the terrace above the town a Blackbird, a Cliffchaff, and Thrush, and several Green Finches were singing. Besides a Wren or two. Now and then a Swift shot down the steep slope with the speed of a meteor. Thrushes and Blackbirds appear to much less numerous here than further north and I have not seen a single Spotted Flycatcher thus well.

We started for Bude at 5.15, at first on top of the coach, afterwards taking inside seats where the opportunities for observation were poor. The country was nearly all open & hilly with the usual cultivated fields & hedgerows.

Yellow Hummers were exceedingly numerous and singing freely. We heard two Skylarks and saw three Hestrels hovering over the fields. A King Owl fledging among gorse. In a great valley free from hedges and covered with wild grasses & gorse I saw a Circus — ? beating <sup>on</sup> the ground like our Marsh Hawk. It looked big & brown. A few Swifts at Bude but no birds singing there.

1891.

July 11

Bude to Lintagel. - A superb day, sunny with great billowy clouds drifting across the sky and flecking the landscape with dark shadows, the distance steeped in deep blue haze, the sea of a deeper blue than yesterday. At times, especially where high banks cut off the gentle sea breeze, it was uncomfortably warm in the sun.

We hired a wagonette & drove with a pair of excellent horses and drove to Lintagel starting at 10 A.M. and arriving at 2 P.M. Although the road lay near the sea the country was much like that traversed yesterday. The weary of the endless succession of small, green fields with their monstrous hedges. But the high banks that bordered the roads were beautiful beyond description with their wealth of wild flowers of which few except the foxgloves, buttercups, bird-foot trefoil and heather are known to me. In places these banks were fairly ablaze with scarlet poppies growing in solid beds as if planted there for effect against the background of graceful, feathery ferns. No part of America which I have ever visited has anything to compare with the display of wild flowers which England carries on every wayside bank. I notice many blue flowers here, one called "bird's eye" with a rounded, feathery head.

Sky-larks and Yellow Hammers were the most numerous birds to day. I counted 16 of the former singing. The latter were thinner as many. I also saw Corn Buntings for the first time. In a field where men were ploughing we saw at least 20 Herring Gulls walking about. In another ploughed field a Murrelet sat on a clod. (The murrelets are not for murets).

1891.

July 11

No. 21

Went to Leith. Late in the afternoon I walked down to the "Castle", a huge, rocky promontory with vertical cliffs on three sides washed by the sea. Gulls (mostly L. argentatus with a few L. fuscus and an uncertain proportion of L. canus) were flying above the cliffs or floating on the sea in snowy flocks or "beds" in company with hundreds of Puffins, Murres, ~~and~~ Raven-bills and Black Gullinets. There were also Jackdaws in considerable numbers but I saw no Choughs although they are said to breed here. The fact as man whom I met assured me that he had seen several to-day. He is one of a band of professional eggers who dispose of their "plunder" to London dealers. I went with him to his house and was shown a number of eggs of the Murre, Raven-bill, Puffin, and one set of Kestrel's eggs which I bought 2/6 each. Peregrine's, Chough's, and Raven's eggs are collected by these men at 6/6 each. I was offered an imperfect set (2 eggs) of the Peregrine at this price. The egg-sellers about this work in fashions of fish or six men each and make use of various combinations of ropes, ladders etc. They took three sets of Raven's eggs in one day this past spring (in March just before the great "blizzard"). About one pair of Peregrines bred for every three miles of coast. In the evening, after dinner, I walked down across the fields to the shore opposite the Castle. A Blackbird, a Yellow Hammer & several Corn Buntings singing. Now & then a Swift shot past low over the hedges with the speed of a cannon

1891.

England.

July 12

Friday. Clear, warm and still, a gentle breeze ruffling the sea at times. A perfect day, perhaps the finest that we have thus far seen in England.

Soon after breakfast we went to the cliff which I visited last night. A Yellow Hammer, a Skylark, and several Corn Buntings were singing as we walked down the lanes and across the fields. The song of the Corn Bunting is feeble, shattering, and wholly unmusical. It suggests, if, indeed, it does not closely resemble, the song of our Song Sparrow. The bird, like the Yellow Hammer, is a persistent singer sitting on top of a hedge or tall weed stalk on one of the banked walls so common here and giving its simple lay at frequent intervals from early morning through the hottest midday hours and late into the evening twilight.

Last night I heard and saw three Crows which I took to be C. Corone on the shore at this place. There were five of them this morning and I had an excellent chance to study their ways. They were feeding on the ground in a sheep pasture and allowed me to approach nearly within gun-shot. They resemble our Crow very closely indeed but their calling is different and, as I have previously noted, deeper and hoarser. They kept taking short flights from place to place and on alighting twitched their wings exactly as our Crow does.

I found two Wheatears on this point. They were rather shy, flitting on ahead of me, alighting nearly always on the top of a rock, and standing

1891.

July 12  
(No 2)

Intagit. very erect and still. The tail was wide spread in flight. This bird resembles nothing that we have in America unless, perhaps, slightly the Snow Bunting, when alone among rocks. I heard neither song nor call note.

Descending the cliff by a foot-path and obtaining the key of the Castle I ascended the path on the other side of the "Crombie" and after climbing a long flight of steps and passing through a locked gate came out on slope sprinkled with ruins of King Arthur's(?) castle which led to the summit of the headland. This proved to be a nearly level plateau of brown loam with more ruins and covered with a peculiarly soft, deep turf shagreened with various wild flowers. Here I saw three Mixed Thrushes, another Wheatear and a family party of *Chimney Swift* birds which I could not identify. There was one old bird *Loxia* *flava* in worn breeding plumage, reddish or purplish brown on the back and plain yellowish brown beneath with no conspicuous head or wing markings (certainly no black on forehead or throat) and four young of a greenish olive above and buffy beneath with some clear yellow or yellowish white in the wings and abundant narrow, dark streaks on the under parts. All five were feeding on seeds and kept more or less together flitting from place to place. They were of about the size of our *Spinus tristis* and of similar deeply undulating flight and nearly if not quite identical flight notes and low, tender call notes. Indeed I should probably have passed them for *S. tristis* had I seen them in New instead of old England.



1891.

July 12  
(No 3)

Lintagil. The Mistle Thrushes were shy and acted much like Flickers (*Colaptes*) when in similar places, rising from behind rocks and taking short flights characterized by intermittent, whirring flapping and loop-like undulating sweeps on set wings. Indeed I took the first for a Green Woodpecker until I got my glass fairly on it.

By picking my way down a steep, grassy slope I secured a position on the edge of a low cliff where Puffins, Murres & Razor Bills were breeding in considerable numbers. Not only were they continually flying up to and down from the crevices in the rocks but best of all many were constantly engaged in fishing almost directly beneath me. With the aid of my glass I could easily follow ~~any~~ <sup>each</sup> bird which I chose to select during the entire time which it remained under water. Its course downward was usually slightly curving with at best one sharp turn thus:

After descending thirty or forty feet it would dart about in zig zag courses or perhaps describe a great circle finally coming to the surface again either by a long slant or along a single or double curved line very like that taken on the descent. From the time it left the surface to its return the wings were moved incessantly precisely as in ordinary flight and it moved through the water nearly as swiftly as if flying but with a more jerky motion which reminded me of that of our oared water spider. Sometimes

July 12  
(No 4)

Antagil. one bird would follow another closely during its entire period of submergence, the two doubling circling and twisting like fishes at play. Again a bird returning from the depths would suddenly change its course and, evidently with miscevous designs, would dart directly towards another floating on the surface and sometimes raise it nearly out of water when it reached it although the victim selected for this practical joke usually discovered its danger in time and escaped by fluttering or paddling quickly to one side or the other. All this and more could be easily seen through the clear, light green water from my elevated position. Indeed I could distinctly see whitish rocks on the bottom where the water must have been thirty or forty feet deep.

The Puffins rarely went out of my sight or indeed, nearly to the bottom. As a rule they <sup>all</sup> seemed to fish at about the same depth on reaching which they swam about on a nearly or quite horizontal plane. They did not stay much, if at all, longer under water than do most of our diving ducks.

On the surface they floated high and rarely swam more than a few feet in any one direction seeming to use their feet merely to maintain their position but often paddling for some time with a dabbling motion turning the body round and round in one spot. When they wished to

1891.

England

July 12  
(No 5)

Intelligible change their ground they would fly, rising from the surface with but little difficulty although there was practically no wind.

There were several pairs of Razor bills and two or three Murres among them Puffins but I did not see any of them dive. The majority probably went further from shore to fish as they were constantly passing out and in over the sea as, indeed, were many Puffins, also.

The Gulls also floated on the water near the base of this cliff in considerable numbers but they appeared to be merely resting there. At one time there were fully 50 asleep on a flat-topped rock that rose just above the sea. I made out a few L. canus and saw several L. fuscus but by far the greater number were certainly L. argentatus. A few birds were followed by squeaking broods of young.

While I was on the top of the Castle rock several fine old Herring Gulls were constantly flying about over me coming within 20 yds or less. It was wonderful to see the ease with which they moved on set wings and by the slightest possible change in the "set" of the wings turned and circled or rose sharply. At one time when a dozen or more were circling close over me I could distinctly hear a light, lilken rustle although not a bird among them flapped once. This rustling sound was continuous & was heard by my companion as well. What caused it?

1861.

July 12  
(No 6)

Tintagil to Camelford.. At 6 P.M. we started for Camelford in a waggone with a pair of horses and a driver. The road led through much the <sup>kind of</sup> same country as that traversed yesterday viz. open, cultivated land with small, square fields & hedge rows. We passed through some extensive slate quarries and one where I saw three birds soaring which I took for Ravens. I also saw a White-throat Warbler in a thicket in a pit by the roadside.

Sky-larks were numerous and singing well. We stopped and watched one which went up to a height of fully 1000 ft. and sang at least ten minutes without the slightest pause. At one time I could only just see him without the aid of my glass—a mere speck of flecked brown and white in the blue dome overhead. Yet the song came so distinctly that not a note of it was lost to us. The wings appear to be beaten incessantly during the ascent, however slow this may be. At the highest point reached the bird alternates flapping and soaring and sometimes flies slowly in a great circle. He descends on set wings, occasionally flapping a little, and floats down very, very slowly and evenly like a ball of brown thistle down. I am constantly reminded of our Woodcock as I watch these Sky-larks. There is a resemblance not only in the manner of singing but in the song itself. The Sky-lark also recalls our Bobolink at times, especially in its manner of flying over a grass field.

1891.

July 12  
(no 7)

Traveled to Camelford - very slowly, at a height of 20 ft  
or so, with quivering wings, singing. <sup>paths</sup> See the female  
Sparrows passing over the fields and looking for  
their nests or young in the tall grass just as  
do our Bobwhites.

There were many Yellow Hummers and a few  
Crown Buntings singing along this road. I also  
saw a Red Wagtail, a species which does not  
appear to be common in this sea coast country.

Camelford is a small village in the bottom of  
a narrow, deep valley which forms the course of  
a shallow river (a brook it would be called in  
America) overhung by trees which form a long  
line of verdure down the middle of the valley.  
The land rises steeply to the tops of two long.

straight, parallel ridges. There is precisely similar  
scenery about Harwell and Merriam, Mass.

After supper I walked with E. up the course of  
the river for half a mile or so. We were quietly  
outside the outskirts of the town and crossing  
a field by a foot path which led to a stile  
one which we reached. Rooks and Jackdaws  
were assembling in the narrow belt of oaks &  
elms along the brook below us. They came  
from different quarters in successive flights  
of from 50 to 200 or 300 birds each until  
at least 1000 were gathered in the tops of them.

or four trees covering them as with some gigantic  
black fruit & making a great racket which  
reminded me of <sup>that of</sup> frogs. At length, one after  
another, they fluttered down among the foliage until

1891.

Foul day.

July 12  
(No 8)

Carned p.d. - not one remained in sight, but the noise did not cease for some time after this. There seemed to be many more Rooks than Jackdaws. They came to the roost mingled indiscriminately together and as far as I could make out did not separate when choosing their perches.

A Thrush sang a little in a half-hearted way so twilight was falling but I heard nothing else save the mottled, King bird like twitter of a Starling or two. There were a few Swifts (not more than a dozen) flying over the town and two nests of the House Martin, built precisely like all that I have thus far seen, under some eaves opposite our inn.

I forgot to note in the proper place that Barn Swallows (I mean Chimney Swallows of course) were very numerous about the "Castle" rock at Lintagil breeding in some buildings connected with the slate quarry and also in caves at the base of the cliffs. I examined two nests in buildings & found that both were in every way exactly like those of our Barn Swallow. The caves I could not enter as the sea rolled in and out at their mouths at high tide.

I saw a Carrion Crow fly into one of them, perhaps in quest of young Swallows although the old Swallows continued darting in and out without showing any alarm whatever at his presence.

1891.

July 13 Camelford to Bodmin ... Cloudless & very warm.

At daybreak this morning the House Martins occupying the nests on the opposite side of the street twittered for some time, at intervals, rather musically, somewhat in the manner of Barn Swallows. Up to this time I have heard only the short, rather harsh flight note.

We left Camelford at 7.15 A. M. and travelled by stage (a waggonette was the vehicle used) to Bodmin, a distance of 12 miles. The country was of the usual character but we passed one rather large plantation in which I saw a Jay, flitting from tree to tree along the road, his white rump flickering in the dark shade when nothing else could be made out. Skylarks were rather numerous at first and Yellow Hamsters simply swarmed along the entire stretch of roads traversed. I find the song improves on acquaintance. Indeed it is very pleasing although decidedly not of high musical merit. The birds heard to-day began regularly with a trill very like that of our juncos and ended with a single tee or dee given in a high, clear tone. I did not once hear the "dee" doubled nor was the pause preceding it at all marked. In fact there was ordinarily no pause whatever. Either my notes were July 8 (p. 31) were incorrect or the Yellow Hamsters here sing differently from those at Clonville. The song when heard at a distance reminds me of our Song Sparrows.

July 13  
(No. 2)

Camelford to Bodmin. - Song Sparrow's, the resemblance lying chiefly if not wholly in the tone or quality of the terminal "dee". The bird may be said to take the place of the Song Sparrow in English hedges as the Skylark does that of our Bobolink in English fields. The Yellow Hammer, however, is probably less given to skulking among grass or bushes than is our Song Sparrow. At least I also see it perchance either on a telegraph wire or the topmost spray of a hedge. Perhaps this is merely because I see only the males when singing. The Song Sparrow sings habitually in precisely similar situations. Both the Yellow Hammer and Corn Bunting fly much like our Grass Finch.

There were much fewer flowers along the roadsides to-day than usual and the general appearance of the country was browner and less fertile, perhaps because the grass is ripening fast. The farmers seem to be in no haste to cut it. One of them said to me to-day that they were waiting until they were quite sure that the weather had become settled! A further farmer would hardly let their perfect "hay days" pass before scratching up his mind on this point. The hay crop is usually harvested here two weeks earlier than this date.

One of the characteristics of English country roads (as well as village streets) is that there is no shade all the branches which overhang the way being cut off. The sun rays were simply scorching to-day in the deep cuts. We were also followed by herds of horses - flimsy much like our green heads but of a uniform grayish brown color. They annoyed our horse exceedingly.



1891.

England

July 13-16 St. Ives, Cornwall. These ~~four~~ days were exactly like one another as far as weather was concerned; uniformly clear skies, a light N.E. breeze, the sun very hot at noonday, the nights refreshingly cool. As a rule there was much soft haze veiling the coasts on the farther side of the bay.

On the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> I spent an hour in an extremely picturesque glen which forms a part of the extensive grounds belonging to the Tregenna Castle Hotel. There are several acres of oak woods with a narrow, deep ravine the banks of which are covered with a profusion of ferns and wild flowers the bottom forming the course of a clear brook. This ravine is bridged in several places by mossy old logs and the trunks of the oaks are very generally clothed with ivy while the ground beneath contains a rank growth of ferns and nettles. Save for a few narrow gravel paths which wind through this place it is nearly as wild and uncared for as one of our New England glens. I found it swarming with birds chiefly Warblers, Blue Tits, Robins and Thrush with a few Blackbirds and Thrushes and a Spotted Flycatcher. The last, as well as at least one pair of Robins, busily engaged feeding young on wing.

One of the Thrushes sang a little in a half-hearted way but the Thrush was less full song, at least three males, one taking up the strain as soon as another ceased. As I watched them dallying in and out under the steep banks and creeping moss-like among the ferns and crumbling logs or singing on the fronds of some dead

1891.

E. J. S.

July 13-16  
(No 2.)

St. Joes. - near the brook I found it exceedingly difficult at times to realize that I was in England instead of in some lonely glen among the White Mts. of New Hampshire listening to the Winter Wren. One bird in particular sang very nearly like the species first mentioned and the songs of all three sounded much more like it than anything I have heard elsewhere in England. This was probably due not to any local peculiarities of the St. Joes Wrens but simply to ~~the fact that~~ the conditions under which I heard them on this occasion. The steep banks gave resonance to their notes and there were no extraneous sounds of wheels or carting as has usually been the case here in England. I doubt much now whether a really superior singer, such as the one I heard this morning, would suffer by comparison with one of our New England birds were the two to be heard together in our northern New England woods. Indeed it might take an expert in bird music to identify the songs under such conditions.

From my window in one of the houses on the terrace in St. Joes I see Gulls and Gulls over the sea. At evening a few Swifts appear. I doubt if they breed in the town but they certainly breed in some numbers at Painswick, ten miles away.

I also see or hear an occasional Green Finch or Hedge Accutor near the house and early (about sunrise) on the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup> two Thrushes and a Blackbird sang for fifteen or twenty

1861.

July 13-16 St. Ives. minutes close to my window. Blackbirds are  
(No 3) rather numerous in the gardens all about but their  
song period is evidently over. I see them chiefly on  
their way to & from the strawberry beds often with  
a big, red strawberry in the bill. When flying  
in silhouette so that no color can be seen they exactly  
resemble our Robins in every detail of form, outline  
and movement and the resemblance becomes positively  
startling when, as is often the case, they give one  
or other of the notes which are practically alike  
in the two species. The Blackbird is ordinarily a  
more silent and much shyer and more retiring bird  
than his American cousin but when once he decides  
on making a noise he can outdo the American Robin  
easily enough. In addition to the calls common to  
both birds the Blackbird possesses several peculiarly  
sharp, incisive notes peculiarly his own. On the  
evening of the 15<sup>th</sup> I heard a pair of Blackbirds  
making such a racket in a little piece of  
shrubbery near the road that at first I supposed  
there were at least five or six birds engaged in  
the row the cause of which, as nearly as I could  
ascertain, was the presence of a cat.

I have heard only one Chiffchaff at St. Ives, in  
the Ravenna glen on the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup>  
and again about noon (in the same glen) on the 16<sup>th</sup>.  
He sang rather freely on both occasions. I have  
not heard a Willow Warbler for over a week  
although I have seen several birds of this  
species both here and at other places. They must  
cease singing long before the Chiffchaff.

1891.

July 13-16  
(No 4)

85. Doves. - The Gulls are by far the most interesting of all the birds that I have seen here. One is always sure to find from one to three or four hundred in the little harbor. Fully 90% are L. argentatus, the remaining 10% being L. fuscus and L. canus. The majority of all these species are old birds in full plumage but there are a good many young not yet strong on wing and a fair sprinkling of immature birds with mixed blue & gray crests. These Gulls, old and young alike, are surprisingly tame and fearless often alighting on the roofs of the houses and flying in swarms among the wharves passing within six or eight yards of the men at work there. When sitting on the water, as they constantly do in beds of fifty to one hundred birds each, they allow the boats which are incessantly passing to & fro to approach within ten or fifteen yards, often merely swimming a little to one side or, if hard pressed, rising and flying a few rods before alighting again. Some actors, who have studios along the water front of the harbor, feed the Gulls from their windows. I tried it on the mornings of the 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> and found that a loaf of bread, broken into small pieces, lasted only a few minutes under their assaults. At one time I had fully fifty of the superb great birds within ten yards of the window flapping and circling almost directly beneath me.

The Herring Gulls here utter three distinct sounds (1) a cackling cā-cā-cā (2) a deep kau, kau and (3) a weird, wailing cry (e-e-e-a) especially

1891.

July 13-16  
(1891)

St. Ives. - wild and plaintive and reminding one of the wail of a child or the shrieking of wind among cordage. The first two notes are exactly like those of our American Bird but I do not remember to have heard the last before. The Herring Gulls here also make the cry which our birds give so much in winter and which resembles the creaking of a rusty hinge. This is wholly distinct from the wail.

There are a few Cormorants about St. Ives but no waders of any kind probably because the beaches are too much frequented by people. On some mud flats at St. Erith a few miles distant I saw on the afternoon of the 14<sup>th</sup> a number of small Curlews which I took for Whimbrell and a pair of Istani probably Red-throats.

Chaffinches have been singularly inconspicuous of late. I think I heard one sing in the glen on the 14<sup>th</sup> and one is calling Spink in the hedge in front of the house as I write these lines (16<sup>th</sup> July) but I have not seen half a dozen in the past week.

I have seen one Kestrel (July 14<sup>th</sup>) from my window and one Wood Pigeon also (July 15) both flying along the shore.

The Jackdaws here are quite as tame & common as numerous as the Gulls. They are to be seen at all hours usually sitting on ridge poles or chimney tops whence they descend to the yards or even into the streets of the town to pick up pieces of bread or other food. They are

1891

July 13-16 St. Ives. - most entertaining birds, busy, piquant,  
(No 61) familiar, yet ever quick to scent danger and at all  
times ready on the watch for it. They sail a good deal  
when flying among the houses or along the streets  
and often soar in graceful, easy circles when they  
wish to rise into the air but when making a  
protracted flight their wing beats are rapid and  
incessant and they move at a very rapid rate  
often, especially when seen at a distance, closely  
resembling Wood Pigeons. Their ordinary call note  
is rather musical. It varies, at times closely  
resembling the flight call of the Purple Martin,  
at others the heugh of the Green Heron. They  
also utter a variety of low chuckling, talking notes  
and, as I have already recorded, occasionally  
caw in rather feeble, cracked tones.

House Sparrows are quite as abundant at  
St. Ives as elsewhere in England. Their young  
are now on wing. I do not see these Sparrows  
much along country roads except near the  
outskirts of villages or about ruins but they  
nest in thatched roofs wherever there are  
to be found even if the house is isolated.  
I remark everywhere the same differences  
in the notes of the English bird as compared  
with our American colonists that I noted  
on first hearing the former at Liverpool.  
It seems to me, also, that the ♀ is higher  
colored here than with us. Why is it that  
I cannot find the European Tree Sparrow?  
I am certain that I have met some as yet  
unknown, perhaps, at Raglan Castle.

St. Ives to London, England.

1891.

July 17.

Clear and warm.

I left St. Ives at 11 A.M. and reached London at 7 P.M. The distance is something over three hundred miles. As far as Exeter the country is very hilly with many bridges spanning ravines at a dizzy height, fully two hundred feet in some instances I thought.

The Thames valley is broad fertile and very beautiful. The "bed quilt" pattern so universal in the west of England was nearly or quite wanting, here the fields being very large with trees singly or in clusters, scattered about irregularly and the hedge rows no where sufficiently numerous or prominent to be intrusive or objectionable. The characteristic feature of this landscape was its immense grain fields stretching in places almost as far as the eye could reach with scarlet poppies forming patches of brilliant color here and there. We passed a "pit" (a small pond hole in a field) white with water lilies the first I have seen in flower. A long narrow marsh near Bath with  
^  
was filled tall flags.

Of birds I saw three Kestrels, a Magpie, a Lapwing, and many Wood Pigeons, Rooks and Jackdaws besides Gulls and Curlews in fair numbers about the tidal waters near the south coast.

London, England.

1891.

July 12.

Cloudy with frequent heavy showers.

Saunders called at 10 A.M. Called on a Mr. Young. He has a collection of eggs and a very thorough knowledge of British birds. We walked to St. James's Park, after leaving Mr. Young. The Park alive with Wood Pigeons, the lawns literally covered with them, as tame as Sparrows, breed here. Long pond with flags and bushes in places. Moor Hens numerous; two pairs of little Greebes, one with three downy young; Wood and Mandarin Ducks, Tufted Ducks, a few Scaups and multitudes of tame Ducks of various colors. Also many Moorhens.

Lunched with Young who is enthusiastic about birds. He has bred Bearded Tits in an aviary. Neither he nor Saunders has ever heard the Bittern "boom". The bird is now practically only a migratory visitor to England.

When Saunders and I left we walked back through St. James's Park, thence by cab to the "zoo". It was more than I had pictured it. Many of the small British birds in aviaries, one cage with Tits of several species supplied with old stumps. A Nightingale singing freely; a keeper said it was a "hen bird". Saunders thought it had learned much of its song from its various neighbors but both admitted that a part was normal. A brilliant varied song, long sustained.



London, England.

1891.

July 19.(Sunday). Cloudy with frequent heavy showers.

To 7 Radnor Place by cab at 10,15 thence by cab with Saunders to the "Zoo" where we spent the forenoon. Saw Night-Heron brooding young in nest. Also nests of several species of Gulls, the young all out and nearly full grown. Gulls of various species cross freely here; Also Wood and Mandarin Ducks. Many fine but noisy Cranes in pairs in large open enclosures. Wild sheep of several species with artificial rocks on which they skip about. Lion house said to be finest in existence. Several superb Tigers and some fairly good Lions. Movable tunnel to outer cage.

Two American Bison very good, pair of native British cattle, a Gaur bull, the largest known bovine and very rare.

The Reptile house very interesting. A fair sized Diamond rattle snake bred here. Introduced to Mr. Bartlett, son of superintendent. He gave a live white rat to a huge carnivorous Lizard which seized the rat instantly in its strong teeth and shook it violently as a dog would. The rat died game fastening its teeth in the Lizard's cheek and drawing blood. Yesterday P.M. saw the sea lion perform. He misses to order, any one of five pieces of fish thrown to him in rapid succession, half closing his eyes and drooping his head with a comical expression of exaggerated indifference as the proscribed piece is thrown,

London, England.

1891.

July 19.(Sunday).but catching all the others eagerly and most adroitly.

(no.2) None of the Council of the Zool. Soc. know the secret of this performance, but it is supposed to be a trick; that is the keeper is believed to give the animal some sign just as the fish is thrown.

London, England.

1891.

July 20. Cloudy with some sunshine.

To Saunders' by cab at 10 A.M. Thence we walked through Kensington and Hyde Parks. In the former several pairs of Spotted Flycatchers feeding young. Also two nests of Carrion Crows both inhabited this year. This park large and rolling wholly grass and trees the grass cropped short by hundreds of sheep.

To British Museum (Kensington Nat. Hist. Mus.). Introduced to Sharpe a short stout florid man of about forty, very genial calling me "old man" within five minutes of our meeting. Also met Gunther; crotchety old German with white moustache,--very jealous and irascible according to Saunders and Sharpe.

The Brit. Mus. bird coll. now numbers about 300,000 specimens all in Salvin cases, very handsome, all of polished mahogany. Small birds in glass-topped paper boxes within the drawers. No Dermestes or Anthrinae in England. Moths trouble a little, not much. Dust and soot greatly feared. Birds, especially white ones, cannot be left out on tables without serious injury, (The House Sparrows in London are all nearly black).

Lunched with Sharpe and Saunders. Returning to Museum met Mr. Grant a young Scotchman who assists Sharpe. The latter's right-hand man is one Chubb, an ex-butler, said to be a marvel

London, England.

1891.

July 20. of fidelity and accuracy. He catalogues all the specimens and  
(now 2). his books are beautifully kept.

London, England.

1891.

July 21. Cloudy and clear with showers.

Immediately after breakfast called on Salvin and Godman.

The latter in the country but the former at home. An oldish man apparently in ill health and somewhat feeble, but with a bright cheerful smile and exceedingly kind sympathetic manner, not at all an English manner but reminding me of our Asa Gray's. Talked less about his own matters than mine, drawing me out with questions about my collection etc. Showed me a small Petrel new to England just taken on coast. Could not imagine what my Puffini off the coast of Ireland could have been. Asked me to visit him next year to hear the Nightingales which are numerous about his house.

Called on Dr. Salter. He received me with great kindness and after showing me a remarkable book on Indian birds (plates, descriptions, biographical text and anatomical drawings with many vignettes, all done by the author's own hand except the title page which alone was printed.) This work has never been published. The author lost his sight and died before it was quite finished.

Dr. S. then took me to the "Zoo" where I spent several hours very pleasantly.

Salisbury, England.

1891.

July 21. Cloudy with occasional brief bursts of sunshine. Rather cool with strong wind.

Wrens singing freely near hotel in early morning. To the Cathedral at 10 A.M. It is in perfect condition and harbors few birds but I saw Jackdaws and Pigeons (C. aenas?) entering crevices in the walls. Green Finches very numerous in the neighboring gardens. Also saw Spotted Flycatcher and heard Robins chirping. Many House Martin's flying about the Cathedral. I saw their nests attached to its walls, one fully 100 feet up. Bishop's garden very beautiful with fine trees. Many other beautiful gardens and houses. Lindens in full bloom and very fragrant. Swifts numerous all over the town.

To Old Sarum and Stonehenge 2 to 7 P.M. going and returning by different roads. Road out over open rolling country with enormous grain fields and pastures and few hedges. Landscape exceedingly like that of plains in Colorado. Skylarks swarming and singing freely. One at Sarum mounted to a great height and sang 9 minutes and 35 seconds after I began timing him which was fully 1 1/2 minutes after he began singing. Cow Buntings common singing in grain fields.

At Stonehenge several pairs of Sparrows nesting in Druid stones. They looked like P. montonus but chirped like domesticus.

Salsbury, Maryland

1891.

July 24. Air full of Skylarks, seven and eight often up at once, (no. 2) literally not a break in their singing for 2 hours. Four or five hares feeding in a grassy hollow, huge fellows sitting erect like rabbits or squatting in forms. They started at 100 yards of further, and ran very like antelope, wholly unlike rabbits. Tail showed white when sitting down but dark when running. Drive back very varied and beautiful. Swallows flying about chimney tops, one entering, another feeding young, sitting on chimney. No chimney pots. Thatched roofs very numerous. Many Lapwings, heard cry, a Plover-like call. Sand Martins over river. Starlings in immense flocks.

Winchester, England.

1891.

July 25.

Clear, still, and rather warm.

A Wren singing in a garden opposite the hotel at Salisbury.

We left Salisbury by 10.40 train for Winchester, changing cars at East Junction and reaching our destination about 1 P.M. Saw about 200 Rocks, two Partridges, and a few Skylarks and Yellow Hammers from the train.

To Royal George an old inn lately remodeled. To Cathedral immediately after arrival, fine building in perfect preservation.

Lunch at 2 P.M. At 4 start for old school. Beautiful cloisters with timber roofs, many Swallows nesting among the chestnut timbers over 500 years old. In the town saw a pair of Swallows enter a chimney. They skimmed close over it once or twice then fluttered down dropping out of sight very slowly and gently. One alighted on eap and twittered.

To old hospital. Large enclosure behind with turf, elms, and a little river, brimfull, with tall reeds and choked with aquatic plants, the water very clear but looking as if frozen to the bottom. I noticed this same curious glint in the water of the Avon yesterday. Spotted Flycatchers here; also a Green Finch singing.

Dinner at 7 P.M. afterwards walked around Cathedral, very impressive A Thristle singing strongly in a garden. Wood Pigeon in market at 9d.



Winchester, England.

1891.

July 26.

Cloudless, the sun hot at noonday; no wind whatever all day.

At 3 P.M. started for Cathedral. Arriving found service began at 4 o'clock so walked slowly on nearly to the college. Returning found a gate open into the Dean's garden, a young man, evidently the Dean's son was sitting just outside working at a water color sketch. He gave us permission to enter and we walked entirely around the garden which in many respects was the most beautiful we have yet seen. In one place the path passed between two enormous sycamores; their trunks quite 8 feet in diameter and about 6 feet apart, were completely covered with ivy. At the bottom of the garden flowed a small swift river the water clear as air and having the same glint as that noted yesterday. E. looked at it with me and agreed with me that it looked like clear ice. She thinks this due to its remarkable whiteness. We also noticed that the surface was strangely crinkled like wavy glass, this over the rapids. I have never seen water like it in America.

A Thrush was singing in this garden and I saw a ♀ Black-cap Warbler in raspberry bushes. There were peaches and apricots trained against the walls, many old fashioned flowers and much shrubbery. Everything grows freely and naturally. After the service walked around behind the Cathedral; a few Jackdaws flying about.

Winchester, England.

1891.

July 26. After dinner walked down the street to the river thence  
(no.2) around the Park by a foot path along the river. A Thrush singing and many Swifts flying about. Evening very peaceful.

London, England.

1891.

July 27. Cloudy with frequent showers.

To London by 10.45 train arriving about 1 P.M. On the way passed a pond fully 20 acres, shallow with reedy margin, the first real natural pond of any size that we have seen in England. No birds of interest.

Trip to Heatherbank.

London,-- Weybridge.--England.

1891.

Aug. 3.

Clear and dry in London. Three very heavy showers with sharp lightning and much hail at Weybridge.

Took 10.15 A.M train from Waterloo to Weybridge. Arriving was met at station by Scott Wilson and his father. Scotch folk, the boy reserved, rather shy I fancied. The father full of anecdote and shrewd humor. We drove to their house and thence to Mr. Wilson's "experimental garden". It proved most interesting- a collection of beautiful plants from all over the world, - everything growing very naturally. Saw our Epigea and Checkerberry both very flourishing. Lunched ~~at~~ cottage on grounds. Martins and wasps nests side by side under eaves. No birds singing except Yellow Hammers and Green Finches. Saw a few Robins. Heavy showers with hail. Two small frogs, Rana sylvatica. I thought in the garden. Drove home in the rain. Country wooded heavily with bits of heath and heather in bloom. Sandwich Island birds. Back to London by 9.50.

London, England.

1891.

Trip to Whitmore House, Guilford.

Aug. 5

Fair with clouds alternating with clear skies and hot sun.  
Rather sultry.

Met Saunders at Waterloo and took 9.45 A.M. train to Guilford. Scott Wilson joined us at Weybridge. Reaching Guilford, walked about a mile to Whitmore House where we were most cordially received by Capt. Salvin a bluff jolly old gentleman, of a good old English type, a veteran falconer and cormorant fisherman. He had three Goshawks on his lawn, one old wild female lately captured in France, two young trained males. He also had a fine pair of Cormorants, (P. carbo) a pet monkey, a tame Squirrel, and many Pigeons. First walked about garden; two old toads and two minute young, in one hole in rockery, drab in color walkers not hoppers. ("natter jacks"). A Wren in full song. Then walked through park. Swallows in great numbers skimming lawn. A large flock of Rocks and Jackdaws. Old hollow oak with Barn Owl pellets at base. Back to house. After lunch tried Cormorants in pond. They dove and dove but caught nothing. Water too soily. Then walked through neighbors place and saw a Pheasantry. About 300 young Pheasants in wood path. 3 Jays feeding with them. Paths cut through birch cover. Back to town by 5.20 train

London to Warwick, England.

1891.

Aug. 8.

Morning sunny, P.M. cloudy with rain.

by 4.45 P.M. train. Road follows  
es. Great change in landscape with-  
ay now harvested and the farmers  
wheat fully ripe and deep straw  
eeding in the standing "cover", the  
Saw 4 Partridges sitting together  
hed Warwick at 8 P.M.

[illegible]

London to Warwick, England.

1891.

Aug. 8.

Morning sunny, P.M. cloudy with rain.

We left London by 4.45 P.M. train. Road follows  
the Thames, a lovely es. Great change in landscape with-  
of my 1-week - but day now harvested and the farmers  
is about as clear wheat fully ripe and deep straw  
as much - but I am feeding in the standing "cover", the  
wrote in haste. Saw 4 Partridges sitting together  
The train is light. hed Warwick at 8 P.M.



[illegible]

London to Warwick, England.

1891.

Aug. 8. Morning sunny, P.M. cloudy with rain.

Left London for Warwick by 4.45 P.M. train. Road follows Thames valley for over 30 miles. Great change in landscape within past two weeks. All the hay now harvested and the farmers beginning on the grain. Some wheat fully ripe and deep straw color. Starlings and Rooks feeding in the standing "cover", the former in innumerable flocks. Saw 4 Partridges sitting together on the bank of a ditch. Reached Warwick at 8 P.M.

Warwick Castle and Kenilworth, England

1891.

Aug. 10. Clear and a beautiful day,--like our best September weather with sparkling air and strong breeze.

To Warwick Castle in A.M. Buildings in perfect preservation. Some fine paintings and three heads (skulls and horns) of Irish Elk that I have ever seen.

The park very beautiful the trees large and massed, with vista views. Peacocks, one pure white and one dappled, on lawn. Turtle Doves and Wood Pigeons cooing in trees. Spotted Flycatchers and Green Finches in small numbers. A Wren singing rather feebly.

To Kenilworth in P.M. Beautiful drive. Stop at Gray's Mill centuries old but still in use. Pretty river (the Avon). Ruins of Kenilworth very disappointing, not to be compared with Raglan. A few Sparrows and a pair of Wagtails nesting in walls; signs of Jackdaws but no birds. Swifts numerous about Warwick.

Warwick. Stratford-on-Avon. England.

1891

Aug. II.

Cloudy all day but no rain. Very cool.

Started for Stratford at 10 A.M. in landeau. Very pretty drive of 10 miles. On reaching the park where Shakespere killed his deer we left the carriage and walked across, about a half a mile. Park of usual character extensive lawn with elms (grand old trees) in single and double rows. A large herd of Fallow Deer the majority of the "black" variety, and about 20 Red <sup>deer</sup> ~~deer~~, nearly all stags with fine horns. They trotted off when we came within 100 yards, reminding me forcibly of Elk. On the edge of a piece of cover I stopped to watch a young Rabbit, when a Stoat ran out within 2 yards of it but did not seem to see it. I squeaked and the Stoat ran directly towards me a few yards. Dinner at Shakespere Inn in Stratford. Thence to birthplace, Anne Hathaway's cottage, and church. Back to Warwick by a different road in P.M. Yellowhammers singing freely; nothing else. Saw a Kestrel in park.

Oxford, England.

1891.

Aug. 18. Clear and cool-; a fine day.

Started out at 10.30 and spent the rest of the day in sight-seeing. Christ's Church College interesting, especially the paintings (portraits) in dining hall. Magdalen College very beautiful, especially the winding and straight (Addison's) walks shaded with trees about meadow with the clear, shallow river and deer park. New College also interesting, its old garden with high fortified wall superlatively peaceful and beautiful. A Wood Pigeon cooing. Robins singing in subdued tones.---

Oxford to Lincoln, England.

1891.

Aug. 19. Cloudy and clear with frequent heavy showers.

Took the 12.05 train for Lincoln. The journey proved very tedious with no less than four changes. Second class all the way. Country not especially interesting, -very like that in Cheshire but less hilly. Poppies still in bloom but faded looking. Saw two clusters of golden-rod, (?) It does not seem to be common in England. Saw an immense flock of Rooks but very few single birds. Only two or three small flocks of Starlings. What has become of them? Reached Lincoln at 6.35 and went to White Hart Inn. Swifts flying over the town in considerable numbers.

Lincoln to York, England.

1891.

Aug. 21. Forenoon cloudy with showers. P.M. clear.

Left Lincoln for York by 2.37 train, changing at Doncaster. Country flat, open, under high cultivation; much of it reclaimed fens with a few small tracts of primeval bog with stagnant pools surrounded by cat-tails. Passed a very broad canal down which a heavily-laden barge was progressing under sail. Saw two flocks of Lapwings (one a perfect cloud of birds-not less than three hundred) in low-lying pastures. Went to Station Hotel, modern, comfortable uninteresting. Walked about a mile on top of ancient city walls. Many Swallows skimming about but no Swifts.

York to Ripon England.

1891.

Aug. 22. Morning cloudy with heavy rain. P.M. clearing, with some sunshine. Colder.

To Cathedral by cab at 10.45. I put it ahead of all that we have seen. Its crowning glory is its old stained glass. The choir is 99 feet high, the whole structure 176 yards in length.

Walked back to hotel for lunch and at 1 P.M. Took train for Ripon at 3.05 changing at Thirsk. Country level and uninteresting, an endless succession of pastures alternating with grain fields. Saw a large flock of Wooks and Jackdaws and a few small flocks of Starlings. At Ripon Swallows and Martins flying over river and Martins about Cathedral among the latter a single Swift. I think the Swifts are departing. I saw none at York but they were numerous at Lincoln on 13th and 20th.



Ripon, England

1891.

Aug. 23. Cold, with a cold gray sky, - a dismal November-like day.

Spent the morning writing. Attended service at Cathedral 4 P.M. At 5.30 started alone for a walk. Passed to left of Cathedral down a hill by a curving lane with high brick or stone walls on left side enclosing cultivated grounds belonging to a large house.

Swallows skimming through the lane and a swarm of Martins flying about high in air under lee of Cathedral. A Blackbird flitted from tree to tree ahead of me. No sounds of insects or birds save the occasional grating cries of the Martins or twitter of the Swallows.

Reaching the river Skell I crossed it by a foot bridge and took a foot-path that follows the right bank. Water very shallow, fairly clear, but smelling of drains several of which emptied directly into it. Yet I saw many fish rising. A man whom I found watching one of them said it was a trout but afterwards confessed to some doubts on this point. The little river was quite pretty in some places. Willows grew along its banks and overhung the water. In one of them I saw a party of seven or eight Blue Tits. A Spotted Flycatcher was perched higher up darting out at frequent intervals over the water. While I was watching these birds a Wood Pigeon with one primary missing passed high overhead.

Ripon, England.

1891.

Aug. 23. My walk extended half a mile or more further through a  
(no.2) walled lane with large places on each side and many flower gardens when one could see them. Returning I saw three Swifts flying high over the town just before I reached "the Unicorn" .  
Sparrows are common here as everywhere in England.

Fountains Abbey.

Ripon to Durham, England.

1891.

Aug. 24. Cloudy and cool with light showers.

Started for Fountain's Abbey at 10 A.M. in a landau. 3 miles. First open country, then through a gate into a park more broken and diversified than usual with fine old trees, many cattle, a few deer, and a very few rabbits. Birds numerous and Robins singing well. Passed around edge of pond where keeper was exercising a pack of a dozen or more Dachhunds and alighted at gate of Abbey grounds. Is each admittance. From here we had to walk three quarters of a mile through winding drive bordered by yew hedges with vista views, one over a meadow with ponds and river thus; There were noble trees and luxuriant shrubbery on every side with dense woods in the background. One Norway spruce 132 feet high. As a piece of landscape gardening I have seen nothing to compare with these grounds. There were no flowers or artificial groups of shrubs. It reminded me of our Payson place. Birds swarmed. The trees were alive with them, the majority Tits I thought. There were also Wrens and Robins, both singing freely and delightfully. Finally we reached Fountains and feasted our eyes on its many beauties for about 3 hours. It is a noble ruin, impressive and beautiful beyond belief. All the time we were there Robins and Wrens were singing constantly. Several Pigeons (C. aenas) flying about the town where they nest. Keeper says Barn Owl have nested up to last

Fountain's Abbey.

Ripon to Durham, August.

1891.

AUG. 24. year. but they have been shot mercilessly and are now extermina-  
(no. 2.) ed. Returning saw a Moor hen cross a lawn on a hill side, far  
from any water. Lunch at 2 P.M. then inspector Ripon Cathedral  
with its Saxon crypt (7th century). 4.47 train to Durham.

Durham, England.

1891.

Aug. 25. Cloudy with heavy rain.

Spent the forenoon at the Cathedral. A plain building outside but the interior, although severely simple, of stupendous beauty. There were a few Martins and a few Jackdaws flying about the towers. On the bank of the river just below the city bridge a Cormorant, doubtless a tame bird, was sitting apparently in no wise fettered and certainly not in any way confined.

In the afternoon we went to the Cathedral again and afterwards visited the castle, an interesting building in fine preservation with much Norman architecture and a Norman crypt.

Durham, --Hexham, --Chollerford, England

1891.

Aug. 26. Clear and cool with high winds.


Took the 11.33 train for Hexham which we reached about two o'clock. After lunch we went to Cathedral Abbey; small but very interesting, -Early English- a fine Saxon crypt of 7th century. Took 4.45 train for Chollerford arriving at 5.15. George Inn delightfully situated on bank of Tyne, a beautiful river recalling the Aulrosteegia. Robins and Wrens singing in walled garden. Alder trees by river 2 feet in diameter at base.

Chollerford to Melrose, England.

1891.

Aug. 27. Early morning hazy, the sun shining dimly. Clouds gathered rapidly and it rained a little in the forenoon and very heavily all P.M.

Robins and Wrens singing freely at sunrise. At 10 A.M. started in waggonette and drove out along the famous Roman wall which crosses England from sea to sea. In several places it was quite distinct, and in two, it was six to eight feet high and in perfect preservation. While examining the wall we started a Hare from its form among the birch shrubs. It jumped up about 20 feet and taking at once to the bottom of the fosse, ran with great speed until it disappeared around a corner. In one place it dashed through a pool of water. Its gait was very unlike a Rabbit's (which seems to me exactly like our Hare's (*L. sylvaticus*.) It seemed to strike the ground with all four feet at once and moved by long easy bounds like an Antelope. The country along this road was very hilly with pine woods and many oaks and beeches. Saw several birds flying which had a note very nearly like Acanthis linarcea. They must have been either Redpolls or Linnets.

Returned to lunch at 2.30, then walked out to "Chesters", a Roman camp; very interesting. A bird sculpture  lettered either "Neiko" or Neiro; on one of the walls.

Took 5 P.M. train for Melrose arriving at 8. Cheviot Hills

Chollerford to Melrose, England.

1891.

Aug. 21. very fine with great expanse of purple heather. Saw four

(no.2) Kestrels.



Melrose. Scotland.

1891.

Aug. 23. Clear and cool with high wind and a few dashes of rain.

Started at 10 A.M. for Abbotsford in a landeau. Pretty drive, the country hilly with patches of woods and fields of ripe oats, and the swift flowing river. Abbotsford very unlike what I expected, the grounds exceedingly artificial in the Italian style. Saw the study, library, gun room and armory. In the gun room many curious guns, one double barrel (flint-lock) with one barrel directly over the other. Rob Roy's gun is a single barrel of beautiful workmanship, the barrel long and apparently oldfashioned, Damascus, the stock symmetrical. Hedge Sparrows, Chaffinches and Robins about the house.

Returned through town. Yellow Hammer in full song by roadside. Thence to Dryburgh Abbey. Left carriage at river, crossed foot bridge and walked about three quarters of a mile. Abbey is very ruinous, deriving its chief beauty from the profusion of ivy which overruns its crumbling walls. A wild Rabbit feeding in cloisters startled by our approach. Robins numerous and in full song. A Wren also singing. Saw a yew tree said to be 700 years old. Surroundings of Abbey very beautiful, the trees and thickets luxuriant and not offensively trim as is too apt to be the case in England.

Back to Melrose at 2 P.M. After lunch spent two hours in

Melrose, Scotland.

1891.

AUG. 23. Melrose Abbey. Some exquisite stone carving of foliage fruit

(no.2) and flowers. Left for Edinburgh at 6 P.M. arriving about 8.

The country a fertile river valley walled in by high ridges, and mountains purple with heather.

Aug. 29 Edinburgh to the Frossachs:— A superb day, cool with brilliant sunshine, sparkling air and occasional light showers.

Left Edinburgh at 12 M. and reached Callender at 2 P.M. The railroad traverses a broad, open, fertile river valley, the country rolling and broken, grass alternating with grain fields the latter chiefly, if not wholly, oats now ready for the reaper some of which, indeed, were at work with old-fashioned sickles. On either side this valley was bounded by high ridges with an occasional mountain looming in the distance. From the cars I saw occasional flocks of Rocks nearly all of which contained numbers of small, white-headed Gulls, doubtless H. casus which, with their table companions, were feeding on grassy pastures, ploughed fields or grain stubbles. One of these flocks comprised at least 1000 birds of which about five per cent were Gulls. I saw no Herring Gulls among the latter. In one place three Lapwings rose from a meadow as the train passed.

At Callender we took coach for the Frossachs, a drive of eight miles. As we were passing through a forest shaded with great elms a bird quite new to me sang in or near directly overhead. Its notes were loud, clear and very melodious. I cannot imagine what it could have been unless possibly a Linnet!

Our way lay up a narrow valley with

1891.

Scotland.

Aug. 29  
(No 2.)

The Trossachs - a clear, rapid, shallow river which we cross and recrossed several times. On either side were rough pastures with springy runs and marshy hollows. In them were feeding Highland sheep and cattle, the former small and compact with black-mottled faces both ewes (apparently) and rams bearing horns, the cattle small, wild-looking beasts covered with hair nearly as long and shaggy as that of our Bismarck (some of them actually had long forelocks and well developed manes).

I saw a flock of five Goswanders flying down river keeping directly over the stream and hence following its many windings closely, several Mallards higher in air turning straight courses, swallows skimming close over the turf in the pastures, and then Whinchaters in a patch of grass.

Passing Loch Venachar, the shores of which are too open to be particularly attractive, we came to Loch Achray, a sheet of water about a mile in length bordered on two sides by oak woods through which the road passes skirting the water closely. Here the Trossachs begin. The Trossachs Hotel, at which we were to spend Sunday, is near the upper end of the loch with an open field stretching down to the shore. On the further side of the loch rises the finest mountain that I have ever seen, Ben Venue. Although trackless it is climbed.

Aug. 19  
(No 3)

The Trossachs... to its summit in rich verdure, apparently chiefly grass, of a peculiarly soft olive green color. There is no heather, except near the base, although the mountains behind (W. & E.) of the hotel are covered with it. There are three kinds of heather here of which the commonest is pale purplish pink in color. This tinges nearly the entire slopes and summits of the mountains just mentioned except where there are cliffs or ledges the gray surface of which forms an agreeable contrast to the general pale pink coloring.

Soon after reaching the hotel I walked on through the Trossachs Glen to Loch Katrine with E. The distance is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  m. and the road, the whole of the way, is through woods composed chiefly of oaks, birches, & holly, with a few Scotch pines and aspens and in wet places, willows. All these trees are small (25 to 35 ft.) and rather scattering. The ground beneath is everywhere green with moss or creeping plants and in moist places there is a rank growth of bracken precisely like those about Loch Umbagog. There is also a good deal of ground juniper of a different habit (almost erect) and lighter grayer green than our species.

We saw few birds except tits in these woods. Returning by coach we started a great flock of Quaint little birds from a field of oats near the house. Later in P.M. saw a flock of Ducks in the Loch, floating near the windmill.

Aug. 30 The Prospects. Every morning cloudy and threatening but by 11 o'clock the sun came out and the afternoon was quite as perfect as that of yesterday.

At sunrise this morning Robins and Wrens were singing in the trees near the house, one of the former sitting on a bare twig of a holly directly under our window and with only brief intervals of silence serenading us up to nearly 10 A.M. Parts of the song of this bird reminded me forcibly of the notes of our *Regulus calendula*. The Robins at this season do not seem to me to sing so strongly as in June but they certainly sing quite as freely.

At 10 A.M. we drove over to Rock Katrine and choosing a pretty spot on the side of a knoll under some Scotch pines remained there for several hours. We had an outlook over the lower end of the Rock with Ben Venue directly opposite. Behind us rose the steep side of a craggy mountain the name of which I have not yet heard. About us grew Scotch pines and braches, not at all densely but singly or in groups with small openings between where the ground supported a rank growth of tall braches. Altogether these ~~homelands~~ <sup>open woods</sup> were closely similar to those of our Maine burnt lands. Two of the trees exceeded 30 ft. and none 40 ft. in height. Besides the species just named there were occasional hollies and a very few aspens and willows besides <sup>some certain alders</sup> a number of alders, several of the latter 30 to 35 ft. in height with trunks a foot or more in diameter. All these trees seemed to

Aug. 30  
(No. 2)

The Crossacks. - have sprung up naturally and I believe that the ground has never been cleared, at least within the past century, but doubtless many single trees have been removed from time to time.

Of shrubs I saw the ground juniper, noted yesterday, the mountain cranberry and the sweet gale (Myrica gale). The last grows abundantly in places where the ground was open and springy. Besides these there were at least three kinds of heath, all with purple blossoms, the flowers of two kinds bell-shaped, of the third open & spreading.

There were many small birds in these woods, quite as many in fact as one would be apt to find in a similar place in Maine. The most numerous represented were flocks of which I recognized three species (the Great, Marsh, and Blue). One flock of about 30 birds, containing all three kinds, came into the pines over us and passed quickly on up the mountain side flitting from tree to tree, lingering a little in the bushes where they set the foliage all a-tremble with their quick movements, and keeping up a merry chirping and scolding. I was reminded forcibly of a troop of our own Chickadees but these birds presented an even more attractive picture owing to their diversity of form and coloring. Some of their notes were almost precisely like those of our Black-cap which our species, I think the Blue Tit, had a call briefly identical with that of Parus hudsonicus. There were no Kinglets or creepers with them.

Aug. 30  
(No 3)

The Crossbills. There were also Huns, Chaffinches and hosts of small Linnet-like birds which may have been Lintres. The last were in large flocks feeding in the tops of the birches. In notes, flight and general behavior they closely resembled our Redpolls.

Every now and then a small flock of Mallards passed high overhead flying up through the Achray Pass <sup>on</sup> towards the head of Loch Katrine. A Raven also went directly over us croaking at regular intervals the sound finally dying away in the distance. A few high Rocks were flitting about among the trees along the shore.

We walked back through the Glen and reached the house about 2 o'clock. The woods were exceedingly attractive with the twilight glancing through the trees and the frequent views of Ben Venue on whose rugged and broken, yet soft olive-green slopes, cloud shadows alternated with the strongest possible sun light.

Just as we came out of the woods three Mallards passed us flying low over a field from Loch Achray and going into a field of uncut oats near the hotel. Great numbers of House Sparrows as well as many Chaffinches and a small flock of Lintres(?) were also feeding in these oats as we passed.

At 4 P. M. I took E. out boating on Loch Achray. He rowed slowly around its entire shore line and finally landed on an island where we found a very little golden rod, the



Aug. 30 The Crossachs. - first golden rod that we have seen  
(No 41) outside the gardens most of which contain a clump  
or two as well as a few bunches of asters which also  
are either very rare or not found at all in a wild  
state in this country.

During our passage around the dock I looked  
closely for Sandpipers but in vain. Their places  
seemed to be taken by the Wagtails which were  
far more numerous than I have hitherto found  
them. There were two species, the Gray and  
the Pied, the former much the more abundant  
of the two. Every strip of pebbly or sandy  
beach had at least one and often four  
or five of these attractive birds. They acted  
somewhat like Titlarks but were far more  
animated skipping nimbly from stone to stone  
and darting hither and thither after insects  
which they frequently captured finally by a  
short upward or horizontal flight. They wagged  
their long tails invariably just after alighting  
and frequently at other times. The motion  
is more nervous and pulsating than with any  
of our birds. On taking wing the tail is usually  
spread to its fullest extent for a moment or  
two then closed. The flight is singularly  
glancing and graceful, the bird rising and  
falling in a series of long, deep undulations  
the long tail streaming out behind. The flight  
note uttered at frequent intervals resembles  
our Titlark's but is louder and fuller. I also  
saw Wagtails to day along the beach, but of a much

Aug. 30  
(205)

The Crossachs, brook that passes under the road near the hotel.

While on the Loch we saw only one Mallard and that flying over high up. But there were four young Goswammers about  $3/4$  grown and unable to fly swimming near the middle. I rowed out to them getting within gun shot before they began diving. One became separated from the others which called to it loudly as soon as we had passed. After a few calls and answers the single bird started and ran several hundreds yards on the water when the other three also began swimming towards it, the four finally coming together most precipitately. The call just mentioned was a soft peep-peep very like that of young tame Ducks. I do not remember ever hearing anything like it from the young of Merganser americanus.

There are absolutely no sounds in these fields or woods save the chirping of birds. I searched the intervale field (lately mown), in front of the house to-day for crickets & grasshoppers but not one could I find or hear. The total absence of insect notes strikes me at times with a positive chill and makes me long to return to my own land. I also miss badly our golden rods & asters. There seem to be no fall flowers here; nothing but a few belated specimens of the early summer kinds.

Aug. 31

The Crossachs. - A steady, heavy rain from morning until night, the mountains shrouded in clouds. Little wind until after nightfall when it began blowing heavily.

Spent the day in the house writing. Just before dinner (6 P.M.) walked down the road a few hundred yards. What yesterday was a shallow brook which could be crossed anywhere by stepping from stone to stone was now a foaming torrent waist deep, ~~which~~ impossible for by the bridge over which the road runs. This stream is within 50 yards of the hotel and its roaring could be plainly heard in our room. A little further down the road I came to glume of snow white water filling its narrow channel to the brim and rushing under the road with frightful velocity. This yesterday was a mere trickling rill.

The road was nearly as soft and spongy as a deep marsh and the rain fell in sheets blotting out not only the mountains but near objects as well. I saw no signs of animal life. Saw a young Rabbit which scampered from the field on my left across the road and up the steep mountain side to its burrow in a fern covered bank. It is surprising how closely the English Rabbit resembles our Cotton tail Hare, not only in coloring and form but in motions as well. I doubt if the two could be distinguished when running. Like our Hare it twists and doubles and at each jump flashes its white-lined tail conspicuously.

1891.

Aug. 31  
(No. 2)

The Crossacks. - After dinner I started out again, this time with E. We walked three quarters of a mile along the road to Rock Katrine then took the foot path to the left in the hope of reaching the Achray Pass and getting a sight of the river but at the bottom of the first hollow we were stopped by the brook which had overflowed the path.

The rain had slackened to a fine drizzle but every gust of wind shook heavy showers of big drops from the mistle-laden trees. It was not very dark save in densely shaded places. The light from the sky seemed to be reflected from the wet surface of the road which stretched on before us like a pathway of dimly-burnished steel. Every few rods we came upon a big Toad which hopped clumsily to one side as we approached. I counted a dozen in a distance of half a mile. One which I caught & examined by the light of a taper was dark brown and watery and looked precisely like our species. It was very different from the smooth-skinned pinkish Toad I saw at Hereford and it lacked the conspicuous yellow dorsal stripe of the "Natterjacks" which Capt. Salvin showed me in his garden at Guilford. I did not examine any of the others closely but none of them moved by the peculiar crawling way of the Natterjacks.

We heard no sounds in these woods save the sighing of the wind in the trees and the roaring of the swollen streams. Over a hill

Aug. 31  
(No 3)

The Crossachs. glided across the road a few yards in front of us. In the dim light it looked like a flitting shadow.

The mountains presented a singular and most impressive appearance. They were wholly free from clouds but so completely and uniformly veiled in mist as to appear scarcely darker than the background of sky. At first glance one saw nothing but sky; then by degrees the entire mountain came out, a great, gray, ghostly silhouette. Spectral mountains, they seemed, looking calmly down on the turmoil of the elements in the Crossachs Glen.

The Swallows and Martins must have had a bad time of it to-day. None were flying over the lake or fields but I saw one little shivering group huddled together on a dead branch on the sheltered side of the house. All the other small birds seem to have disappeared utterly.

Sept. 1

The Crossachs. A frightful storm raging all last night and to-day, the wind so strong at times as to shake the stone hotel to its foundations, the rain falling in sheets. Barometer down to 28.7.

Spent most of the day in the house but late in the afternoon found my machete and walked down the road as far as the beginning of the woods. To my great surprise found both the streams which cross the road shrunk to less than one-fourth the volume of water which they had yesterday. I cannot understand this except on the assumption that the moors and mountain sides absorb water more readily after they become thoroughly soaked. Certainly the rain fall has been heavier during the past 24 hours than during an equal period preceding them.

As I left the hotel the Mallards, doubtless the same birds which I have noted before, came flying in from the loch and, after skimming close over the fields in a great circle, whirled into the outfield where they alighted in the midst of the uncut grain. The only other birds that I saw were six or eight Chaffinches, mostly young, feeding on oats in horse-droppings in the road.

I looked everywhere for loads but without success.

1891

Sept. 2 Kossachs to Stronochlachan. - Attracting areas of clouds and blue sky each cloud bringing a torrent of rain sometimes mixed with hail. A strong wind most of the day.

Left the Kossachs Hotel at 10.30 and took the steamer up Loch Katrine intending to go through to Oban but the weather looked so threatening that we decided to stop at the Stronochlachan Hotel where we landed in a perfect downpour.

During the passage of the Loch I did not see a single water fowl or indeed any other bird except a Rook or two but then it was raining most of the time. Two Martins were flying about the hotel and a Redstart and even its calling in a neighboring grove of young Scotch pines. I also saw a small Falcon which I took to be a Merlin fly across the loch near the landing. It looked exactly like a male *Falco columbarius* and flew in the same manner.

Late in the afternoon we walked out about a mile on the road to Inversnaid going as far as Loch Arklet. A flock of 8 or 10 Rooks flitted along ahead of us alighting in the road to peck at the horse droppings. A Pipit was the only small bird observed. The mountains were very rugged and beautiful, green to their summits with grass or heather with many little streams falling in a succession of cascades down their sides.

Sept. 3 Stronschlagar to Oban. Fine and warm, cloud shadows attenuating with sunshine. No rain until late in P.M. when there was a brief but heavy shower.

Rowing on Loch Katrine for nearly two hours in the forenoon. A fresh, somewhat gusty wind the lights and shadows on the mountains constantly changing producing the most beautiful effects. The shores are wooded in many places with birches, oaks and Scotch pines all small trees growing rather closely together. One little grove was composed wholly of pines the ground beneath carpeted with needles and wholly free from moss or ferns, a rare thing in this country. There were also many mountain ashes especially along the shore where they extended their branches out over the water the coral red berries glowing against the dark background of pine foliage or heather clad moorland. Saw no birds but Martins Tits and a Redstart near the hotel. There are apparently no water-fowl on this part of the loch and neither sandpipers nor Wigtails about its pebbly shores.

At 12 M. started by coach for Inverarnish a drive of about 5 miles. The scenery is very beautiful, the mountains all much like Ben Venue, trees, covered with grass and heather to their summits, yet very rugged and imposing in form & outline and abounding in rich shades of olive, brown, and purple coloring. None of our American



1891.

Sept. 3 *Stromochlachan to Innessaid & Oban*. new mountains  
(No. 26) compare with them in respect to the last  
feature.

In a flooded meadow at the outlet of Loch  
Arklut I saw two Mallards feeding, along the  
road a good many small flocks of Rooks  
and an little family of Carrion Crows, five  
in number. There were no small birds  
whatever.

At Innessaid several Hooded Gulls were  
flying about near the wharf and during  
our passage up Loch Bonowd many others  
were observed, a few following the water of  
the Fheann at times. All were in young  
or winter plumage. There were several Herring  
Gulls with them. Near the middle of the  
upper portion of this Loch the Fheann  
started five Mallards which were swimming  
in deep, open water. I saw them were  
flying down the Fheann which enters the  
lake near Ardhu.

The portion of Loch Bonowd which we  
traversed is narrow and somewhat winding,  
the shores rocky and bold and very generally  
wooded except where there are vertical  
ledges or precipices. The scenery is much  
marred by a railroad, building on the  
south side.

At Ardhu we took coach for the railroad  
station at eight miles distant.  
The road follows up the course of a small

Sept 3  
(No 3)

Stronachlachar to Oban... rapid river which has several picturesque falls of ten to thirty feet in height. There were also numerous more distant cascades on the mountain sides formed by rain-water rivulets pitching down over the steep slopes or cliffs to the valley. Much of the way the road was overarched by large beeches or other shade trees and we passed one large plantation with the keeper's house marked by the ghastly array of dead Foxes, Stoats, Crows, Hawks etc. which were nailed in rows against the wall of a neighboring shed. I heard Robins singing in several places. Five or six large dragon flies skimming a breezy reach of the river attracted universal interest (amounting almost to enthusiasm) on the part of our fellow passengers, one of whom remarked "They are only seen in the hottest weather, you know". It was comfortably warm in the sun along this road.

The remainder of the trip by rail consumed about two hours. We passed Loch Arve and a portion of Loch Etive. On the latter I saw a Heron and a large flock of good-bird swimmers, perhaps Whimbrels, the latter flying about an island, the former standing on a rocky point near the railroad. Near Oban we passed within 50 yds. of three Grouse which I took to be *L. Scoticus*. They were on the crest of a grassy knoll and after running a few steps stood still looking at the passing train.

Trip to Iona and Staffa.

Sept. 4

Oban. - A rare day for any country, the early morning overcast, the sun out by 9 A.M., the remainder of the day cloudless or nearly so, the air clear, yet with a soft haze on the more distant mountains, the light on the nearer mountains surpassingly strong, rich and warm, especially late in the afternoon, the sea a tender blue suffled only by the gentlest waves.

At 8 A.M. we left Oban on the tide which steamer "Grenadier". Crossing the Sound to Mull we passed entirely around the eastern side of that island through a long, winding and in most places broad, Sound finally coming out into the open sea and thence across to Staffa (where we landed in boats to visit the famous Fingal's cave) and Iona (where the ruins of the old Cathedral and monastery were also inspected).

Reimbarking we passed around the west and south coasts of Mull and back to Oban at 6 P.M.

The scenery was remarkable for grandeur and beauty as well as for variety. The view in every direction save one the sea was bounded by mountains and the shores of the islands as well as the mainland were exceedingly bold and fine rising directly from the water's edge in steep grassy slopes or vertical cliffs hundreds of feet in height. Where heather abounded the hills were tinged with purple

Trip to Iona and Staffa.

186

Sept. 4  
(No 2)

Obs. - often of a coppery cast, elsewhere the color varied from green to yellowish-olive.

During the entire trip water fowl were constantly in sight and in many places the sea was swarming with them. Herring Gulls, Murres, and Razor-bills were very generally dispersed and were seen in thousands. In the sound east of Mull there were quantities of Hooded Gulls and Common (probably also Arctic) Loons with a few Roseate Loons (I saw several of the latter very near the boat and better still heard the characteristic cloth-tearing note repeatedly) but none of them were seen outside the island where their places were taken by the still more numerous Kittiwakes. The Lesser Black-backed Gull was common everywhere (~~much~~ less so, however, than the Herring Gull) and I saw a few Great Black-backs. The smaller species seemed more addicted to following our steamer than any of the other Gulls and while thus engaged exhibited the utmost boldness coming directly over the stern within ten or fifteen yards of the heads of the passengers.

The Murres & Razor-bills were scattered about everywhere in little parties of three or four and allowed us to pass within a gunshot or less without drawing much alarm. All were in winter plumage, not an bird of the hundreds that I mentioned having a black throat.

Besides the species just named we saw

Sept 4  
(No 3)

Obs. one hundred or more Cormorants (the greater number *P. graculus* but a few *P. carbo*) and three Gannets, all old (white) birds. On some comparatively low points and small islands near the N. W. extremity of Mull where the shores were piled with great, rounded, water-worn boulders of a yellowish <sup>or tawny</sup> color a few <sup>Cuckers, probably</sup> ~~Humblacks~~, were scattered about singly among the rocks. They appeared to be very shy rising far in advance of the steamer and usually crossing a wide space of water to the next point or island before resighting. They were the only wading birds seen during the day except two large flocks of Oyster Catchers which we disturbed on a low pebbly beach on the south side of Mull.

Of course I got only a very faint idea of either species under these conditions but the Cuckers impressed me as strongly resembling our *H. hudsonicus* in general appearance and flight while the Oyster Catchers also recalled our species vividly although they showed very much more white while flying.

The only land birds seen on Iowa were a great number of Hoots accompanied by a few Jackdaws which flew about overhead and a single Carrion Crow which also came to have a look at us. The latter, as on former occasions, impressed me as resembling most closely the Raven despite the fact that it

Trip to Iowa and Muhl.

Sept. 4  
(No 4)

Oban. - caws like a Crow. The tone of the voice is, however, much deeper than that of our Crow.

The Cormorants seen to-day were mostly perched on the tops of isolated ledges or rocky pinnacles surrounded by water, sometimes in company with Gulls, often apart from any other species of birds but in companies of a dozen or more of their own kind. Single birds were also frequently seen swimming and diving in the sea close in to the rocks. They were shy of the steamer as a rule.

I observed two schools of Porpoises belonging to a large black backed species very different from the kind usually met with off our coast as well as at sea but not unlike a large species which I have seen in the bays and creeks of the coast of Georgia.

At Oban I saw both yesterday evening and this morning a large flock of Gulls, chiefly H. ridibundus, floating on the water in the harbor within thirty yards of the sidewalk which skirts the shore. They were so tame as to pay but little attention to the boats which were continually passing near them. Every now and then a small number would rise and fly in over the land soaring about the roofs of the houses like so many Pigeons.

A Robin was singing early this morning in Oban. I have not noticed House Sparrows

Oban to Edinburgh, Scotland.

1891.

Sent. 5. Cloudy with hard steady rain most of the day.

Took the 8.20 train from Oban for Edinburgh. Scenery through the mountains very fine. Heather past its prime but still richly colored in places. Saw covey of about 8 Grouse. They rose near track and flew about 200 yards, finally alighting all together. Flight like Quails and about as swift. Near Stirling saw a man beating a clover field with a red Irish setter, presumably for Partridges. A fisherman at two different places one standing waist deep in water casting a fly.

Between Stirling and Edinburgh saw immense numbers of Rocks, Lapwings and Gulls in uplands pastures and stubble fields sometimes all three species together, oftener each by itself. In one field there must have been fully 500 Lapwings, in another as many Gulls. All the Gulls which I saw close enough to recognize were L. ridibundus.

In small lochs north of Callender I saw a good many Bald coots and a few Mallards.

Reached Edinburgh at 2 P.M.

Sept 6 Edinburgh. Clear most of the day, with a single heavy shower early in the afternoon.

At 4 P.M. started on a drive about the city and up on the great hill or small mountain called Arthur's Seat. There was a high wind blowing and I was much interested in watching the beautiful evolutions of the *Puffins*, *gulls*, about the top and upper slopes of the mountain. They are much more graceful than our *Doves* and seem to delight in soaring and circling high in air over woods or hill-tops sporting with the fiercest gusts of wind and playing with one another. They are singularly silent birds, considering the family to which they belong. Indeed I do not hear a sound from one of them once in three weeks although I see hundreds daily. When assembled in large numbers at the coast they can, however, make noise enough at times. Although singularly like our *Brown* in general appearance as well as flight, attitudes and motions when walking or feeding, they are much less interesting, partly, probably, because they are so excessively numerous everywhere but chiefly, I fancy, because they lack much of the shy, restless, mischievous disposition of our bird.

During this drive I also saw a number of Hooded Gulls flying about a small, muddy pond near the base of the mountain, occasionally rising high in air and joining the flocks. There is evidently a strong bond of friendship between these species.



Trip to Hawthornesden & Rosslyn

Sept. 7 Edinburgh. A fair but not brilliant day, the sunshine rather feeble and colorless owing, probably, to the haze with which the air was filled. Rather warm.

To Hawthornesden by 10.30 A.M. train. Just outside the thicker-settled parts of the city but well within its suburbs, in a locality where the houses were perhaps as numerous as in East Waverley, the train passed two large grassy fields which were simply packed with Scaupings. In each field there must have been three or four hundred birds. They were not huddled closely together but on the contrary were spread thickly over a space of two or three acres averaging perhaps a bird to each square yard of ground. They did not appear to be feeding but stood rather erect and still in stiff attitudes reminding me forcibly of so many wooden decoys. Their attitudes were distinctly Plover-like but the moment one of them took flight the resemblance to a Plover was wholly lost. Burroughs exaggerates the awkwardness of the bird's form and motions when flying. It is quite enough to say that the flight closely resembles that of a Short-eared Owl to which bird the Scauping bears a by no means distant resemblance in respect to general shape outline, and proportions when on wing although the coloring, of course, is very different.

On reaching our station we walked down a country road a little distance and then entered a lodge gate whence the way led to

Trip to Hawthornesden & Rosslyn

Sept. 7 Edinburgh. - half a mile or more through a  
(No. 2) beautiful park with trees, shrubbery & lawns on  
both sides of the well kept driveway.

Pausing a little while at the house to examine  
some curious caves in the rocky bluff on which  
it was built we entered a foot path which  
led up the corner of a small, rapid river  
walled in between ridges about 200 ft. in height  
the sides of which were everywhere densely  
wooded where they did not rise, as was  
often the case, in vertical walls of bare rock.  
Anything wilder or more picturesque than  
this ravine would be difficult to find in  
any part of America. The woods which  
everywhere filled it were evidently perfectly  
natural and many of the trees were of  
great size. I noticed oaks, Scotch pines,  
Sycamore maples, and mountain ash besides  
hawthornes and hollies, but by far the finest  
as well as most numerous represented were  
the beeches. In many places these completely  
overarched the narrow river whose deep  
foots and rippling shallows were scarcely  
touched by the sunbeams even at noonday.

The walk through this glen is fully  
two miles in length and the path was  
as rough and muddy as that which one  
usually finds leading to some little forested  
cascade or river among the woods of  
our New England mountains.

Of birds I saw several Kinglets and Tits.

Life to Hawthorn den & Rosslyn.

1891.

Sept. 7  
(No 3)

Edinburgh. - and a great many Robins. The last were singing freely and during the whole morning we were rarely out of sound of their voices. There is something very attractive to my ear about the song of this bird but as I have heard it of late it cannot be rated as of high musical excellence. It is sprightly, varied and blithe but the tones are seldom very rich or pure. Some of the notes recall those of our Ruby-crowned Kinglet, others the warble of an immature Purple Finch. The Robin sings for many minutes in succession with only brief pauses between the bars of the song. It is singularly tame or rather confiding. It stood within less than twenty feet of me this morning which was sitting on a low branch nearly over the path singing steadily and apparently taking no notice whatever of our mere presence. A stray Oriole rested on his brick-red throat bringing out this color very vividly.

The Blackbirds and Thrushes seem to have disappeared. I seldom see and never hear either species now. They must keep very closely hidden.

While waiting for the train at Rosslyn Station this evening I walked across the track to the edge of a large grass field surrounded by woods. The sun was setting & the air breathlessly still. Yet I listened for minutes without hearing a sound of bird or insect. The place seemed absolutely devoid of all animal or insect life.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

1891.

Sent. 9. Cloudy and rather warm.

At 1 P.M. drove to University club to meet and lunch with J. A. Harvie-Brown. Evidently a frank, whole souled gentleman. He told me that Wild Cats and Pine Martins are still common in Scotland north of Caledonian Canal. The Martins occur sporadically south of this but the Cats not. Ospreys are nearly extinct. He knows of only three nests inhabited this year. There was possibly a fourth but certainly no more in all Britain. Kites are almost as scarce but there three nests (carefully preserved of course) on one estate in Scotland. Of Sea Eagles, he knows of six nests occupied this season.

After lunch we were joined by a Mr Forester a cousin of Mr. Harvie-Brown and later by Mr. Clark the Director of the Edinburgh Museum. He, -Mr. Clark- was much excited about a Siberian Crane taken on the Hebrides and now in a taxidermist's hands. It is new to the British Fauna. A

After an hour's talk Mr. Harvie-Brown excused himself first having invited me to visit him at Dunifree House on Friday.

In the P.M. drove to Fairhaven, a fishing village inhabited by Danes, the women all in short skirts.

1891.

Sept. 10 Edinburgh. Clear, still and very warm.

Early in the afternoon we started to drive to the Fifth & Fourth ridge having first obtained a permit to go through the grounds of Lord Rosebery's [sic] which lie directly on the way.

The country just outside Edinburgh, on this road, is more like that of certain regions about Boston than anything we have thus far seen.

It is very varied with extensive fields of grain and immense areas of turnips and beets lying next the road with a background of hills and steep ridges covered with woods. There are also several large tracts of park land, the largest, on the right-hand side, belonging to Lord Rosebery.

A well-kept drive at least three miles in length winds through it, at first following the crest of a ridge wooded with noble old trees, chiefly beeches and oaks, then, after crossing a bit of wild pasture, coming out in front of the Duke's mansions and thence along the shore of the Firth a little way, finally turning inland again and passing over a hill covered with woods filled with ferns and pierced by many green-grown paths leading down into quiet glens near the shore.

Although this park was not so trim and elaborately laid out as most of the English ones which we have seen it pleased us all the more on this very account. There were dead trees, both standing and fallen, and the woods altogether

Sept 10  
(No 2.)

Edinburgh. was much more natural although I was sorry to see a good many exotic shrubs, such as syringas and lilacs, planted along the sides of the drive. The rhododendrons, which flourished in great profusion on some of the high sides, were less objectionable and the extensive beds of privet, although somewhat restrained by the shears, went well with the native English trees and shrubs.

The sun, low down in the west, threw long shadows out on the lawns and slanting shafts of light pervaded with a dust like haze down the paths and athwart the woodland openings. The air was soft and warm and loaded with the scent of decaying leaves and various fragrant odors from the firs and spruces and smaller plants.

There was no wind whatever and the silence was unbroken only by the occasional call of a tit or kinglet and the songs of the Robins which were exceedingly numerous everywhere.

The only other small birds which I noted were a few kinglets and a little family party of blackbirds. I also heard what I took to be a Creeper.

We saw a good many Wood Pigeons and three Pheasants, a hen and two fine cocks. One of the latter was feeding in the drive way and was so tame as to allow us to approach within less than ten yards. This bird was one of the old-fashioned English Stock but the

Sept. 10 Edinburgh. - other cock which was feeding on a  
(No. 3) lawn near a hedge belonged to the ringed  
species, having a conspicuous white collar around  
the lower part of the neck. This species was  
introduced within comparatively recent times but  
is rapidly superseding the old-fashioned kind.  
If I am not mistaken it is the same bird as  
that which has succeeded so well in Oregon.

Rabbits were rather numerous in this park.  
We saw them singly and in little groups feeding  
on the lawns and in the wood paths but  
always not far from gorse or fern thickets  
into which they usually scampered the moment  
they caught sight of us.

On a lawn near the mansion house three  
Muskus were hopping about. They are huge fellows!  
The most interesting of the afternoon's specimens  
was that of seeing an immense flock of Gulls  
in a field by the roadside green with winter wheat  
the young stalks of which were only two or three  
inches above the ground. This field was bounded  
on one side by the road, on the other three  
sides by trees and shrubbery on the Duke's place.  
Most of the Gulls were standing or lying down  
on the crest of a knoll about 100 yards from  
the road but there were several within thirty yards  
or less of the latter and still others flying  
about over different parts of the field evidently  
looking for food and quite as unmistakably  
finding it, also, for they frequently stopped,  
hovered a moment, and then descended down

Sept. 10  
(No. 4)

Edinburgh. - to the ground, usually alighting and pecking at the ground once a time but occasionally pecking up the mossal without materially checking this speed. I concluded that they preyed on both worms and insects.

The birds in the main today were evidently resting and many of them appeared to be sleeping. As far as I could make out there were three species among them; canus, ridibundus, and argutus. The first were the most numerous.

I noticed that many of the flying birds followed the outline of the woods closely just as if the trees represented a shore line and the field a lake or bay. It was a fascinating sight for their many plumage contrasted strongly with the green slopes of the field and the still darker green of the trees. There were many Rooks with them.

One Rook while flying directly over us, low down, uttered first the usual hoarse call and then repeatedly a shrill clew, clew, clew exactly like that of a Herring Gull, from which species it probably learned the cry through association.

A stone building on the banks of a stream near a bridge over which we passed had many nests of the Martin built close up under the eaves. There were a dozen or more Martins flying about and I saw several of them go to the nests and apparently feed young in them. There were also a good many Bewick's flying about over the lanes. In England they seem to follow the turf closely in all kinds of



Sept. 10 Edinburgh. - weather. Perhaps the insects on which  
(No 5) they feed fly lower in sunny days than with  
us.

As we were on our way back to Edinburgh late in the afternoon we saw a great many Wood Pigeons in these grain stubbles or passing to or from them over the road. I noticed that on first entering the field they would usually alight on the top of a wall or "stook" and reconnoitre the place carefully for a minute or two before descending to the ground. They are among the largest of British birds in places where they are much hunted.

The Robins were singing more freely this afternoon than I have heard them at any time since June. Indeed we were seldom out of hearing of one or more of them. There is a greater difference in the musical merits of different individuals of this species than with any other bird of my acquaintance. I heard one this afternoon which was a superb songster, almost the equal, it seemed to me at the time, of our Rose-breasted Grosbeak in richness of voice and much superior to this bird in brilliancy and variety of execution. I could have listened to him an hour without tiring.

We reached Edinburgh about 7 P.M.

Sept 12 Barbett, Stirlingshire. Clear with a light breeze. Very warm, in fact positively sultry most of the day but the early morning and the evening cool.

I came to Barbett late yesterday afternoon and was met at the station by Mrs. Maria Brown who had invited me to make him a short visit at Dunsfance House. During the drive (about a mile) to the house he showed me a small meadow where Snipe breed every season and where he often hears them "humming" in spring evenings. I imitated the "humming" made by one bird and he at once said that it was exactly the sound produced by the European species.

The immediate approach to Dunsfance House is through a long avenue shaded by elms with a wooded knoll on the right and a brook running under the drive way down a narrow meadow. The landscape is much like that of England but the country is more uneven and natural, there being fewer and less formal hedge rows. No mountains could be seen in any direction but then the air was very hazy during my brief stay. There were some rather high ridges near the house most of them wooded with oaks & a few pines.

It was nearly time for dinner when we reached the house. He had, among other things, Partridges and Black Game. The flesh of the Partridge is flavoured somewhat like that of our Ruffed Grouse which it also resembles in color although it is darker. That of the Black Game is also rather light & very tender & sweet. I prefer both birds to the Grouse.

Sept. 12  
(No 2.)

Corbett, Stirlingshire which has very dark meat and a strong and peculiar flavor. not at all agreeable to my taste although highly esteemed by English epicures. The duck, which I ate in London, is not unlike the Partridge but inferior. I have not tasted the Pheasant.

Robins were singing rather freely about the house at sunset and Hoots coming in the distance. There were no insect sounds whatever. I thought I heard one Owl during the night but if so the bird was a good way off and I was too sleepy to receive a very distinct impression of the sound. My host says there are several pairs of Brown Owls on the place and that he often hears them at night.

We spent a long evening talking. Harvie-Brown tells me that he has often heard the low notes of the European Woodcock. The male bird, he says, flies about in the twilight at evening, usually following a wood path or crossing an opening in the woods, uttering, meanwhile, a loud grunting note (which he imitated) and also a whistle. not like that of our bird (which I imitated to him) but more like the call of a wader. He has never seen the bird ascend in a spiral or circle high in air and he is very sure that it makes no sounds save those just mentioned. The latter are heard only in spring in the mating season and are, he believes, peculiar to the male. The bird on rising, whether voluntarily or flushed suddenly, never makes any sound save occasionally a light whurring or fluttering.

1891

Sept. 12  
(No 3)

Barbet, Sterlingshire. I was waked about sunrise this morning by the cawing of the Rooks who seemed to be holding a great cawing note far off. They would chuckle, croak and talk to one another for awhile then there would be a great outcry of cawing doubtless marking the simultaneous flight of the whole flock for the sounds would next come from a different quarter. Most of the Rook's notes are hoarse and flatter than our Crows but nevertheless they remind me more of the latter than do the croaking, Roon-like calls of the Carrion Crow.

The Robins started the coming day with a grand chorus and they had not wholly ceased singing when I came down to breakfast at 9 o'clock. At this hour as well as when first awake I heard, every few minutes, a distant bird call which almost exactly resembled that of our Blue Jay. It gave me a thrill of delight more than once when I heard it coming from a wooded hillside, just such a place as would be here to harbor Blue Jays in our country. I described this cry to my host who assured me that it made by a Starling. If he is right I cannot understand why I have not heard it before. The only sound I have hitherto heard from the Starling is a note of two syllables high pitched and guttural, like clashing steel and very similar to the King Bird.

Besides this notes I heard nothing but the cooing of a Wood Pigeon & the cawing of Rooks.

Sept. 12  
(No. 4)

Sarbut, Stirlingshire. Soon after breakfast we started for some woods on a hill about half a mile from the house, passing, on the way, through a large walled garden where Robins were singing and Wrens dodging about among the currant and raspberry bushes. Further on we crossed a knoll covered with young spruces and larches about breast high. This little plantation was literally alive with young Pheasants from half to two-thirds grown. As we advanced they rose on every side of us the smaller ones flying only a few rods and after circling around us alighting again, the larger birds going straight away over the open fields to more distant coverts. All made noise or less whispering and were flown very swiftly.

On the hillside above a pair of Hesterts were flying about some isolated, large oaks occasionally alighting on dead branches and hovering in shallows very like those of our Sparrow Hawk.

We also saw two larger, sharp-winged Hawks which Mr. H-B. pronounced to be Peregrines flying at an immense height, one about a thousand yards in advance of the other both taking a perfectly straight course and beating most of the time on set wings.

There was a flock of about 30 Scaup in a hollow of the open pasture but no small birds of any kind in this or any other of the open fields that we crossed. In such places at home we would flock Grass Finches

Sept 12  
(No. 5)

Barbert, Turlingome. - On reaching the crest of the hill we took positions on the edge of the woods which were composed almost wholly of oaks twenty to thirty feet in height and growing rather thickly with, however, several openings where the ground was covered with rank ferns. My stand was under the shade of a tall ash on the outer side of a wall five feet or so in height and "banked" on the side towards the woods. Some beaters (four men and two boys, with a retriever dog) had been sent around to the other side of the woods and it was not long before we heard them coming for each man and boy was provided with a stout stick which he tapped thruply on the trunks of the trees that he passed.

The line of beaters was within 200 yards of us before anything appeared near my stand. First of all came the bird of which we were in quest, a Capercaillie. He advanced at a rapid yet stately walk, carrying his head high. When within about forty yards he stopped, fortunately in a little opening where the sun struck fairly on his dark neck and breast. Up to this moment I had taken him for a cock Pheasant but now that he stood erect and stretched up his neck to its full length I recognised him at once. He looked nearly as large as a hen Turkey and very black. After standing perfectly motionless for a few seconds he took wing, rising very lightly and silently and circling back towards the beaters without giving me any chance for a shot. A little later

Sept. 12  
Dec. 61

Corbett, Sterling, Maine. - two hen Capercaille were flushed near Mr. Harris. Known by one of the beaters. They also turned back. As it was supposed that all these birds were still in these woods we decided to have the men beat them back again and accordingly we took up new stations at the other end, I standing outside in a field, H-B among some young birches on the crest of a ridge.

Besides the three Capercaille nothing was started by the beaters during the first drive except a few Rabbits and one fine, large Hare which came directly towards me until, reaching the wall, it mounted to the top and saw me when it instantly stopped and after looking at me a moment whirled and ran back, breaking through the line of beaters, but at our new stations, as the line of men and boys approached, numbers of Pheasant came whirring out past us and Rabbits and Hares were scattering in every direction. One large Hare broke cover just behind me and crossed the open field, running very swiftly and gracefully. Most of the Pheasants were young birds and flew only a hundred yards or less at a time but one or two old cocks went several hundred yards to a line of woods near the house. These old birds made a rattling sound with their wings much like that of drawing a stick across the slats of a wooden fence. After flying about 200 yards they set their wings and sailed almost exactly in the manner of one I have known. This flight did not seem to me very swift.

Sept 12.  
(No 7)

Sarbert, Shropshire. - No Capercaillies were flushed during this drive and as the head keeper thought that all three had left the woods when first flushed we gave them up and started for the house. On the way we saw a flock of Lapwings alight in a pasture and Mr H.B. suggested that we try flushing them. We accordingly made a circuit and approached them through some oak woods. Reaching the edge we passed through a hedge of privet and found that they were still on the ground, running about like Plover, feeding. Only one was in good range and this one I shot killing, my companion missing a long flying shot as the flock rose. As they went off several of them uttered a short whistle which recalled that of our Killdeer Plover. There were Mares and Blackbirds in these woods but only the Robins were singing.

After lunch we started out again taking several men and boys, the Black retriever, and three terriers. The last were put into some Rabbit holes on the side of a knoll in a field near a plantation. Every few minutes a Rabbit would "bolt" and either start at great speed for the woods, or plunge into the next hole. I killed eight in about an hour, missing one with both barrels and killing another with the second barrel. They ran very fast and were not easy to hit. I used a



Sept. 12 Barbert, Stirlingshire. - four pound, 28 gauge gun  
(no 8) belonging to my host.

Many of the Rabbits which were driven out  
were too weak to shoot, some being apparently  
only a few weeks old. Two large rats also  
came out. One was shot, the other saw on  
and Rat back being apparently caught by  
the Ferret at the mouth of the hole for  
it set up a loud squealing, the moment  
after it plunged in.

While we were shooting the Rabbits we  
heard a volley of shots in a neighbouring  
thicket and saw eight or ten Partridges  
skimming down a hillside into a field  
of potatoes where they all alighted, rolling  
over a heap of broad acres. Then young  
sportsmen, accompanied by two keepers  
and boys with a spaniel and a terrier,  
followed them. They quickly put up one  
Partridge & shot it but the terrier on being  
sent to fetch it overran the spot and  
started on a mad career over the whole  
field flushing all the remaining birds and  
getting a sound thrashing from the keeper  
when finally secured. Several of the flushed  
Partridges came very near us but not within  
shot. They looked much like our Quail &  
flew in a similar way but less rapidly.

I left Barbert by the 5.38 P.M. train  
and on reaching Edinburgh packed my  
trunk and went on to London by 9.10 P.M.  
(train).

Liverpool, England.

1891.

Sept. 17. Cloudy with light wind. Rather warm.

At 3.30. P.M. drove to the Cunard wharf and went aboard the tender which left for the "Pavonia" lying in mid stream, at 4 P. M. promptly.

On reaching the steamer I found that my room-mate was a young Englishman but Morrill Wyman who was on board exchanged berths with him and came in with me.

There were many Gulls flying about the Mersey, chiefly L. ridibundus all in young or winter plumage and a few argentatus. As the tide was too low to cross the bar the Pavonia did not get under way until after 7 o'clock.

Liverpool to Queenstown.

1891.

Sept. 18. Foggy with occasional clear streaks, the sun shining above and lifting up the fog. Very little wind. Spent the day running down the Irish Channel, the whistle blowing and the ship moving very slowly as we passed through the foggy belts.

At about 4 P.M. we stopped and sounded. Gun heard in fog and steamer turned towards sound. Fog cleared and we ran into Queenstown harbor. Got off at 6.30 P.M. Queenstown harbor alive with Gulls mostly ridibundus. A few Kittiwakes, two Puffinus major (?), two Gray Wagtails seen in mid-channel.

Lat. 51-28. N

Lon. 13-39. W

At Sea.

Run, 211 M.

1891.

Sept. 19. Sunny but with much haze. Wind ahead but light and only a moderate sea running.

Spent part of the day on deck but most of the time in the smoking room.

One of the passengers reported some Dolphins but I saw neither fish nor birds of any kind.

Sunday.

At Sea.

Lat.-51-16.

Lon. 21-31.

Run, 296 M.

1891.

Sept. 20.

Forenoon sunny and pleasant with moderate W. wind. P.M. cloudy the wind hauling to W. by S. and increasing to a strong breeze which soon raised a humpy sea. Evening rainy.

Spent most of the day in the smoking room talking and writing a little. There were no services but there was some playing and singing in the saloon and in the evening some excellent singing by the emigrants on the lower deck led by a professional tenor, one of the Christy Minstrels it is said.

We passed two steamers. one late in the afternoon bound W. the other in the early evening bound E. Signalled the latter with Roman candles.

No birds, whales, porpoises, nor other animals seen to-day by any one so far as I could learn.

Lat. 56-18. N.  
Lon. 29--1. W.  
At Sea. Run, 289 M.

1891.

Sept. 21. Sun shining dimly through thin clouds. Wind W. by S. light in early morning, strong in P.M. A heavy sea running, the ship rolling and pitching a good deal but on the whole behaving well.

At about noon Morrill called me out on deck to see a "Gull" which proved to be a Fulmar. It looked very white as it skimmed close over the sea rising and falling with the waves and much of the time lost to sight in their hollows.

Through the afternoon and evening the wind kept rising until by 8 P.M. half a gale was blowing and a very high sea running. At 8.30 the wind suddenly shifted to N.E. and torrents of rain began falling, the sea quickly subsiding. Afterwards the wind came dead ahead and we had a rough pitchy night.

Four E. bound steamers passed to-day.

Lat. 40-22 N.

Lon. 54-59 W.

Run 243 M.

At Sea.

1891.

Sent. 22.

A wild day with violent squalls and alternating cloud and sunshine, the sea very rough, the ship rolling and pitching heavily at times but on the whole but on the whole behaving remarkably well.

At about noon, and hence in nearly the latitude and longitude given above, I saw a small black Petrel, probably Oceanites oceanica, and two large birds, Puffinus major or Fulmarus, the latter a mile or more off. Wyman saw some other birds also, one of which he thinks was a "Mother Cary". No fish were reported and no steamer seen.

At the height of one of the squalls the crests were blown off the waves and the sun tinged each wreath of spray with prismatic colors producing a beautiful effect ~~on~~ the ocean, as far as the eye could reach, being studded with fragments of rainbows.

At Sea.

Lat. 47-53 N.  
Lon. 40-31 W.  
Run 247 M

1891.

Sept. 23. Most of the day cloudy, the sun shining a little in the forenoon. Wind and sea steadily declining through the day until by 8 P. M. the steamer was almost perfectly steady.

The monotony of a day at sea was somewhat broken by the appearance of several steamers. First came the "Etruria" sighted far astern at 9 A.M., passing us about 10.30, lost to sight in the distance by 12 noon. In the afternoon two eastward bound steamers passed on the port side within a mile or two, one a cattle steamer, the other a White Star.

Early in the afternoon a few "Mother Cary's" and many Fulmars appeared and remained about us until dark. Of the Fulmars I saw fully 20. They skimmed about like Shearwaters and also followed our wake a little, crossing and recrossing it by short tacks. The head and under parts look white, the back and wings ashy gray. No Puffini yet since Queenstown.



Sept. 24 Grand Banks. - Clear with a strong N.W. wind and ruffled sea, both wind and sea moderating as the day wore on. Cool but not cold.

All day long great numbers of Fulmars were constantly in sight. Through the forenoon they were mostly assembled one or two following the steamers much in the manner of gulls. At least two hundred were in sight at one time, strung out in long train, the nearest just under one stern, the most distant half a mile or more behind us. When anything notable was thrown overboard they hurried eagerly to the spot and alighted in a compact flock, some walking about with spread wings like Petrels, other turning with closed wings and plunging their heads under. I did not see any of them dive. There were a few dark birds among them (not over 5%) with slaty-grey or brownish backs and wings and buffy or fawn colored under parts. Then I took to belong to the dark phase. I give the coloring merely as it appeared in strong sunlight.

During the afternoon there were few Fulmars following our wake but in every direction as far as the eye could reach the surface of the ocean was briefly alive with them, the majority seating about close over the waves, but a few sitting on the water. A few Greater Shearwaters were scattered about among them after

1891.

Sept. 24  
(No 2.)

Grand Banks. - 2 P.M. (These are the first  
Puffins of any species that I have seen since  
leaving Queenstown) so that I had a good  
chance to compare the flight & general  
appearance of the two species. There it was  
for their different coloring it would not  
be easy to distinguish them at a distance  
for their flight is very similar but the  
Fulmar is the stouter, heavier bodied of  
the two and its wings are comparatively  
shorter, narrower, and straighter. They  
remined me of a fish's fins. They are  
beaten rapidly a few times, then held  
perfectly horizontal and very stiffly as  
the bird scales. The Fulmar sometimes circles  
like a Gull but as a rule its flight  
is very direct. The neck looks short, the  
head big and round, the bill is carried  
pointing well downward. The bird rises  
from the water rather awkwardly and  
flaps with great energy for 100 or more  
yards before it begins scaling. More  
than once this morning I saw the crest  
of a wave break over a group of Fulmars  
which had settled in the streamer's wake  
burying several of them out of sight for  
a moment but they did not seem to  
mind it in the least.

At about three o'clock a school of a dozen  
or more Black Fish came about us, then  
approaching within thirty yards or less I

Sept 24 Grand Banks - noticed that whenever our boat  
(No 3) or rolled out of water the Fulmars collected  
about the spot.

Both Fulmars and Shearwaters disappeared rather  
suddenly and absolutely completely at about 4.30  
P.M. and have been there before sunset. I am  
inclined to think that we left them behind  
us or, in other words, that we passed, at  
about this time, the western limits of the  
area over which they are at present distributed.  
The last that I saw were flying about in  
the usual manner and there was no indication  
of any flight to a roosting or "bedding" ground.  
I was much surprised at the apparent  
total absence of small Petrels from this area.  
I looked for them long and carefully but  
did not see a single bird. Nor did I see  
any Gulls or Jaegers.

Sept 25 at sea off Grand Banks. Early morning clear but clouds gathering through the forenoon, the afternoon dull and dark with a sombre lead colored sea. Wind light from S.W. Weather much warmer.

While dressing I happened to look through my port hole and the first thing I saw was a great school of Porpoises. Thirty or forty of them at least racing with the steamer and not forty yards from her side. They were small, dark greenish and very slender and graceful in shape. They kept leaping out of water, a dozen or more at once, each clearing up to eight feet and frequently springing four or five feet above the surface, describing the most graceful curves and clearing the surface, when they dove, so cleanly as to make scarcely any splash. They reminded me of a lot of skipping school-boys playing leap frog.

While I was watching them a large dark colored bird which I took for a Buffon's Skua passed close to the steamer.

Small Petrels, doubtless *Oceanites oceanica*, appeared early this morning and were seldom out of sight during the remainder of the day. They were at no time very numerous but I must have seen fifty in all. None of them followed the steamer but they were continually wandering about in their usual circling fashion.

Besides these birds I saw nothing whatever to-day.

Lat. 42-40 N.  
Lon. 61-15 W.  
Run 300 M.

At Sea.

1891.

Sept. 26.

A superb day, cloudless, with smooth sea, very warm.

The time passed much as usual although I was on deck more than during any previous day. I saw absolutely no birds except "Mother Cary's" (O. oceanica) which were much less numerous than yesterday. Two or three sails were sighted, all apparently coasting vessels.

In the evening we had Mrs. Jarley's wax-works in the saloon Elliott officiated as Mrs. Jarley and Wyman and I representing the Siamese Twins. It was frightfully hot especially for me as I was dressed in oil skins and sou-wester.

Sunday.

At Sea.

Lat. 42-22 N.  
Lon. 68-20 W.  
Run 314 M.

1891.

Sept. 27. A heavenly day the sky cloudless and of a particularly, tender blue, the air warm, the sea absolutely without swells and muffled only by a light N.E. wind. It was literally as smooth as a small lake in summer.

Early this morning I heard four pistol shots. A moment later Elliott appeared at our stateroom and said that the Captain was shooting at a large Hawk which was sitting on the yard. I dressed hastily and went on deck but the bird was gone. Judging by description it must have been an Osprey.

There was a Junco flitting about the steamer alighting in the rigging and Elliott says he saw two at once earlier. At 9 A. M. a large butterfly came aboard. At 10.30 a fine ♀ Duck Hawk came about us and chased our Junco into the rigging then sheered off without alighting.

We took a pilot aboard early in the forenoon.

Just after lunch 2 Duck Hawks, an ad. ♀ and a young ♂, alighted in our rigging one on a yard, the other on a wire brace. They remained here the entire afternoon, paying no attention to the various smaller birds which were flying about the decks and rigging. Of the latter I saw a Junco, Red-eyed Vireo, Redstart, Palm Warbler (palmarum virens) and Kingfisher. All except the last alighted. There were also two Pigeon Hawks flying about us.

Sunday

At Sea.

Lat. 42-22 N.

Lon. 68-20 W.

Run 314 M.

1891.

Sep. 27.

(no. 2)

The ♀ Duck Hawk after standing erect for awhile near the end of the yard walked slowly and unsteadily (like a hen with frozen feet) in towards the mast until reaching a place where a mass of furled sail made a broad flat-topped bed she lay down, at first keeping her head raised but finally lowering it and evidently going to sleep. All the small birds left the steamer one after another, as soon as we sighted land but the Duck Hawks remained quietly on the respective perches until sunset when the ♂ joined the ♀ on the furled sail and lay gently down by her side. When we reached Boston Light and came to anchor the ship blew off steam for several minutes but although the noise was deafening and the steam shot up in a dense cloud through the rigging where the Falcons lay, neither bird moved. Nor did some rockets which were sent up past them appear to alarm them in the least.

A deck hand told me that as soon as it became dark he would climb the rigging and catch these Falcons for me asserting that he had frequently taken Hawks of various kinds in this way to sell to the Boston taxidermists. I offered him a good price but next morning he reported that the attempt had failed utterly. It seems that he climbed the rigging about ten o'clock and found both birds still on the yard but they would not permit him to lay hands on them. As he crawled out on the yard they would

Sunday.

At Sea.

Lat. 42-22 N.

Lon. 68-20 W.

Run 214 M.

1891.

Sent. 27. keep moving along just beyond his reach. On reaching the end (no. 3.) of their perch they simply spread their wings and circling back passed around and realighted behind him. Thus he chased them back and forth until he was tired of it. He says that both birds left the ship at day-break this morning.

The night was clear with some light from the stars and sky but no moon neither a very dark nor very bright night. Our anchorage was within 200 yards or less of land.



Oct. 19 Carlisle & Acton. - Early morning cloudy, the sun out by 2 P.M., the remainder of the day fine. Wind N.W., moderate. Weather cool but no frost last night. Temperature rising during the day.

Woodcock shooting

Melvin came up yesterday evening but drove on to his sister's in Carlisle. I agreed to meet him at Braybrooks in Acton at 9 this morning but failing to find him there drove on to Farris's then returned and discovered him standing under an apple tree waiting for me. He had beaten the Braybrooks crew carefully but had seen only a Partridge.

We drove directly to Farris's and started in at the extreme western end beating the hill back. Started two very wild Partridges and two Woodcocks. Don pointed one of the latter and I killed it as it rose - a rather hard shot through dense birches. When the dog went to pick it up he flushed a second bird from within a yard of the spot where the first fell. I had only a glimpse at it and missed a sharp shot through a dense oak. He failed to find this bird again.

After a long and fruitless hunt over the remainder of the hill and through Melvin's we lunched on the sunny side of a wall and then continued on towards the "Parker Est." Don soon found a third Woodcock among alders & birches near a run. It flushed a few rods & dropped again. Melvin's dog soon flushed it and I shot at but missed.

1881.

Oct. 17 Carlisle & Acton. - it. The next flushed it from  
(No 2) a belt of bushes along a wall. It came out  
directly from in one an open field and I  
missed a perfectly fair shot, I know not how.  
The bird disappeared over the trees flying very high  
and fast. After a long search Don finally found  
and pointed it nearly a quarter of a mile away  
from the place where it rose the third time.  
I had really no chance worth trying but I  
fired through dense foliage & missed.

We saw nothing more until we reached the  
Parker lot where Don found and pointed a  
Cape Cock in a belt of oak trees near a wall.  
It gave me a fair shot & I killed it.

We then went to the rear east of the Parker lot.  
Here we started four Woodcock. Melvin's dog  
pointed two and he missed a hard shot at  
each. Don ran in one one which came out  
into a path and fell to my gun. I also  
fired long snap shots at two others. We saw  
in all 8 Woodcock and three Partridges. I  
bagged 3 Woodcock, Melvin nothing.

The leaves are nearly as dense as the trees  
as in August although the foliage is brilliantly  
colored and about ready to fall. I saw few  
small birds for the season - perhaps 30 Robins  
4 or 5 Jays, 4 Hermit Thrushes, a Ruby, several  
Thrushes and a number of Song & Chipping Sparrows.  
Two Red Tail Hawks were seen soaring over the  
woods and an adult ♂ Marsh Hawk beating in  
meadows. Crickets chirping fully in the fields.

woodcock  
the dog

small birds

Oct. 20

Carlisle... Cloudy with strong N.E. wind, and heavy rain during the middle part of the day. Weather warmer.

Woodcock  
Shooting

At 8.30 this morning when George brought my horse a light misty rain was falling. Thinking there would be nothing worse I started for Carlisle. To my surprise I found that there had been a very heavy influx of northern migrants during the night. In fact I saw at least five or six times as many as on yesterday. Sparrows, chiefly Chipping, Field and Junco - and Robins were the most numerous. There were also great flocks of Robins, many Bluebirds and one company of Crows, about forty in number. The Sparrows were in bushes and weedy fields along the roadside.

Heavy flight  
of migrants

Soon after reaching Mr. Robbins's the rain increased to a perfect downpour so we remained in the house during the forenoon. After dinner we had the horse harnessed but scarcely had we started when a heavy storm began and lasted until sometime after we had sheltered the horse in a shed and plunged into the covers.

Melvin tried first for the bird we left in the run at which he fired three shots yesterday but failed to start him. Next we went together to Hadleigh's run where we left three birds last night. All had left. We beat the ground closely without finding a trace of them. I am surprised that they should have gone during such wild weather. In a part of this run beyond the Woodcock ground we started three Pheasants but did not get a shot. The clouds broke & we saw blue sky before we got home.

Woodcock migrate  
in stormy weather

Oct. 21 Carlisle - A superb day, clear and cool with high N.W. wind. Woodcock  
Shooting

Melvin drove down this morning and joined me at the Buttricks' where we started at 9 A.M. in company with Arthur Robbins (who came up from Newton by an early train) in a double-seated open wagon drawn by my horse "Charlie". We drove up the Estabrook road through woods brilliant with autumn coloring to Ash Swamp where we left George to look after the horse and struck across country on foot to Botwin's Pond. On the way we started two Partridges and near the pond two more. Only one shot was had at them and that a hard snap which I tried unsuccessfully.

In some birches N.W. of the pond Melvin found a small & exceedingly wild Woodcock at which he shot three times vainly before we came up. Arthur Robbins then had a chance and brought the bird down with his second barrel. To my surprise it proved to be a young bird. A wild  
Woodcock, never  
seen young bird.

Returning to the Estabrook road we started for Carlisle but ere we had gone far one of the wheels struck a projecting stone and the spring broke with a loud snap. We tied it up with a strap and sent George on to Carlisle to have it mended by a blacksmith sitting down on the roadside under the lee of some pines to eat lunch. After disposing of this duty we started on foot to hunt to Carlisle. For an hour

Oct. 21 Carlisle ... or more in dead humps, moss, oak  
 (No. 2) woods, and old pastures in succession without  
 starting a bird but at length we got up three  
 grouse, one single bird and two near together.  
 After the single bird had been flushed twice  
 Don got a fine point on it. I stepped in  
 ahead of him when it started almost under  
 my feet made a hole beneath a stump and  
 with tail wide spread ran several rods before  
 flying. As Melvin was in front of me I dared  
 not fire until the bird got well up among the  
 tree tops and then it was lost to sight & I  
 had only a poor snap shot, missing. Melvin  
 also fired and missed. I had a rather good  
 shot at one of the other two but missed.  
 Further on in a belt of oaks along a wall  
 Don found and pointed a covey of ten or  
 twelve Quail. They rose wild and only one  
 that was fired by Arthur who brought down  
 a bird with a broken wing. He followed the  
 covey and Arthur flushed a woodcock which  
 came out just my head and alighted within  
 ten yards of me close to the trunk of an  
 oak. It stood here erect for a moment, then  
 flew when I cut it down by a snap shot  
 just as it was coming its flight by the  
 trunk of the oak. Soon after this Don  
 found and pointed a Quail. The bird  
 rose under foot and I fired just as it  
 was disappearing among the foliage about  
 fifteen yards away. I expected to reload.

Carlisle  
 Shooting

Oct. 21 Carlisle. - it at this distance but I was surprised  
(No 3) on picking it up to find nothing left but  
the head and wings with a strip of skin  
connecting them. Probably it was struck by  
one of the large felt powder wads.

I had four shots after this, two at single  
birds, one flushed by Melvin the other beautifully  
loaded and pointed by Dove, the other two  
a right and left at seven or eight Quail  
which had run together and which rose in  
an opening in the woods. I missed all four  
shots, doubtless because I had become exceedingly  
tired by one long tramp.

Melvin and Robbins meanwhile had fired  
several shots at Quail, killing one, and several  
at two Woodcock one of which Melvin bagged  
the other escaping.

Leaving the Quail we crossed the fields  
to the burying ground where we found  
George waiting for us with the mounded wagon.  
As we were getting the dogs in the plantation  
whistle of a Quail came to our ears on  
the wind from the coverts we had just  
quitted.

Skirting the edge of the town we drove  
several miles nearly due south to a  
cove where Robbins saw two Woodcock a  
mile ago. It proved an unpromising looking  
tangle of birches, scrub oaks and alders on  
a hill side sloping down to a swamp  
but in fifteen or twenty minutes Melvin

Oct. 21  
(No 4)

Carlisle and Robbins started six Woodcock, firing six or seven shots at them but bagging only one bird. I, meanwhile, had been perched idly on a rock but after the shooting was nearly over I joined them and we began to hunt up the scattered birds. Don found one making a superb point. I stepped in ahead flushed the cock and missed a hard brush that as it whistled off. Melvin trod up and missed another. Both crossed the road and an open meadow beyond. We followed and Don found a bird on the edge of a swamp pointing it handsomely. After placing Melvin and Robbins I stepped in and put up the bird. Robbins and I fired together and the Woodcock came down with a broken wing.

It was now too dark to hunt longer so we returned to the shed where Japs was waiting for us with Charlie and were soon on our way home. The high wind had dried the roads, the horse stepped out briskly and we bowled along at a rapid pace. reaching the Buttricks before it was quite dark. I enjoy these rides home immensely after the long days' tramps.

Small birds were fairly numerous in the roadside thickets to-day. I saw one *D. olivacea* among them. Japs seems to me to be braver this season.

Woodcock  
shooting

Small birds

Oct. 22 Carlisle. Forenoon clear, still and warm. A dense path of clouds overspread the sky about noon and, after a slight sprinkle of rain, broke away along the eastern horizon towards sunset when a strong N. W. wind rose and the temperature fell decidedly. At 10 P.M. the sky was still overcast and the wind strong & cold.

Partridge  
Shooting

Starting at 8.45 Melvin and I drove directly to the "Partridge lot". On the way we saw many flocks of Sparrows and one little party of a dozen or more Juncos. Bluebirds were very numerous in flocks. While I was dressing this morning I heard one singing with as much fervor as in spring.

Bluebird in full song

We had the "Partridge lot" without starting anything and then tried "Wodleigh's Run". Scarcely had we entered this cover when both dogs began drawing, evidently on Partridge scent. Melvin soon put up three birds and his dog soon afterwards started two more. He fired only one shot (a miss) and I none. Everything seemed to work badly although the birds lay hard and the dogs behaved well but somehow we were always in the wrong places when the birds rose. Two of them went down in the cover and of the run and Melvin followed them. I taking a position on the hillside opposite. One of the birds soon flushed in front of Melvin and came out just over within 25 yds. I fired both barrels hitting it so hard with the first that it came to the ground within 40 yds. of me but when I went to the spot it fluttered out on the further side of a bush and



Oct. 22 Carlisle. Skinned off close over the ground giving Woodcock  
(No. 2) me to poor a chance that I fired two more shots Shooting  
as it in voices. Meanwhile Melvin started the  
other bird and missed it. Of course we both  
felt somewhat disgusted at our ill luck and bad  
shooting.

Returning to the wagon we drove to Carlisle and  
beyond to a point nearly a mile north of where  
we ceased shooting last night. After slaking the  
horses and eating lunch in a barn we entered a  
piece of corn which neither of us had visited  
before but which had been described to us by  
Arthur Robbins. It proved a fine looking ground  
for Woodcock - a great tract of young birches mingled  
with alders and wild apple trees with numerous  
openings. Melvin soon started a bird at which he  
fired, missing. A little later his dog pointed another  
and he called me over. I took a position outside  
the corn and he drove the Woodcock out. I missed  
with my first and killed it with my second  
barrel firing through drawn brush each time.

We beat back through birch coverts, too dense and  
brambly underneath to be good ground, to the  
place where we saw so many Woodcock last  
night. On the top of the hill among birches I  
started and killed a Woodcock. Melvin put  
up another lower down but failed to get a  
shot and although we hunted long and closely  
we did not succeed in finding the bird again.

We then drove to the Carlisle graveyard  
and finished the day by hunting the

Oct 22 Carlisle. Come where we found the Quail yesterday. Woodcock  
 (No 3) On the present occasion we started only two birds, Hooded Merganser  
 a Grouse and a Woodcock. The former was wild  
 and went off unshot at. The latter did not  
 give either of us a shot on the first rise but  
 at the second I had a long snap that just  
 as it topped a tall oak. The bird seemed to  
 turn over in the air and I supposed I had  
 killed it but the dogs could find nothing so  
 we went on. After I had gone about 100 yds.  
 down suddenly came to a stand and feeling  
 sure that he had the bird I called Melvin  
 who took a position in an opening which I  
 went around into the thicket and crawled  
 on hands and knees into some young pines directly  
 towards the Staines dog. At length the  
 Woodcock sprang but he fluttered off close over  
 the ground giving me no chance. He again  
 followed him when one of the dogs started  
 him and he came directly towards me flying  
 very feebly and slowly. As he passed I caught  
 him in my hand. He had the extreme tip  
 of one wing broken, doubtless by my first  
 shot.

I have not seen a single Colaptes this week. Colaptes auratus  
 Jays are also much scarcer than usual and  
 on Monday I have seen no Hawks.  
 Chickadees, also, are much less numerous than  
 usual. I heard two Hairy Woodpeckers to day  
 and saw one Downy. Grouse are very scarce  
 and shy. It is said that all the young were  
 killed by wolves.

Lucy 7  
 uffed Grouse.

Oct. 23 Carlisle & Acton. When I awoke this morning it was snowing hard and the ground was white. It soon changed to rain, however, and this finally ceased before noon. The wind was northwest, not strong at first but rising and increasing a gale as the day wore on. The sky cleared about 1 P.M. and the afternoon was delightful although cold and blustering.

First snow storm

We waited at the Buttricks' all the forenoon until the clouds began to break, then drove to the Parker lot and lunched in the shaded side of a house. After lunch we beat Hadleigh's Run. Don found a Woodcock under some fifth pines and pointed it staunchly. I flushed and killed it, getting a rather different shot as it rose at once into the pine branches and doubled and twisted like a tiger.

Woodcock  
Shooting

We saw nothing else here and nothing save a few Robins in Melvin's Run but on Farrow's hill we started five Woodcock. Melvin flushed the first by jumping over a wall. It went off unshot at and was not again found.

The second, a very small robin bird, was started by Melvin's dog and crossing an opening near me fell to my shot. Don found the third and pointed it staunchly. I called to Melvin but could not make him hear so I stepped in and flushed the bird, just as I shot at it it turned sharply and I missed. It made a circle and alighted very near me. Melvin now came up and walking forward

Oct. 23 Carlisle & Acton. flushed the bird a second time firing both barrels but missing. The Woodcock rose high in the air and whirled off over the trees. We searched for it carefully but failed to find it again. While following it Melvin started a fresh bird and killed it. His dog afterwards made a firm point on a 2<sup>nd</sup> Woodcock and he called me over and posted me outside the bushes, driving the bird out to me. It appeared nearly forty yards away and instantly turned from me. I fired but got only a few feathers the bird rising high in air and quickly disappearing.

We started nothing else on this hill except a Rabbit, which Don pointed, and a shy Grouse which gave us no chance at a shot, but in the extensive birch cover near Gray Brooks I killed another Woodcock, the seventh and last seen to-day. It rose from beneath some birches close to a stone wall and turning into an opening was skimming off very swiftly close to the ground when I fired. As this bird started fully 35 yards from me I had to be very quick about it.

Melvin and I agree that the Woodcock of the present day behave quite unlike those of 20 years ago. They haunt dense cover, run much more before a dog (often 50 to 100 yds. before lying) and on rising top the trees much less often, usually, in fact, starting away as gently as possible or doubling and twisting low over the ground rather as Snipe. Humphrey Bullock also endorses this theory.

Woodcock  
shooting

Change in the  
habits of Woodcock.

Oct. 24 Carlisle. - Clear with drifting masses of wind clouds and a raging N.W. wind penetrating every nook and corner with its chill breath and on exposed slopes and hill tops lashing the trees about wildly and roaring through their half-naked branches. It was rather cold last night water freezing in puddles in the road.

Thinking that it would be the day of the season for Woodcock, Melvin and I breakfasted at 6.45 and started at about 7.20 driving directly to Farrow's hill. On the way we saw great numbers <sup>a great</sup> of Robins, Bluebirds and Sparrows (particularly Juncos) <sup>but no</sup> along the roadsides - a good omen, we concluded, <sup>flight of</sup> but one which proved of no import for although we beat all our best corners carefully we started only one Woodcock during the day. Evidently the birds which we left in these corners yesterday had gone on south during the night and no northern birds had taken their places.

Shortly after we entered Farrow's fields Don began wooding a hot Decent which he traced well back into the oak woods. I followed him closely and we finally got up the bird, a fine cock Partridge with a very red tail. It gave me a fair brush shot and at the report turned back directly one we rising at a steep angle and flying with great velocity. On reaching an elevation of fully 200 ft. its wings ceased beating and it <sup>just</sup> whirling one and one behind some tall trees on the hillside below us. Melvin and I went as nearly as we could to the spot and set the dogs to work. The moon missed his dog

Partridge  
Shooting

but no  
flight of  
Woodcock

Oct. 24 Carlisle. "Dandy" who, after much whistling and  
(No. 2) calling on our part, finally appeared with my  
Partridge in his mouth. To our great disgust we  
found that he had chewed it so excessively as to  
practically ruin it.

Partridge  
destroyed

Don found and pointed a second Partridge on  
this hill but I failed to get a shot although  
it rose very near me. He looked carefully for  
Woodcock signs but saw none.

On reaching a sunny slope of the hill next  
the road we lay down under the lee of some bushes  
and had a long smoke and talk. The sun was  
warm and cheerful and the harsh wind roared  
harmlessly over our heads. He was much interested  
in watching a number of Robins which were feeding  
on the berries of the ground juniper. Although  
there were dozens of these shrubs all around us  
the birds visited only one, clustering all over it  
- a dozen or more at once. There was one perfect  
old male among them. I shot at him at long  
range but missed. On examining the bush I  
found it loaded with berries, whereas there were  
but few on any of the others.

Robins eat  
berries of  
Juniper Communis

He next beat Madhig's Run getting a little faint  
Partridge scent but finding no birds. On the  
way back we struck directly through the scrubby  
oak woods behind the Parker Pot. Near the  
middle of these woods Don came to a point  
among some dense, bushy oaks covered with  
leaves. I went in and flushed the bird,  
a Woodcock which flew directly past

Oct. 24 Carlisle. Melvin drove a wood path until his charge  
(No. 3) riddled it.

Leased  
Shooting

We hunched on the sheltered side of a deserted  
house and then drove to Robbins' Mills, where  
we spent about two hours searching for Partridges.  
Dore found and pointed two but we did not  
get a shot at either.

It was barely three o'clock when, satisfied that  
there were no woodcock in the country, we  
started for home. On reaching the Buttricks  
Melvin packed his things and departed for  
Newton. As I felt quite fresh I took my gun  
and sallied forth again in search of a covey of  
Leased which have been seen lately near Mount Rattle.  
Dore struck this trail on the edge of a field  
where they had evidently been feeding in a patch  
of weeds and followed it over the crest of a  
hill covered with oak scrub, down a slope to a  
swamp near the middle of which he came to  
a bluff point in an opening filled with densely  
matted fine grass. I stepped in ahead of him  
when the birds rose - eight or ten of them, all  
going off well together. The light was dim (it  
was long after sunset), and I missed my first  
bird but killed the second, a fine cock. It  
was too late to follow the survivors.

From the time when Dore first struck the  
scents of this covey to his final point he did  
not once lose their tracks which led in  
a nearly straight line, the distance from  
the field to the swamp being perhaps 200 yds.

Oct. 24 Concord. It seemed to me perfectly obvious that the Quail run  
(No 4) birds, in this instance, had risen from their feeding <sup>from feeding</sup> ground to their roosting place, <sup>to roosting ground</sup> and thence which I supposed were happened. It was so dark when I started them that I could not see them at all until they rose against the western sky and the character of the place where they lay convinced me that they had gone to roost. I noticed, also, that as they came up out of the grass they were headed in every direction but all pursued the same course when they got fairly under way.

After finding my dead Quail I struck down the course of the brook towards the road. As I was crossing a meadow two Wood Ducks <sup>Wood Ducks</sup> suddenly appeared over the trees almost within gun shot, then turning were soon lost to sight in the fast gathering gloom. I was not a little surprised at seeing them in such a place although there are doubtless ample feeding grounds for them along the course of the brook.

The sunset was beautiful, the western sky ablaze with strong warm light and a bank or rather bar of dark clouds lying along the horizon. The wind bank at sunset but the air was sharp and frosty.

Among some long & white throated Sparrows which rose from a weed field near the roadside as we were driving home this afternoon I saw a <sup>one brought</sup> young White-crow distinctly.



Oct. 25 Concord. Clear, the early morning cold (ther.  $29^{\circ}$  at 7 a.m., the lowest point it has reached here this autumn) in forming and the ground freezing, but the middle of the day very warm and pleasant. Hunting with a Kodak

Shortly after breakfast I took Don and a Kodak camera and started for the "Damsdale" woods where I saw the Quail last night. I examined with great care the spot where they started but could find no proofs that they had really gone to roost there although the place was in every way exactly suited to their requirements. The dog found no scent in this group to-day but not long after I had left it and crossed the meadows to Pratt's ~~woodland~~ he came on the track of the bird on a sunny knoll and followed it down into a thicket of young poplars where I finally started the birds. There were only seven of them. They flew across the meadows into the woods where I looked for them a little while in vain. When Don was working this scent in the survey I photographed him several times.

After leaving this place I roamed through woods and across meadows and fields for an hour or more and then returned to the house. Grasshoppers and crickets were numerous and active in the fields and I saw several butterflies. In Mr. Deaky's orchard I found in one hole the remains of a jumping mouse evidently taken there by a Marsh Owl and in another at least three gnawed of hickory nuts the work of a Red Squirrel probably. I heard three Downy Woodpeckers, a Tree Sparrow & a Yellow Warbler.

Scapes &  
jumping mouse.

Oct. 16 Concord & Carlisle. Forenoon cloudy threatening rain but only a light sprinkle came. At about noon the clouds began to break away and the afternoon was perfectly clear and very still and warm.

Woodcock  
Shooting

George brought the horse out 8.30 and a little later we started, driving directly to Faxon's hill. I beat one most of the ground without seeing any game birds but at length Don found two Partridge. They both were wild but one, which went down the run, lay closely the second time <sup>where</sup> ~~but~~ although Don pointed it and I got close to him before it rose, it gave me a very hard shot which I missed. Soon after this Don put up a very wild Woodcock which alighted after flying about 100 yds. but again was wild when I approached. I shot at it the second time but missed and did not see it again. I found another, however, that lay close among ground juniper and killed it with my second barrel after missing with the first. I next beat Hough's Run finding nothing there but in the scrub oaks behind the "Parker lot" Don pointed a third Woodcock. I went in and flushed it but did not see it at all. Following the direction of the sound of its whistle I started it again among wild apple trees in a pasture but luckily enough I again only heard ~~only~~ the sound of its wings although it must have gone off in plain sight of me. After a long search I flushed it a third time and shot it. It fell broken winged and ran about 50 yards to a ground juniper.

Oct. 26 Concord & Carlisle. which it hid until the day followed  
(No 2.) and drove it out. I noticed that at the last in <sup>Hoodcock spreads</sup>  
it went off with its tail wide-spread like a fan, <sup>its tail white</sup>  
an unusual thing for a Hoodcock to do if I <sup>flying</sup>  
am not mistaken.

After eating lunch at the deserted house I beat  
the "Hoodcock hole" and then started across country  
for Braybrook's. As I was entering a pasture bounded  
by woods I discovered a large, ugly-looking bull  
and turned back, none too soon, as it proved for  
the beast, after <sup>giving</sup> a bellow or two, charged me. I  
leaped over an oak wall and he followed through a  
gap but I eluded him easily enough by plunging  
into a bushy swamp. Keeping through this I  
came to a small pond hole from which a duck  
of some kind rose. I did not see it but I heard  
the flutter of its wings distinctly and on reaching  
the edge found the ripples caused by its spring  
flight rolling over the placid surface.

In some alders near Braybrook's Dam I struck the  
scent of a bag of hair but as it led to nothing  
I soon decided that they had flown from the  
spot. I found a pile of their excrement among  
huckleberry bushes where they had roosted recently.  
The Braybrook comes proved barren so I went  
to the wagon and drove back to Concord and  
through the town to Hall's on the turnpike.  
This ground, which I have not seen before for  
years, has changed a good deal but much  
of it is in superb condition for Hoodcock.  
The local gentlemen say that their birds were

Oct. 26 Concord & Carlisle. - visit it now and I failed to  
(No 3) find even a sign of their recent presence there.  
In fact I started with but a very wild  
Partridge and a large Owl which I think was  
a Bubo. The latter was sitting in the top of  
a small hophornbeam above the spring and  
allowed me to get within good gunshot but  
I did not see it until it flew when it  
took care to place a dense oak between me  
and its line of flight.

Woodcock  
Shooting

Great Horned  
Owl

There were more Chipmunks in these woods  
than I have seen elsewhere (they are scarce  
this season) and they and the Jays were  
holding high carnival among and under the  
numerous nut trees. The air at sunset was so  
still that the slightest rustle among the  
leaves was positively startling at times. It  
was a delightfully calm, peaceful sunset but I  
had little time for <sup>and</sup> lingering to enjoy it.

Chipmunks

On reaching the wagon I found that only a  
moment before my arrival a Fox had crossed  
the road within 10 yards of the horse. George  
said that it trotted slowly past him and  
stopped over to look at him.

The country to-day was simply swarming  
with Tree Sparrows and Juncos. - Of the former  
I saw at least 300 or 400. They were everywhere,  
in groups, woods fields and bushes by the  
roadside. I heard one Twitter & saw another.  
Robins less numerous than on the 25<sup>th</sup> and  
only one Bluebird seen.

Heavy flight  
of Tree Sparrows  
& Juncos.

Red-bellied  
Gnatcatcher

Oct 27 Concord. Cloudy with light rain, during most of the morning. Afternoon gloomy with high N.W. wind, and falling temperature.

Spent the forenoon and part of the afternoon in the house, writing. At 4 P.M. started down river in the Buttricks' boat. The pickered weed, and other semi-aquatic vegetation along the banks has been killed by the late frosts and the river now has a forlorn aspect which was heightened, this afternoon, by the almost total absence of bird life. I saw only a few Tree Sparrows in the bushes along the stream and heard nothing but the occasional scream of a distant Jay or the cawing of a Crow.

On reaching Hunt's Pond I landed on the south bank of the river and entered the Great Fora Marsh Meadows. Four Marsh Hawks were beating about Hawks head at one time, in fact for several minutes they wing together kept close together and appeared to be hunting in company. Three of them were old males, the fourth a brown bird, apparently a female. I squatted in the grass for a moment and, when one of the males caught within hearing, squatted like a mouse. The bird at once turned and came directly towards me, flying very swiftly just above the grass, and in a perfectly straight line. He was within sixty or seventy yards when he discovered either me or my dog and shook up. Perhaps I moved my head a little. At all events the bird, beyond question, discovered

Oct 27 Concord - at the last moment that something  
(No 2) was wrong. I suppose these Marsh Hawks were  
northern birds migrating together. They remained  
in this meadow until it was too dark to  
see them, however.

The meadow & the meadow proved to be  
in excellent condition for birds but I could  
start none although I went over the ground  
- with the help of the dog - rather thoroughly.  
There were more Titlarks than I remember Titlarks  
to have ever been here before - one or hundred  
certainly - They were scattered about and  
were singly and in small parties collecting  
into one great flock and whirling about  
for many minutes before settling down. I don't  
hardly know what to make of them for  
they lay closely and were continually rising  
within a few feet of him, each bird piping  
vividly as it sprang from the ground.  
It also started a good many Lawrence Sparrows.

Returning to the river I had pushed off  
some the shore and was just starting for  
home when a Duck of some kind flew Duck.  
Just over within about eighty yards heading  
up stream. It looked as much like a  
Coot (Fulvia americana) as anything but the  
flight more resembled a Duck's. I believe  
that it was either a Coot or a Scamp Duck.

My row back was wholly unsuccessful.  
I saw only a few Marsh Hats, or rather the  
ripples which they <sup>made</sup> ~~came~~ close under the banks.

Oct. 29

Barbide & Acton. - I suppose dawn was cold in the early morning (ther.  $19^{\circ}$  at sunrise) the temperature rising rapidly the middle of the day deliciously warm. There was scarcely a cloud in the sky from early morning to late afternoon and practically no wind until afternoon when a soft breeze started from the S.W. Woodcock  
shooting  
(1 day with  
Humphrey  
Buttrick)

George brought the horse at 8.30 and Humphrey Buttrick came with him having made an appointment to shoot with me to-day. We started on our way at once driving directly to Harris's hill our roads from as hard as asphalt. The small ponds and even many of the pools in the more sluggish brooks were skimmed. Nevertheless the air was so still and the sun so warm that we scarcely felt a sensation of cold.

We started in at the further end of Harris's hill and had gone only a little way into the lower belt of birches when I started a Woodcock. It rose within ten feet of me and mounting to the tops of the birches shot off at marvellous speed whistling shrilly. So fast did it fly that it was nearly thirty yards away before I could fire my first barrel and almost out of range when I discharged the second, both vainly, although, as I afterwards found, one or other of them shots broke a leg and perhaps did the bird some further slight injury. After a long search I started it a second time. It got up rather slowly and fudgy, but went off again at great speed and I started it with my second barrel after missing with my first. I have seldom if ever seen a Woodcock fly so swiftly before.

Oct. 29  
(No 2)

Carlisle & Acton. We started nothing else on I recall but it singularly  
but in Melvin's run I came suddenly on a very tame same sp. 4 once  
Partridge. I was crossing the brook and bending low  
under an overhanging branch when the bird walked  
out from under some brush within ten yards of me  
uttering the usual squirrel-like alarm note. After  
going a few yards it flew, giving me a cozy shot  
but I found it impossible to get my gun to my  
shoulder, owing to the branch in which I was  
half-entangled, so the bird went off unharmed.  
He followed it, however, and Don Don found &  
pointed it. It rose within a few yards of me &  
I brought it down just as it was disappearing  
among some dense oak foliage. It fell wing broken  
and led Don a long chase but we finally got  
it. It proved to be a small hen and was  
probably a young bird.

We next went to "Wadleigh's run" where Don  
pointed a Woodcock after "sighting" it for more  
than one hundred yards. As it rose I shot it.  
Nothing in the "Parker lot" to-day so we crossed  
the road to the knoll beyond the "Woodcock hole"  
where Don suddenly came to a staunch point under  
some young Norway oaks. I called up Buttrick  
and after placing him in an opening went in  
behind the dog and put up the bird, a Woodcock.  
It flew to my right so I fired, Buttrick also  
firing at the same instant, one or both of us  
killing the bird. After replacing my shell I  
stepped forward when a second Woodcock  
rose, taking the same course as the first.



Oct. 29 Carlisle & Acton. Again B. & I fired exactly together. Woodcock  
(No 3) The bird staggered but kept on a little way finally falling. The ground where this Woodcock lay was sprinkled freely with fresh "challings".  
Shooting

Returning to the wagon we lunched and then drove to Graybrook's. The Woodcock ground proved blank but in some alders on the hillside above Don came to a stiff point. I posted Buttrick outside the cover and then entered it to put out the bird. It proved to be a plain cock Partridge which, instead of flying, walked slowly off through the alders shaking its ruff and making the squirrel "chitter". Seeing that it was not going to take wing I shot it sitting. One of its wings proved to be injured slightly - by just what was not apparent.

This was the last game bird that we saw to-day although we afterwards beat the cover south of the road and an extensive tract of alders & birches beyond, besides, after driving a mile or more, the famous old Woodcock ground on the western side of Annisquam hill which I have never visited before.

I saw a number of Fox Sparrows to-day but fewer Juncos, Tree Sparrows and Harnist Thrushes than during my last hunt. Robins have also decreased markedly of late. I saw a small flock (eight or ten) of Horned Larks come into a field near the Flock Farm and alight.

3 small

(10)

Oct. 30

Concord. An Indian Summer day, the early morning rather cold (ther. 29°) the middle of the day very soft and warm with a light S.W. wind.

A day down  
river with  
Geo. Buttrick

At about 9 A.M. I started down river by boat, Mr. George Buttrick accompanying me. He took fishing tackle and I the gun, of course, as well as Don.

B. rowed slowly along near the edge of the frost-blackened belt of picked weed while I stalked with a spoon but we reached Ball's Hill without having a bite. He had seen scarcely a bird, either, nothing in fact but two Blue Jays and a few Tree Sparrows.

Landing we scrambled slowly over and around the hill ~~finding~~ <sup>discerning</sup> a little clump of beeches on the back side.

Don found and pointed a Partridge on the edge of the swamp. It gave me an almost perfectly open shot when it rose but Buttrick was directly in front of me and I could not fire. We made no attempt to follow the bird.

After spending an hour or more on the hill we tramped across country to the Hawk woods and also visited the cold spring. Don found a second Partridge which rose in the open from some sand oaks on the edge of a hollow. I fired one barrel at very long range and missed. He saw few small birds - one or two Robins, several Blue Jays, and a score or so of Juncos. I picked up the feathers of a Great Horned Owl from the path. No signs of Carolina Doves in their usual haunts here. The Hawk woods were as beautiful as ever and the axe has done them no harm since my last visit.

Oct. 30 Concord. Returning to the boat we lunched by the  
(No 2.) side of the white oak stump (which we used as a  
table) and then, after a smoke, took to fishing  
again, rowing down river as far as "Gad island".  
Buttrick caught a small pickrel from which he  
cut a strip for bait. I then left him and started  
on the meadow to look for snipe. I had gone only  
a few rods from the boat when one was rather wild.  
I fired both barrels but it kept on flying directly  
into the birch cover on the northern edge of the meadow.  
I followed and soon quickly found the bird lying  
perfectly dead on a pile of brush.

Returning to the meadow I beat it for some time at late snipe  
vainly but soon at length began drawing and  
finally flushed a wild snipe which got off unscathed  
as and flew so far before alighting that I did not  
care to follow it. There were about thirty Tit larks in  
the usual roosting place and I counted 22 Horned  
Larks flying in a compact flock over the river but  
ignoring the meadow. I also saw two Marsh Hawks,  
on a fine old S.

We started up river just before sunset. As we were passing Cooper's Shanty  
the "turn of the Holt" I heard a loud cawing among  
the dead leaves in a thicket on the bank and  
looking closely spied a minute animal stepping  
about among the stems of the bushes and in and  
out the holes between their roots. It was so very active  
that I could not get a shot for some time but  
at length it started out on the water apparently  
running on the surface rather than swimming  
and apparently purposing to cross the river. I fired

A day down  
river with  
Geo. Buttrick

Tit larks.  
Horned larks.

Oct. 30  
(No 3)

Concord. - a light charge of dust shot at it and on picking it up found it to be a remarkably small, reddish-brown Shrew (Sorex cooperi).

A day down  
river with  
Geo. Buttrick

We saw one Painted Tortoise on a floating board and I found a rather active Leopard Frog in the meadow while as twilight fell several small Bats appeared flying about over the river. As the mercury fell to 19° Fahr. yesterday morning I was surprised to find these creatures still active. There were also Dragon Flies abroad in considerable numbers and two species of Butterflies, the Arctia and the common yellow field Butterfly. We saw only one Chipmunk. Skunks are still out judging by their fresh tracks which we noticed in several places.

Bats

Dragon Flies

Chipmunks

Skunks.

What bird or mammal carries the chestnut cones so far from the trees? I have found many of them of late in the middle of open fields and suspected that Squirrels might have taken them there but to-day I came upon a particularly large one in the middle of the Great Meadows floating in a pool of water. Perhaps the Crows are at the bottom of this mystery.

Early this morning I heard a Nuthatch in the elms in front of the house and also a flock of Chickadees. The latter are not so numerous as usual and I seldom see more than three or four together. Near Ball's Hill I started a Winter Wren, the first I have met with this autumn, from a stone wall in an open field.

Winter Wren

Oct. 31 Concord & Carlisle. - Clear and very warm for the season, in fact quite the warmest day for these weeks, the therm. at noon must have risen at least to 75°. There was a moderate S.W. wind all day. At sunset clouds gathered in the W. and there were other signs of coming rain.

Woodcock  
Hooding

George brought the horse at the usual time and I started towards Carlisle with no very definite plan of action but with a general impression that it would be wisest to hunt for a covey of quail as the last two days and nights have been so warm that I did not suppose there could have been any flight of Woodcock. It occurred to me, however, to look at a place of Woodcock cove that Humphrey Buttrick had pointed out to me on Wednesday. It lies a little north of Bateson's Pond not far from the Lowell road. To my great surprise it proved to contain three Woodcock this morning. I saw pointed two of them and ran up the third. All three rose in such a way as to give me hard shots and all went off like bullets so that I scored three misses, I found only one again. It rose as I was getting over a wall and I missed with my first but hit it hard with the second barrel. It kept on, however, and disappeared over the top of a maple in a swamp. I was determined to find it but for more than an hour I walked the dog back and forth through the swamp and some well scrub beyond in vain. At length by the merest chance my eye happened to alight on the bird which was squatting on the ground on the edge of a little opening within a few yards of where I stood. It was so badly hurt that

Oct. 31  
(No 2)

Concord & Carlisle. I had no difficulty in slipping my hand forward and diving it, as I picked it up it uttered a peculiar low growling sound (gna-a-a) which I think I have previously heard from a female caught.

A wounded  
Woodcock utters  
a low cry when  
caught.

Woodcock with young. It was a small male bird.

Returning to the wagon I drove to the foot of Fifty Acre Meadow and directing George to take the horse around to the deserted house I crossed through the woods and fields on foot. In some mixed woods Don found & pointed a Partridge which was wild without giving me a shot. In a field beyond these woods I saw three Bluebirds and a few Robins.

In Hadleighs run I started three more Woodcock. Don "drew" about for ten or fifteen minutes on the scent of the first and I tramped over the ground in every direction without flushing it but at length it rose from under the dogs nose when my back was turned and stole away unshot at. It went only a few rods and dropped in a path. I bent on the dog when the bird rose a second time and flew directly over my head. After it had passed me and just as it was disappearing behind a pine I shot at it but missed. I did not find this bird again.

As I was looking for it Don suddenly came to a beautiful point on the edge of a cluster of pitch pines. I went in ahead of him and started two Woodcock at nearly the same moment. They gave me a good chance for a double shot but I missed the first cleanly and got only one feather from the

Oct. 31

Nov. 3

Concord & Carlisle. Second. Both flew out of sight and although I searched long and closely for them I did not succeed in finding either of them again. While I was looking for them I met a Concord Sportsman by the name of Barnett. He tells me that he killed twelve Woodcock in one day about two weeks ago, finding most of them on Farra's hill.

Woodcock  
Shooting.

Returning to the wagon I lunched and then drove to Farra's, beating the hill rather superficially and finding nothing. In the hope of bettering my remarkably ill luck I next drove to the Carlisle graveyard. As I was walking along the edge of the swamp near the row of locust trees a small hen Partridge was among some oaks. I got badly a glimpse of her through the dense foliage but fired a snap shot and had the satisfaction of hearing her first plump on the ground and then scatter the dry leaves in her death-flurry. She was shot directly through the head and was apparently an old bird.

For nearly an hour after this I hunted industriously without seeing any game although I did find scent in several places. I saw a small isolated cluster of birches near the locusts, he made two or three rather stiff points and in the intervals between them roamed a ground scent with great eagerness. At first I felt sure that he was following a running Woodcock but the scent did not lead out of the cove and after we had both tramped over nearly every yard of the ground which was remarkably open underneath I gave it up and went on. After trying all

Oct. 31  
(No 4)

Concord & Carlsile. - comes I returned to the one just mentioned with the idea of examining the ground closely for chaffinys. The dog ran in ahead and at once pointed. For sometime I could not make him move; then he began roading with great caution. I tramped back and forth over the place again and looked for chaffinys but could find neither them nor a ~~the~~ bird. The dog would not leave the thicket, however, so I walked off without him but I had gone scarce fifty yards when I heard a Woodcock whistle and turning saw the bird flying off. It apparently started from a large ground juniper nest which I had brushed closely several times. I went only about 100 yards and alighted in an opening among some oak scrub. I followed and had just jumped over a wall when the bird rose wild giving me a long but perfectly open shot. I fired my choked barrel and killed it. It proved to be a remarkably large and richly-colored bird. This and a bird shot by Melvin on the 24<sup>th</sup> are the only female Woodcock that I have seen during the past two weeks.

A cunning  
Woodcock

Several of the birds which I started earlier in the day were quite as difficult to find and flush as this one just mentioned. They evidently ran for some distance ahead of the dog until they found a good place for concealing themselves. Here they lay so closely that Don actually passed them within a foot or two. Nearly all the Woodcock this year ~~do~~ take remarkably long flights. They also rise in such a way as to cover their flight, whenever possible, by a pine or leafy oak. I am satisfied that they

Change of  
habits of the  
Woodcock.



Oct. 31  
(No. 5)

Grand & Carbine - do this deliberately and systematically. On very many occasions the dog has first struck the scent among low scanty bushes where a good shot would have been certain and "roaded" it 100 yds. or more into a thicket of bushy young pines where the bird often rose in such a manner as not to show itself at all. I have before remarked on the change of flight of the Woodcock since the days when I began shooting him (1869-75). It is now the exception - in fact a rather rare occurrence - for a bird to rise over the tops of the trees. He usually steals away low down in an irregular course taking advantage of openings among the trees and often twisting like a snake. All this is doubtless due to long persecution and, to a greater or less extent, to natural selection. The Woodcock has learned wisdom by bitter experience and such individuals as were too stupid to profit by the lesson of a narrow escape from a charge of shot have perished and left no descendants.

Woodcock  
shooting

The two successful shots (I fired no others) with which I ended the day, did much to reconcile me to the provoking ill-luck of the forenoon and I enjoyed the drive home quite as keenly as if I had made a better bag. There was a strong S.W. wind blowing and clouds gathering in the West but the air was soft and rather damp and laden with the odor of dead leaves. Nearly all the deciduous trees and the berries are now nearly bare.

1891. Mass.  
October Concord.

1. Seiurus sear's. Oct. 16<sup>h</sup> 17<sup>h</sup> 18<sup>10</sup> 19<sup>6</sup> 20<sup>20</sup> ~~21<sup>20</sup>~~ 22<sup>20</sup> 23<sup>10</sup>  
24<sup>15</sup> 26<sup>1</sup> 28<sup>12</sup> 31<sup>3</sup>
2. Merula migratoria. Oct. 16<sup>10</sup> 17<sup>8</sup> 18<sup>15</sup> 19<sup>30</sup> 20<sup>50</sup> 21<sup>25</sup> 22<sup>25</sup>  
23<sup>50</sup> 24<sup>100</sup> 25<sup>10</sup> 26<sup>30</sup> 28<sup>10</sup> 29<sup>8</sup> 30<sup>2</sup> 31<sup>2</sup>
3. Turdus pallasi. Oct. 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>4</sup> 20<sup>3</sup> 22<sup>8</sup> 23<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>20</sup> 25<sup>4</sup>  
26<sup>15</sup> 28<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>6</sup> 30<sup>6</sup> 31<sup>4</sup>
4. Regulus calendula. Oct. 19<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>1</sup>
5. Regulus saturapa. Oct. 22<sup>1</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>8</sup> 28<sup>3</sup> 29<sup>3</sup>
6. Parus atricapillus. Oct. 18<sup>6</sup> 19<sup>10</sup> 20<sup>15</sup> 21<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>10</sup> 25<sup>6</sup> 26<sup>15</sup>  
28<sup>8</sup> 29<sup>10</sup> 30<sup>12</sup> 31<sup>6</sup>
7. Sitta carolinensis. Oct. 23<sup>1</sup>
8. Certhia americana. Oct. 17<sup>1</sup> 28<sup>1</sup> 29<sup>1</sup> 31<sup>1</sup>
9. Hedysdylus hiemalis. Oct. 30<sup>1</sup>
10. Anthus pennsylvanicus. Oct. 18<sup>h</sup> 26<sup>h</sup> 27<sup>(100)</sup> 29<sup>(30)</sup>
11. Dendroica p. hypochrysa. Oct. 17<sup>h</sup>
12. Dendroica striata. Oct. 21<sup>1</sup>
13. Dendroica coronata. 16<sup>8</sup> 17<sup>10</sup> 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>4</sup> 20<sup>3</sup> 22<sup>10</sup> 23<sup>8</sup> 24<sup>3</sup>  
25<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>3</sup> 27<sup>1</sup> 28<sup>10</sup> 29<sup>3</sup>
14. Pipilo erythrophthalmus. Oct. 26<sup>1</sup> 2
15. Passerella iliaca. Oct. 25<sup>1</sup> 29<sup>10</sup> 30<sup>4</sup>

1891. Mass.

October Concord.

16. Melospiza georgiana. Oct. 18<sup>2</sup> 20<sup>2</sup> 30<sup>2</sup>
17. Melospiza fasciata. Oct. 18<sup>6</sup> 19<sup>8</sup> 20<sup>4</sup> 21<sup>6</sup> 22<sup>8</sup> 23<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>10</sup>  
25<sup>6</sup> 26<sup>15</sup> 28<sup>10</sup> 29<sup>6</sup> 30<sup>10</sup> 31<sup>4</sup>
18. Junco hyemalis. Oct. 17<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>15</sup> 22<sup>15</sup> 23<sup>75</sup> 24<sup>200</sup> 25<sup>20</sup>  
26<sup>200</sup> 28<sup>15</sup> 29<sup>15</sup> 30<sup>20</sup> 31<sup>12</sup>
19. Spizella pusilla. Oct. 20<sup>20</sup> 21<sup>10</sup> 22<sup>15</sup> 23<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>6</sup> 25<sup>4</sup>  
26<sup>2</sup>
20. Spizella socialis. Oct. 18<sup>6</sup> 19<sup>8</sup> 20<sup>25</sup> 21<sup>8</sup> 22<sup>6</sup> 23<sup>10</sup>  
24<sup>2</sup> 25<sup>2</sup> 26<sup>1</sup>
21. Spizella monticola. Oct. 25<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>300</sup> 27<sup>10</sup> 29<sup>15</sup> 30<sup>20</sup> 31<sup>6</sup>
22. Zonotrichia albicollis. Oct. 18<sup>1</sup> 20<sup>1</sup> 21<sup>1</sup> 22<sup>2</sup> 23<sup>10</sup> 24<sup>15</sup>  
25<sup>6</sup> 26<sup>10</sup> 28<sup>6</sup> 29<sup>4</sup> 30<sup>8</sup>
23. Zonotrichia leucophrys. Oct. 23<sup>100</sup> 24<sup>100</sup>
24. Ammodramus savaana. Oct. 20<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 27<sup>10</sup>
25. Pooecetes gramineus. Oct. 22<sup>6</sup> 23<sup>4</sup> 24<sup>6</sup> 25<sup>6</sup> 26<sup>4</sup>
26. Spinus tristis. Oct. 18<sup>40</sup> 19<sup>6</sup> 20<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>(25)</sup> 23<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>(30)</sup>  
26<sup>(60)</sup> 29<sup>6</sup> 31<sup>8</sup>
27. Capodacus purpureus. Oct. 18<sup>40</sup> 19<sup>2</sup> 26<sup>2</sup>
28. Scolecophagus carolinus. Oct. 17<sup>1</sup> 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>4</sup> 20<sup>2</sup>
29. Sturnella magna. Oct. 16<sup>1</sup> 17<sup>1</sup>
30. Molothrus ater. Oct. 28<sup>(3)</sup>

1891. Mass.

October Concord.

31. Corvus americanus. Oct. 16<sup>hd</sup> 17<sup>hd</sup> 18<sup>4</sup> 19<sup>8</sup> 20<sup>(40)</sup> 21<sup>6</sup> 22<sup>10</sup>  
23<sup>6</sup> 24<sup>8</sup> 25<sup>4</sup> 26<sup>6</sup> 28<sup>(40)</sup> 29<sup>6</sup> 30<sup>30</sup> 31<sup>10</sup>
32. Cyanocitta cristata. Oct. 16<sup>hd</sup> 17<sup>hd</sup> 18<sup>4</sup> 19<sup>4</sup> 20<sup>6</sup> 21<sup>10</sup> 22<sup>8</sup>  
23<sup>10</sup> 24<sup>6</sup> 25<sup>4</sup> 26<sup>10</sup> 27<sup>2</sup> 28<sup>4</sup> 29<sup>8</sup> 30<sup>8</sup> 31<sup>4</sup>
33. Otocoris alpestris. Oct. 29<sup>(10)</sup> 30<sup>(22)</sup>
34. Dryobates pubescens. Oct. 16<sup>1</sup> 17<sup>1</sup> 22<sup>1</sup> 23<sup>1</sup> 25<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>3</sup> 27<sup>1</sup>  
29<sup>1</sup> 31<sup>2</sup>
35. Dryobates villosus. Oct. 22<sup>2</sup>
36. Buteo borealis. Oct. 19<sup>2</sup>
37. Circus hudsonius. Oct. 19<sup>2nd</sup> 27<sup>(1st 3)</sup> 30<sup>2nd</sup>
38. Bonasa umbellus. Oct. 18<sup>1</sup> 19<sup>3</sup> 20<sup>3</sup> 21<sup>2</sup> 22<sup>(3)</sup> 23<sup>1</sup>  
24<sup>4</sup> 26<sup>3</sup> 29<sup>4</sup> 30<sup>2</sup> 31<sup>2</sup>
39. Colinus virginianus. Oct. 21<sup>(12)</sup> 24<sup>(10)</sup> 25<sup>(7)</sup>
40. Philohela minor. Oct. 19<sup>8</sup> 21<sup>10</sup> 22<sup>4</sup> 23<sup>7</sup> 24<sup>1</sup> 26<sup>3</sup>  
29<sup>4</sup> 31<sup>7</sup>
41. Gallinago delicata. Oct. 30<sup>2</sup>

Nov. 2

Concord - Cambridge. - Clear and cold with strong N. W. wind. A fine bracing day, the sun warm at noon.

Started for Cambridge at about 10 A. M. taking my favorite road through Lincoln. As I was crossing the causeway just east of the Emersons' Marsh Hawk I saw a Marsh Hawk, a small, brown bird, apparently migrating by a young male, beating the meadow. Upon coming day, to the edge of the woods he began soaring in small circles and rising so rapidly that within two or three minutes he had reached an elevation of fully 2000 feet. During the entire ascent he flapped his wings only a few times. When he had reached the highest point he looked no larger than a swallow. He now began drifting off before the wind still cycling, and was soon lost to my sight. I believe he was migrating and had merely descended for a little while in the hope of getting a breakfast. The direction which he finally took was about S. E.

I saw a good many Tree Sparrows and a few Fox Sparrows along the roadsides but ~~fox~~ were not numerous. There was a young male Ruffle-headed Duck in the pond at the foot of Prospect Hill in Wattham. I stopped the horse for several minutes to watch this bird. He was diving expertly just out of gun shot from the shore. Not far from this pond I saw a Flicker, a rare bird this autumn.

Ruffle-headed  
Duck

On reaching Cambridge I found several White-throated Sparrows and a Robin in my garden.

Nov. 4

Concord. - Clear and still, very cold during the night (ther.  $15^{\circ}$  at sunrise), the river freezing in the cove well out from the shore, but the current rising rapidly as the day came up.

Early in the forenoon I drove to Ball's Hill with Mr. Buttrick. We saw the Sparrows in several places and in one sunny hollow a flock of fully forty of them. There was also a little party of Fox Sparrows - seven or eight of them - in oak scrub along a fence on the south side of some woods.

In a field at Ball's Hill I came upon a Field Sparrow which had one wing broken close to the body. From the way in which it held the injured member I concluded that the damage had been caused by accidental contact with a wire fence or something of the kind rather than by a gun shot wound.

Field sparrow.

Nov. 5

Concord & Acton. Cloudy and chilly. The night was rather cold (ther.  $28^{\circ}$  at sunrise) and the temperature did not rise sufficiently during the day to thaw the ground or small ponds which were skinned over on the surface. Woodcock shooting

George brought the horse at 8.30 and I started off, taking gun, dog and lunch. We stopped first near Bateman's Pond and I beat the little knoll where I started them Woodcock last Saturday. There were none there to-day and I saw no fresh chakings.

I next tried Madhig's run. It proved to contain three Woodcock. I started the first in a narrow strip of scanty birches in a pasture outside the main corn and killed it easily. The second rose from some hazel bushes among the pitch pines giving me an open and very easy shot which I missed, quite unaccountably for the gun seemed to be exactly on the bird. The third was in the very middle of the densest part of the hazel & alder thickets. The dog roared it for some distance & I finally saw it walking calmly ahead of him. As it rose I fired but missed having a very difficult shot. I afterwards put it up three times firing another shot but again missing. The last time it rose fully fifty yards in advance of me & I failed to mark or find it again.

After luncheon at the deserted house, I went to the "Woodcock hole". Don leaped over the wall and at once pointed but so listlessly that I supposed he had taken

Nov. 5  
(Wed)

Concord & Acton - the scent of a Hermit Thrush or some other small bird and did not cock my gun. As I was putting on by one the wall, however, a Woodcock sprang and went off at such speed and so irregularly that I did not even attempt to shoot at it. I followed it at once and the dog flushed it twice without getting its scent. It flew only a few rods each time but although I worked it down after the third flight I failed to find it again until fully two hours later when the dog pointed it in the exact spot near the wall, whence it rose the first time, and I killed it. In the interim I visited this spot and walked all over it examining the ground closely for challenges. The Woodcock was certainly not there then. It must have returned later, either by running or flying. When I finally killed it the sun had set and twilight was falling. I have never had such an experience before.

a Woodcock  
... times to  
the spot  
where it was  
first flushed.

After giving up this Woodcock the first time and beating over the remainder of the ground I was on my way back to the wagon when I started a large covey of Quail, at least fifteen large fine birds. They rose from a ground juniper on the edge of a meadow and quite in the open but I was unprepared for them and hid only one barrel killing my bird, a gigantic old cock. The covey flew back over the "Woodcock hole" & I worked them down on the knoll beyond. Following them I put up a bird and missed it. The others then began flying all around me.

Quail



Nov. 5 Covered & Active... but somehow I failed to fire upon  
(No 3) them on more shot. The bird fell but when the  
dog went to fetch it was again and I had to shoot  
it a second time.

Several  
shootings

After this I spent nearly an hour hunting for  
the scattered birds without finding any of them.  
Finally I heard one whistling. Following the direction  
of the sound I came into an open pasture where  
Dove began roosting and finally perched. I stepped  
in ahead and six or eight birds were all together.  
It was a fine chance for a double shot but I  
missed my first bird and the second shed only  
a few feathers and kept on out of sight but Dove  
found him lying there dead at the foot of a  
birch before I had gone 100 yds. in the direction  
which the bird took.

Night was now coming on apace and the Quail,  
anxious to get together before it was too late, began  
whistling in every direction. I found and shot  
two in succession, then missed another when  
it was too dark to see distinctly. During this  
period I also killed the Woodcock as above  
described. When I gave up further pursuit of  
the Quail and returned to the wagon I could  
hear four or five birds calling at once. The call  
of the male is louder and simpler than that of  
the female as I satisfied myself to day by  
shooting birds which had just called.

There was a second great flight of Tree Sparrows to-day. The country was flooded with them but I Tree Sparrows  
did not see a single Junco. A few Robins seen.


Nov. 6

Concord, Acton & Carlisle. - Clear with strong, bracing N. wind, a little warmer than yesterday, the ground thawing - perhaps because the sun was shining. Woodcock shooting

Spent the day shooting, starting at about 9 A.M. and getting back at 5.30 P.M. Drove first to Farrar's hill where George left me & took the horse back to the deserted house. On Farrar's hill Don found & pointed two Woodcock and a Quail. One of the Woodcock lay in an isolated cluster of birches near the road, the other among ground juniper on the top of a knoll. I killed both the first rise getting very difficult shots. The second bird acted very curiously, flitting along close to the surface of the ground although the cover (birches) was dense & the trees tall. When I shot this bird it had flown fully 20 yds. yet was not 3 ft. above the ground. The Quail appeared to be a solitary bird. I had a fairly good brush shot at it but missed.

Leaving the hill on the south side I next walked to the "Woodcock hole." On the knoll beyond Don found a good deal of ground scent and after "coaching" it for some distance at length came to a point under a little pine. I walked up and stopping within 20 yds. the dog scanned the ground carefully for the bird. I soon discovered the bird, a Woodcock squatting on the pine needles directly in the shadows cast by the stem of the tree. Its choice of this spot may have been accidental of course but I believe the bird chose it because of the

Woodcock seen  
sitting on  
the ground

Nov. 6 Concord, Acton & Carlisle. presence of the shadow,  
(No. 21): Its position was much like that of a bird  
on the nest head and tail slightly raised, the  
point of the bill lowered and resting among  
the leaves.  The large, dark eye was wide  
open. I watched it closely for fully two minutes  
but could detect no motion of the lid. There was  
no apparent throbbing or pulsating movement of  
the feathers of the back as with a sitting bird.  
At length I made another step forward and  
the Woodcock rose with startling suddenness.  
As it went off it crossed a small opening and  
I killed it.

Woodcock  
Shooting

I next tried the pitch pines near Hadleigh's run  
and for the first time this season found nothing  
although I left a Woodcock there yesterday.  
In the extreme lower end of the run itself,  
however, Don found and pointed a Woodcock  
on the side of a sloping bank covered sparsely  
with birches. The bird rose under foot as I stepped  
in ahead of the dog but as it went off twisted  
so suddenly and erratically that although I had  
an almost perfectly open shot I made a clean  
miss. The Woodcock flew out of sight up the  
run and I did not find it again. As I  
was beating up the run in search of it Don  
came to a point on a Partridge. The bird,  
a fine large cock, rose within a few yards  
of me but doubled around behind a leafy  
oak giving me an awkward short strike.  
I missed. At the head of the run, however,

1961.

Nov. 6  
(No. 3)

Concord, Acton & Carlisle. I flushed it again in some oak scrub and by a snap shot brought it down wing broken. Don pulled its tail out in catching it.

Woodcock  
Shooting

Returning to the wagon I hunched and then drove to the graveyard in Carlisle. In the extreme upper end of the cone under the locusts Don suddenly came to a point. I stepped up to him when a Woodcock rose within five feet of his nose and flew inward through the brush giving me a hard shot which I missed. Following this bird I flushed it a second time among oak scrub. It went directly up through the leaves and again I had a most difficult chance, again missing. After looking for it several minutes along the line which it had taken I came out into an opening full of young pines. Among these Don flushed the Woodcock. It had previously whistled shrilly but this time it rose in perfect silence and flitted off among the trees curving its wings downward in a peculiar manner. I could have shot it easily enough but I took it at first for a Fox Sparrow and did not recognize it fully until just as it was disappearing. It went only about 50 yards and I quickly found and started it a fourth time when it went off in the usual way whistling loudly but giving me another hard shot, which I missed. I could not start it again nor did I see anything else in this corner.

Woodcock rises  
in silence after  
two whistling  
flights.

At 3 P.M. I started for the "haunted house"

1887.

Nov. 6  
(No 4)

Concord, Acton & Carlisle... In some oak woods through which the road passes a Partridge started ahead of the horse and flew across the road. When we came to the spot I saw two more within a few yards of us walking slowly on the ground. One of them flew when I stopped the horse but the other, a fine cock bird, continued stalking proudly along with tail erect and wide spread and distended ruffs twitching convulsively. In short he behaved exactly as the Maine Partridges are in the habit of doing showing no fear of us and appearing as if half inclined to resent an intrusion in his native haunts. I was strongly tempted to shoot him but did not dare to fire as "Charley" (the horse) is very afraid of a gun.

Woodcock  
shooting

at home  
perhaps a fine  
Puffed Grouse.

Among some low oak scrub on the ledgey hillside near the "haunted house" I saw pointed a Woodcock, the sixth seen to-day. It rose in a perfectly open place but flew directly towards the sitting gun. As I raised my gun the sunlight glancing along the barrels blinded me for the moment and I made a clean miss. I afterwards started the bird twice but each time it rose out of gun shot.

There was a second heavy flight of Robins to-day. I must have seen nearly fifty in all. The Sparrows are very numerous. I saw perhaps a dozen juncos, nearly as many Fox Sparrows, a single Grass Finch & a few Jays. One flock of Crows (about 40) flying south.

Heavy flight  
of Robins

Nov. 7 Concord, Acton & Carlisle. - A bright, sunny day, rather cold in the early morning with high N. wind, calm & warm in the afternoon. At sunset clouds were gathering and an east wind started.

Woodcock  
and Partridge  
shooting

I started at the usual time over the usual road, this morning, with George, "Charley" & "Don". Stopped first at the knoll near Bateman's Pond. On reaching this cone Don began "drawing" at once and after some delay finally started a small and very nimble Woodcock, which went off behind a pine giving me no chance for a shot. I tracked it down in a piece of oak scrub and was on the point of getting over the wall when it rose on the other side and <sup>once more</sup> ~~again~~ escaped me at. I did not succeed in finding it again. My next stop was at Harris's hill which I beat thoroughly, seeing nothing except two Partridges which rose wild. I then started for the deserted house to which I had sent George with the horse. As I was passing around the head of Melvin's run Don stopped short in the path, drew a few yards into a thicket and pointed. I stepped in and passed around ahead of him when a Partridge started between us and went off at great speed, giving me a quivering shot. At the report the bird doubled up, ston dead and fell on the edge of an little meadow. After waiting a few minutes I worked Don up to the spot and took several Kodak pictures of him as he was pointing the dead bird.

Nov. 7  
(No. 2)

Concord, Acton & Carlisle. - Scarcely 100 yds. farther on the dog struck another scent that crossed the path and roamed it out into a pasture coming finally to a stand at a ground juniper bush of large size that grew close to a wall. As I stepped up six or seven Quail started, after a prodigious amount of preliminary fluttering as they struggled up through the dense juniper, giving me a perfectly open shot but I missed with both barrels. The dog then jumped over the wall and turning pointed directly at it. I followed and at once saw a cock Quail sitting quietly in a crevice between the stones literally within a foot of the dog's nose. Supposing that it was wounded I thrust in my hand cautiously and actually touched it but it slipped through my fingers, disappeared, and the next instant flew from the other side of the wall. Rising I cocked the gun and shot it before it could get out of range.

Quail taken  
by me in  
this place.

I then went to the deserted house and began eating lunch but before I had finished I heard the Quail whistling and at once started after them. Don quickly found him which had come together in the corner of a stone wall. I fired both barrels at the first that rose and missed it, the others going off unshot at. Soon after this the dog found and pointed them now on the edge of a thicket in a meadow not 30 yards from where I started the dog in the first place. I concluded that they must

Lucial Shooting

Nov. 7  
(No. 3)

Concord, Acton & Carlisle. - have somehow concealed themselves from the dog on the first occasion but it also occurred to me that perhaps the place where the Buzz is originally started is regarded by the feathered birds as a place of rendezvous. At all events it is by no means uncommon to hear one or more birds whistling there after the spot has been thoroughly beaten, perhaps, by the dogs.

Lucial return  
to spot where  
buzz is first  
started?

When the three Lucial last mentioned rose as they did all together upon my stepping in ahead of the dog, I made another most disgraceful miss with both barrels although I held a perpetually open and very easy shot.

Somewhat disgusted I left the place and spent upwards of two hours beating Hadleigh's run and the Parker lot without seeing anything save a rabbit. I then returned and began hunting for the Lucial again. Don finally struck this vent and after roading it up a long alder run, across a brush grown pasture, and over a rocky knoll found his birds at last among some tall oaks on the edge of a meadow. They were rather wild and I fired only one shot, dropping my bird. I then followed the survivors and killed another which Don pointed among ground junipers on a hillside. This Buzz of Lucial is undoubtedly the same as that from which I killed five birds on the 5<sup>th</sup>. There are about seven left.

I saw very few small birds to-day. Even the Sparrows were scarce. A very few Robins still left. A cricket chirping and a Hyla pickeringii calling



Nov. 8 Concord. - A perfect day, cloudless, the air clear & sparkling, the sun warm, almost no wind. a tramp with Bolles in the Estabrook woods

Bolles came up from Cambridge this morning and we spent the day in the woods taking a long tramp - through the Darnedale, up the Estabrook road, in by the Union Hills, around Ash Swamp, across country to Bateman's Pond and homeward skirting the edge of the wooded country reaching the Buttricks just as the sunset glow was fading in the West & twilight deepening.

We saw a good many small birds chiefly Tree and Fox Sparrows, Juncos, Robins, Jays and Crows, with a few Chickadees, several Kinglets, two Cuckoos, two Downy Woodpeckers, a Rusty? Blackbird and a Pine Siskin. The last two were heard near Bateman's Pond both flying over us apparently but within gun. Fox Sparrows were seen in several places. Several in company with Tree Sparrows were in a large thicket on the Pratt place. He stopped to watch them when one began singing, first in an undertone, finally rolling out some of his rich notes with nearly the full springtime force. Fox Sparrow was singing.

We heard two Partridges drumming quite steadily at short intervals late in the afternoon and flushed a third just at sunset.

On the knoll near Bateman's Pond where I left a Woodcock yesterday Don found and pointed what was doubtless the same bird. It rose rather wild and went off like a Cuckoo taking the same course as yesterday. Woodcock.

A female hound, very pretty, gentle & affectionate, joined us and followed us for some distance leaving us after sharing our lunch.

The fields were alive with grasshoppers and the grass stalks and bushes shewing with the delicate strands of the Ballou's Spider's "web." I heard no crickets. The prominent sounds were the cawing of Crows and the screaming or bell calls of Jays.

Chipmunks out in force, very busy & noisy. Robins scattered about everywhere in small flocks. Tree Sparrows the most numerous and conspicuous birds.

Nov. 11

Concord. - Cloudy and very warm with heavy showers at intervals. The sky cleared soon after dark and the night was fine and still.

A day at  
Ball's Hill

Having completed (on Saturday last) my negotiations with Mr. Holden for the purchase of Ball's Hill I went there this morning by boat & alone to make a thorough examination of the woods and cut a few paths through them. I paddled all the way down as the morning was very calm and warm and I was in no hurry. A few Tree Sparrows in the bottom bushes over the water, several Blue jays in the leafless maples on the banks, and a Red-shouldered Hawk which started from an oak on the meadow as my boat came in sight around a bend were all the birds I saw except a flock of Horned Larks, twenty five in number, wheeling about in air over, and finally alighting in, a broad level field on the north side of the river just beyond Hunt's Pond. This field is entirely land, perfectly drained and intensely green to-day with what appeared to be winter wheat. As far as I can learn the Horned Larks do not alight in the river meadows (or marshes) at all.

On Ball's Hill I heard Kinglets (*Satrapa*) and Chickadees. A *Pictariopsis thya* was calling pibly at intervals.

I got rather wet during the frequent showers but did not start for home until nearly dark. As I passed Holden's meadow a large bird which I took at first for a Great Horned Owl but afterwards decided to be a Buteo rose from the grass & flew off over the woods. I also saw a mouse of some kind swimming the river. It dove as adroitly as a muskrat when I chased it.

Mouse swims  
across the river

Balls Hill.

Nov. 12 Concord. Cloudless, calm and very warm; a typical Indian summer day.

George Carroll came up this morning and rowed me down to Balls Hill where I let him to work at digging out a boat landing. I spent most of the day supervising this but also found time to cut a few paths and take some photographs with my large Kodak. The weather was delicious, nearly as warm as in midsummer but <sup>with</sup> all the racing freshness of autumn in the air.

On the way down river I saw an adult Buteo lineatus, two Swamp Sparrows and several Tree Sparrows. A Painted Tortoise was basking himself on a floating plank. Painted Tortoise swimming. On Balls Hill I found a very active Garter snake and heard Pickering's Hylas and Crickets. There was a Cuckoo, Phoebe & Crickets. several Kinglets, and a flock (the first real flock I have met with this autumn) of six or eight Chickadees in the pines on the summit. Balloon Spiders were out in great force swimming continually over or across the surface of the calm river wafted ~~swiftly~~ by currents of air too slight to ripple the water yet so swiftly that I could not easily outtake them in my canoe. Balloon Spiders

Later in the afternoon a shot rang out in the woods Inland on the Bedford shore. Fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards several Inland began whistling then, evidently some one had started and scattered them. Soon after this there were two more shots and the voice of a man calling to his dog. There silence for half-an-hour, and after this more Inland calls but no more shots.

Musk rats were clearing their solitary furrows across the river as we came up in the evening twilight.

Ball's Hill.

Nov. 13 Concord. Clear with moderately strong N.W. wind and cooler temperature.

To Ball's Hill by boat this morning, George Carroll accompanying me. We saw nothing on the way down save a few Tree Sparrows and a very fine adult Red-shouldered Hawk which rose from the ground in a field and alighted in a grove of pitch pines. I was perhaps the same individual observed yesterday. Shortly after landing on Ball's Hill I heard the pip of a Red Crossbill and looking up, saw a single bird float down a pitch pine on the brow of the hill and fly off. It is the first that I have noted in this vicinity in this neighborhood but Faxon found them on Greatlock in large numbers in October.

I spent the day on Ball's Hill cutting paths and trees which interfered with our ascent while George completed the boat landing. Late in the afternoon a single shot was fired beyond the woods on the Bedford shore and half an hour afterwards Quail began calling in about the same place as yesterday. They must have been shot into and feathered again but this time the sportsman apparently did not follow them.

We came up the river between sunset and dark seeing several Muskrat rats. The sunset was remarkably fine. The wind went down with the sun and the river was perfectly calm. It is curious that I hear no Owls these still moonlight evenings.

## Walk in Estabrook Woods.

Nov. 29 Concord. (Sunday). - Cloudy and cold with high N. wind, a  
chubbs, gray day. Ther.  $14^{\circ}$  at sunrise,  $20^{\circ}$  at sunset.

In the forenoon took a long walk in the woods  
with George Buttrick, starting about 9 o'clock and getting  
back at 1.30. We struck across the fields to  
the Damsdale thence by a wood road new to me  
to Hubbard's Run, then out to the Estabrook road  
and on as far as the Carlisle boundary stone,  
returning by way of the road the entire distance.

For the first two miles or more I did not see  
nor hear a single bird, squirrel or other living  
thing. Indeed the woods seemed utterly destitute  
of life and as cheerless as possibly in the  
cold gray light of the dismal November day.

Near the Pine Hill, however, we came upon a  
little party of Chickadees as merry as usual all  
in one tree, on low, spreading pitch pine. A larger Shrike in  
birds hopping from branch to branch in the very midst flock of  
of the Titmouse & jelling its tail nervously proved to my Chickadees  
inquire to be a Shrike, a very brown specimen. It soon  
flew, crossing the opening in which we were standing &  
disappearing among the trees. The Chickadees showed  
no concern whatever at its presence among them nor  
did it apparently try to molest any of them.

We saw a pair of Hairy Woodpeckers near the  
Carlisle boundary flying from tree to tree along  
the roadside. He was very tame allowing us to  
get within a few yards of it.

Hairy Woodpecker

We also saw a Blue Jay, a Brown Creeper,  
and two Partridges. The Chipmunk Squirrels  
have apparently gone to sleep for the winter.

Nov. 30

Concord. Clear and very cold. Ther.  $4^{\circ}$  at sunrise. The river wholly skimmed over for the first time, the roads as hard as flint. A rather strong N. W. wind, dying away at sunset.

Spent the day working at Ball's Hill with George Canell, driving down and pulling up the horn at Benson's. There was the usual little flock of Chickadees and Kinglets accompanied by a Creeper among the pines on the hill and besides them a Downy Woodpecker and a small flock of Tree Sparrows, the latter in the alders on the edge of the swamp. In the woods on Ben Davis's hill I heard several Jays screaming. Crows were flying about singly and by twos and threes at intervals. I saw ten or a dozen in all. As we were on our way back to Benson's after sunset we started a late a Hermit Thrush among pitch pines. It flitted Hermit Thrush on ahead of us for some distance, chucking at frequent intervals.

The highest point reached by the thermometer at the Pothills 'to-day' was  $28^{\circ}$  and water froze in a can in the sun where we were working; yet George came upon a very lively Garter Snake which was lying in the sun in an opening in the woods. He called me to see it but before I reached the spot it had crawled into a hole under the roots of an oak. I had no idea that any species of Snake could brave such cold weather.

Garter Snake

The side home was very pleasant despite the cold for the sunset was exceedingly brilliant.

1891. Mass.  
November Concord

1. Merula migratoria. Nov. 5<sup>10</sup> 6<sup>40</sup> 7<sup>10</sup> 8<sup>30</sup> 23<sup>1</sup>
2. Turdus pallasi. Nov. 5<sup>2</sup> 6<sup>2</sup> 30<sup>1</sup>
3. Regulus satrapa. Nov. 6<sup>4</sup> 8<sup>6</sup> 11<sup>3</sup> 12<sup>3</sup> 23<sup>3</sup> 24<sup>3</sup> 28<sup>2</sup> 29<sup>8</sup> 30<sup>3</sup>
4. Parus atricapillus. Nov. 4<sup>4</sup> 5<sup>6</sup> 6<sup>8</sup> 7<sup>6</sup> 8<sup>8</sup> 11<sup>4</sup> 12<sup>6</sup> 13<sup>6</sup> 23<sup>6</sup>  
24<sup>8</sup> 28<sup>6</sup> 29<sup>10</sup> 30<sup>8</sup>
5. Sitta carolinensis. Nov. 5<sup>1</sup> 11<sup>1</sup> 12<sup>1</sup>
6. Certhia americana. Nov. 8<sup>2</sup> 11<sup>1</sup> 12<sup>2</sup> 23<sup>2</sup> 24<sup>2</sup> 28<sup>1</sup> 29<sup>1</sup> 30<sup>1</sup>
7. Lanius borealis. Nov. 14<sup>1-2</sup> 29<sup>1 per</sup>
8. Passerella iliaca. Nov. 4<sup>(10)</sup> 5<sup>6</sup> 6<sup>8</sup> 8<sup>10</sup> ~~48~~
9. Melospiza georgiana. Nov. 12<sup>2</sup> 13<sup>1</sup>
10. Melospiza fasciata. Nov. 4<sup>4</sup> 5<sup>4</sup> 6<sup>6</sup> 7<sup>4</sup>
11. Junco hyemalis. Nov. 2<sup>6</sup> 6<sup>10</sup> 7<sup>6</sup> 8<sup>8</sup> 24<sup>2</sup> 28<sup>2</sup>
12. Sporilla pusilla. Nov. 4<sup>1</sup>
13. Sporilla monticola. Nov. 2<sup>50</sup> 3<sup>30</sup> 4<sup>(40)</sup> 5<sup>100</sup> 6<sup>100</sup> 7<sup>25</sup>  
8<sup>50</sup> 11<sup>15</sup> 12<sup>10</sup> 13<sup>8</sup> 24<sup>4</sup> 28<sup>6</sup> 30<sup>6</sup>
14. Poocaetes gramineus. Nov. 6<sup>1</sup> 7<sup>1</sup>
15. Spinus pinus. Nov. 8 heard distinctly; apparently single bird flying. None afterwards noted in Den. Jan or Feb.

1891. Mass.  
November Concord

16. Spinus tristis. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>
17. Boya minor. Nov. 13 (Bull Hill)
18. Carpodacus purpureus. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>
19. Quiscalus cinereus?. Nov. 8. Heard in air near Batenmans P.
20. Corvus americanus. Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>(30)</sup><sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>(20)</sup>
21. Cyanitta cristata. Nov. 4<sup>th</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>
22. Otocoris alpestris. Nov. 6<sup>(30)</sup>
23. Colaptes auratus. Nov. 2 (Lincoln village)
24. Dryobates pubescens. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup> 30<sup>th</sup>
25. Dryobates villosus. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>
26. Buteo lineatus. Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup>
27. Circus hudsonius. Nov. 2<sup>th</sup>
28. Bonasa umbellus. Nov. 6<sup>(3)</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> 29<sup>th</sup>
29. Colinus virginianus. Nov. 5<sup>(15)</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>(10)</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup>
30. Philohela minor. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 6<sup>th</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> 24<sup>th</sup> (shot by Gen. Holden)



Game Birds killed at or near Concord, Mass.

1891.

	<u>October</u>										<u>November</u>			Total	W. B. - Friends
	14	21	22	23	24	26	29	30	31		5	6	7		
<u>Woodcock.</u>															
Shot by W. B.	3	2	3	3		2	4		2		3	3		25	
" " J. C. M.		2		1	1										4
" " A. Robbins		1													1
<u>Wilson's Snipe.</u>															
Shot by W. B.									1						
<u>Ruffed Grouse.</u>															
Shot by W. B.					1		2		1			1	1	6	
<u>Quail.</u>															
Shot by W. B.		1			1						5		3	10	
" A. Robbins			2												2
														41	7

All of the above killed within eight miles of Concord, the majority in Carlisle and the eastern part of Acton.

Dec. 1 Concord, - Cloudless and warm for the season the therm. rising to 42° at noon. Wind light from S. W.

To Ball's Hill with George, spending the day. Benson helped us. He cleared several vistas to open out views to the S. and S. W. over the meadows.

A Brown Creeper, some Chickadees, two Blue Jays and three or four Crows were seen on or near the hill during the day. I also saw a Red-tailed Hawk flapping lazily over the meadows, below Davis's Hill.

A Great Horned Owl apparently inhabits, or at least visits, the pines on Ball's Hill for I have found several of his feathers there lately, two of them to-day entangled in the branches of hard bushes near the pines.

We stopped work at sunset and started for Benson's. I lingered behind the two men and on the bank of the river near the stump of the old oak stopped for several minutes. The greater part of the river had freed itself from ice during the day and was now perfectly calm. A large Muskrat came to the surface near where I stood and crossed the river, apparently going in under the ice after his last dinner. I waited some time to see if he would reappear but saw nothing more of him.

The drive home was delightful this evening. The afterglow of the sunset was very beautiful a broad zone of the deepest rose purple stretching around the western horizon & lasting nearly half an hour.

There were two Blue Jays & a Nuthatch at the Buttrick's this morning while I was dressing.

Dec. 3 Concord. - Clear and very warm, quite like a September day, with almost no wind. Yesterday was similar but with a steady, rather cool N. to S.W. wind and lower temperature.

I spent both days working in the woods at Ball's Hill.

Yesterday Mr. Buttrick went down with me in the morning and we walked through Benson's pine woods, flushing two of our thin Partridges on the edge of the glacial hollow, and afterwards through the fine old oak & chestnut growth on Holden's hill. I saw few birds except a flock of Crows across the river.

This morning I went carefully over Benson's pine ridge with the owner to whom I have made an offer for this land. As we were standing in an opening on a knoll I heard a Crow Blackbird chuck a number of times & finally give the unmistakable cr. cr. note. The next moment it started from the top of a white pine near us and flew out of sight across the open country beyond Benson's house. It looked like a fine old male, having a large, deeply concave tail.

A. Cat  
Lusitana

There were several Chickadees and two Brown Creepers on Ball's Hill to-day and across the river a flock of twenty Crows the same, I think, which I observed in the same field yesterday. They were very noisy & acted like migrants.

Benson's dog flushed a Partridge in my swamp and I found fresh droppings of a Rabbit among hard bushes on the top of the hill. I did not know before that I had one of the latter in these woods.

As we were driving home this morning the horse started a flock of eight or ten Tree Sparrows from the road near Benson's and I saw a single one on the hill late this afternoon.

Dec. 8 Concord. - Cloudless and warm for the season with rather strong N.W. wind. The ground frozen hard last night.

I went alone to Ball's Hill this morning, rowing down in my boat. Before starting I was engaged in breaking down ice which formed a belt six or eight feet wide along the edge of the river in front of the boat house when I saw beneath it a Painted Tortoise ~~Painted~~ <sup>Painted</sup> clawing his way rather nimbly over the mud some Tortoises out six or eight inches below the ice. Presently another ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> ice appeared and joined him. They moved about freely even when I kept still and did not seem to be in the least torpid.

In the woods at Ball's Hill I saw three Kinglets and several Robins besides a flock of Goldfinches. The last appear to haunt the pitch pines chiefly, at this season. While out with Ball on the 6<sup>th</sup> I saw a flock of over twenty among the pines on Ball's Hill.

On the afternoon of the 6<sup>th</sup>, while returning from seeing Ball on the cars at the Bowditch Station, I heard a Screech Owl whining in the pines which shade Scrabble Street the avenue to the North Bridge. On putting out my watch <sup>watching</sup> I found the time to be exactly 4.20 when the bird began. The sunset was at 4.12 according to the almanack but although the sky was cloudy the light was good. Indeed it seemed to be yet broad daylight. The bird whined steadily for two or three minutes.

The Musk Rats were out in force this evening. (Dec. 8) I must have seen nearly a dozen while rowing up from Ball's Hill. Two young men showed me 24 (on the 6<sup>th</sup>) which they had trapped the previous night. They also had a fine Mink.



Sunday walk to Bow Meadow.

Dec-20 Concord. Cloudy and mild with no wind. A soft gray day.

In the woods with Mr. Buttrick from 8 a.m. to 2 P.M. We started up the Estabrook road turned into the lane past Mr. Dutton's house following this to "Bow meadow" and visiting the old growth mixed woods to the eastward of the meadow. The owner of these woods, Mr. Clark, tells me that the trees have <sup>Clark's</sup> grown perceptibly since he was a boy (50 years ago) <sup>old-growth</sup> and that his father said just before he died that <sup>woods</sup> he had observed ~~no~~ change in them since his early youth. There are white oaks, black oaks, chestnuts, hickories, and white and pitch pines. Several of the trees are fully 100 feet tall and many of them 30 or 40 ft. to the first branch. I do not know of an equally fine piece of mixed growth timber anywhere else in Eastern Massachusetts. We saw a Gray Squirrel in the pines and found the marks of his teeth on some hickory nuts. Every nut which was thus marked proved to be bad yet the Squirrel had in no instance bitten through the shell.

Blue jays were nearly as numerous & noisy to day as they are in October and Crows were seen and heard in many different places. We also saw three Woodpeckers, a Hairy, a Downy, and a Colaptes. <sup>Colaptes</sup> The last which was sitting on the top of an apple tree calling pe-ak is the only individual which I have met with here this year. They are found here in the usual numbers in Belmont.

Besides the birds just mentioned I saw Chickadees, Kinglets and a few Tree Sparrows besides our Partridge.

Dec. 28 Concord. Clear, the early morning still, a moderate N. wind through the day falling to dead calm at sunset. Ther.  $20^{\circ}$  at sunrise. Yesterday similar with more wind.

I spent last week in Cambridge returning here on the night of the 26<sup>th</sup>. Yesterday I took a long walk with Mr. Buttrick going to and beyond Hubbard's Hill to see a fine old yellow birch which grows by a wall in a brushy pasture. It is not a tall tree but it has a large butt and a wide lateral spread of branches. There are a dozen or more small saplings in the vicinity.

We saw one flock of four Chickadees (I seldom find more together this season) a flock of 25 Goldfinches and a Crow or two besides one Partridge. No Blue jays. They kept silent and close-bird such weather.

Mr. Buttrick picked up a Lucida's egg under a ground juniper in a pasture. It was bleached & weather worn but not broken or even cracked.

Dec. 28. To Ball's Hill by boat for the day. The river opened during the mild rainy weather of last week and there is no ice left save a little that formed last night. Under a broad belt of ice  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch thick. Further still in front of my boat house I again found Painted Turkeys swimming about. Saw at least three & caught one. How do they breathe?

A Partridge, two Juncos and several Jays on Ball's Hill. Also a few Tree Sparrows in my beams. Chickadees on Dutton's Hill, were whistling plea-be without solicitation on my part. A few Crows flying about. Both Crows & Jays numerous & noisy near the Buttricks' this morning. Female Skunk tracks in the sand on Benson's hill

Skunk still out

1891.

Dec. 30 Concord. - Morning cloudy with light rain. Afternoon clear with N.W. wind blowing half a gale, yet not cold.

At 3 P.M. I launched my Rushton boat and started up river. The recent rain has raised the water nearly to a level with the meadows and a strong current was running. This, combined with the violent wind, gave me hard work as far as Egg Rock but the Abbot, up which I turned, was as placid under its sheltered banks and overhanging woods as on a summer's evening.

I rowed up to Bird's Nest Island and back without seeing a living thing save a fine Gray Squirrel which Gray Squirrel was in the old hemlocks. He passed rapidly from one tree to the next running out over the branches and leaping from one to another, finally climbing the main trunk of a large tree and concealing himself among the foliage.

On returning to the Buttricks' and just as I was slipping out of the canoe at this landing I happened to look up and at once perceived a Shrike - a large, brown bird - sitting on the top of a bean pole on the hill-side above. His attitude was easy, yet erect, and he did not move in the least for several seconds. Then, after a flutter of the tail, he took wing and crossed the river in long, graceful undulations finally passing out of sight beyond Houghbush Island. The Shrike is perhaps as characteristic a feature of our winter landscape as is any other bird, not even excepting the Snow Bunting. There is a certain easy nonchalance in his bearing which attests one of the bird's hardiness and indifference to cold or hunger.

Shrike



December Mass.

Copied

1891. Covered.

*Parus atr.* Dec. 1<sup>(2)</sup> 2<sup>(3)</sup> 3<sup>4</sup> 5<sup>(5)</sup> 7<sup>(6)</sup> 8<sup>(7)</sup> 10<sup>(8)</sup> 16<sup>(9)</sup> 27<sup>(10)</sup> 28\*

*Certhia* Dec. 1<sup>(1)</sup> 2<sup>(2)</sup> 3<sup>(3)</sup> 10<sup>(4)</sup> <sup>Cumby to you</sup> 25<sup>(5)</sup> 28<sup>(6)</sup>

*R. satrapa* Dec. 1<sup>(1)</sup> 8<sup>(2)</sup> 8<sup>(3)</sup> 10<sup>(4)</sup> 16<sup>(5)</sup> 20<sup>(6)</sup> 25<sup>(7)</sup> <sup>And.</sup>

*Sitta carol.* Dec. 1<sup>(1)</sup> 5<sup>(2)</sup> 7<sup>(3)</sup>

*Cyanocitta* Dec. 1<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>And.</sup> 5<sup>(3)</sup> 8<sup>(4)</sup> 10<sup>(5)</sup> 13<sup>(6)</sup> 15<sup>(7)</sup> 16<sup>(8)</sup> 20<sup>(9)</sup> 28\*

*Corvus am.* Dec. 1<sup>(1)</sup> 2<sup>(2)</sup> 3<sup>(3)</sup> 7<sup>(4)</sup> 8<sup>(5)</sup> 13<sup>(6)</sup> 14<sup>(7)</sup> 18<sup>(8)</sup> 20<sup>(9)</sup> 27<sup>(10)</sup> 28<sup>(11)</sup> 29<sup>(12)</sup>

*Sitta borealis* Dec. 1<sup>(1)</sup>

*Geothlypis aeneo* Dec. 3<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>(1st & 2nd)</sup> 14<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>(1st & 2nd)</sup>

*Spinella mont.* Dec. 2<sup>(1)</sup> 3<sup>(2)</sup> 6<sup>(3)</sup> 7<sup>(4)</sup> 10<sup>(5)</sup> 13<sup>(6)</sup> 15<sup>(7)</sup> 17<sup>(8)</sup> 18<sup>(9)</sup> 20<sup>(10)</sup> 28<sup>(11)</sup>

*Junco hy.* Dec. 3<sup>(1)</sup> 6<sup>(2)</sup> 8<sup>(3)</sup> 13<sup>(4)</sup> 28<sup>(5)</sup>

*Bonasa* Dec. 2<sup>(1)</sup> 3<sup>(2)</sup> 5<sup>(3)</sup> 7<sup>(4)</sup> 10<sup>(5)</sup> 20<sup>(6)</sup> 27<sup>(7)</sup> 28<sup>(8)</sup>

*Megascops* Dec. 6<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>at 8:30 P.M. (before sunset?) then, Dec. 15<sup>(2)</sup> red owl in at Nod. Hill</sup> <sup>small owl</sup> flying cloudy at the time. The previous one seen in the same place. Dec. 13<sup>(3)</sup> <sup>note only 4:45 P.M.</sup>

*Spinus tristis* Dec. 5<sup>(1)</sup> 6<sup>(2)</sup> 8<sup>(3)</sup> 10<sup>(4)</sup> 13<sup>(5)</sup> 18<sup>(6)</sup> 27<sup>(7)</sup> 28<sup>(8)</sup>

*Mel. palustris* Dec. 15<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>juv</sup> <sup>upland wood field near Benson's barn.</sup>

*Mus obscura* Dec. 4<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>flying high over West Meadows.</sup>

*Scarus bor.* Dec. 18<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>juv</sup> 30<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>juv</sup>

*Comptus* Dec. 20<sup>(1)</sup>

Gray Squirrel Dec. 20<sup>(1)</sup> 30<sup>(2)</sup>

Skunk Dec. 6<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>both tracks</sup> 28<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>both tracks</sup>

Painted Tortoise Dec. 28<sup>(1)</sup> <sup>under ice</sup> 29<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>under ice</sup>

